The Saturday Evening
POST
August 9, 1958 – 15¢

I CALL ON DANNY KAYE

By PETE MARTIN

Governor Furcolo of Massachusetts

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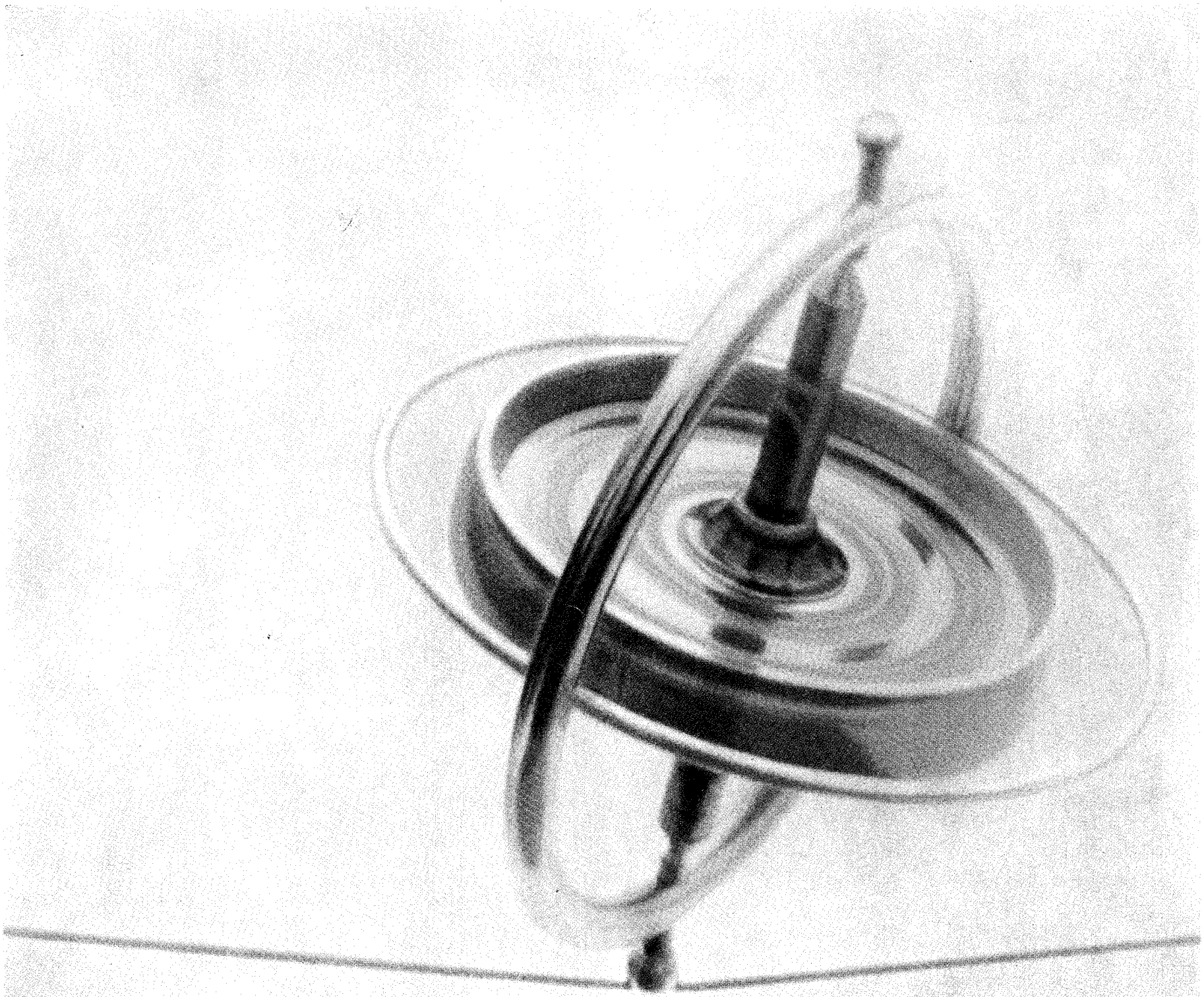

The well-balanced oil company
must lean in the direction
of the future. And that forward-
looking attitude means better
products and service for you.

GULF OIL CORPORATION

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IMPORTANT NEWS! Of the three most used pain remedies...

Only Bufferin® gives you these 3 important pain relief benefits

FAST RELIEF

1 **Bufferin acts twice as fast as straight aspirin** for millions, even *faster* for many! Because Bufferin uses the finest quality aspirin, adds Di-Alminate*—an exclusive combination of two antacids that rush the pain reliever into the blood stream where it *must* go to relieve pain. And . . .

LONG-LASTING RELIEF

2 **Even after an hour,** Bufferin still has *more* salicylate pain reliever in the blood stream than the leading brand of straight aspirin, as well as the other most widely used remedy. This long-lasting action is confirmed by continuing clinical research. And . . .

SAFE RELIEF

3 **Prevents stomach upset.** All aspirin is acid.† It can cause stomach upset. But Bufferin's exclusive Di-Alminate is a combination of antacids which prevent aspirin irritation of the stomach. Unlike many other remedies, Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffein.

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate

†Aspirin's chemical name is acetylsalicylic acid

For fast, long-lasting, safe relief from headache and other minor aches and pains—get Bufferin!

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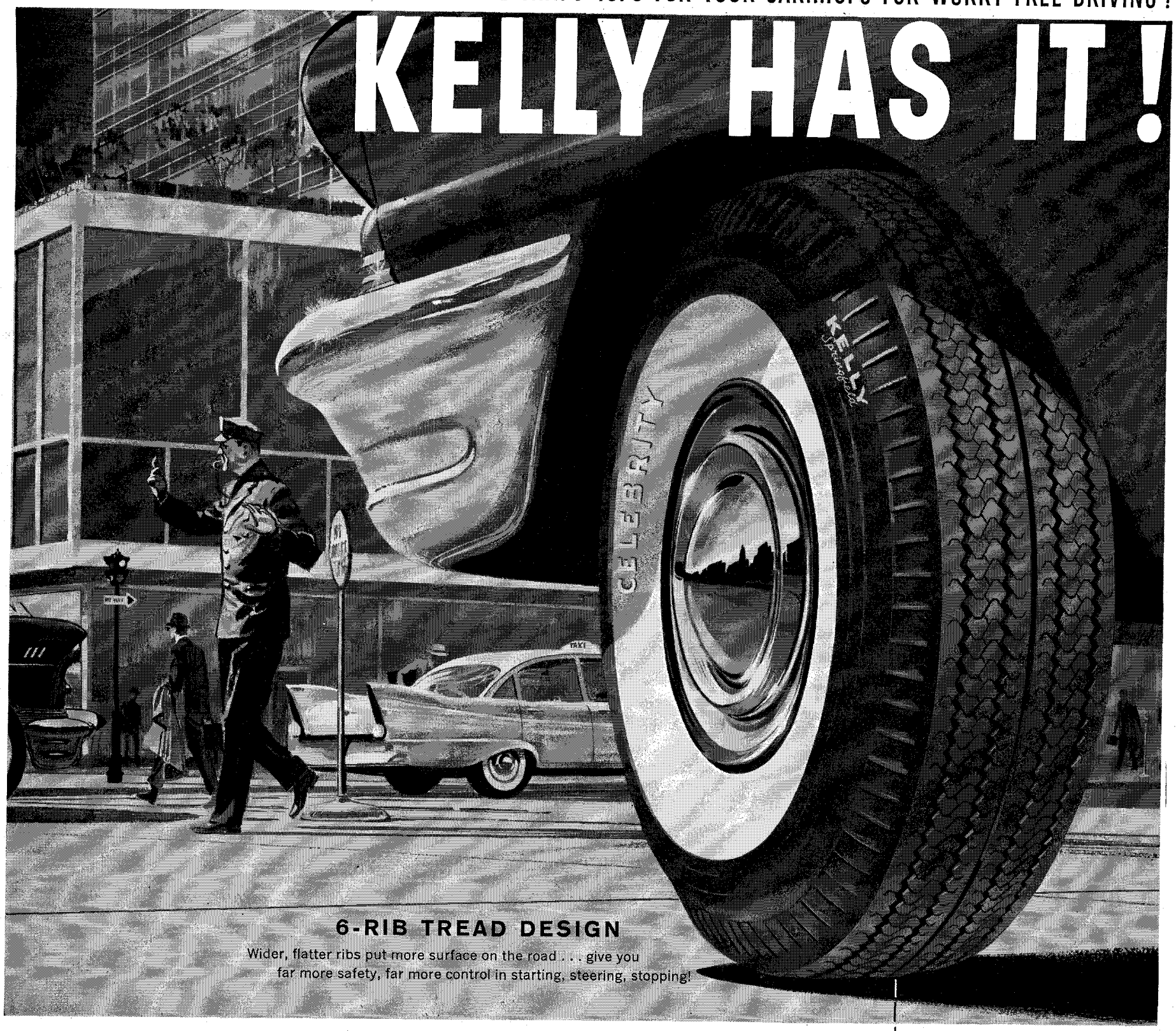
WANT THE TIRE THAT'S TOPS FOR YOUR CAR...TOPS FOR WORRY-FREE DRIVING?

KELLY HAS IT!



6-RIB TREAD DESIGN

Wider, flatter ribs put more surface on the road . . . give you far more safety, far more control in starting, steering, stopping!

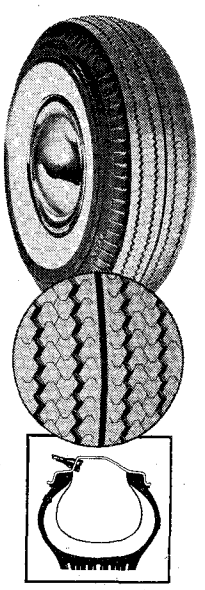
TOP SAFETY? KELLY HAS IT! ▶

CELEBRITY AIR-CORE SAFETY TIRE

. . . the famous Kelly Celebrity with an amazing emergency tire built inside!

An amazing new tire that actually puts two tires on every wheel! If the outer tire is damaged, punctured or blown out, you can keep riding safely at full legal speeds for *hundreds of miles* if you have to! It's because the inner emergency tire automatically takes over support of your car. You drive relaxed and worry-free until you're ready to stop!

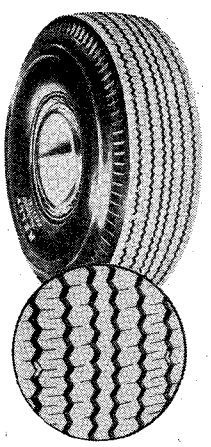
TWO TIRES IN ONE . . . each with its own air chamber! NYLON Cord construction in both!



TOP ECONOMY? KELLY HAS IT! ▶

PRESTIGE

Today's outstanding tire for long, safe mileage at lowest possible cost! Features many engineering and construction features usually found only in higher-priced tires . . . including safety-designed, non-skid tread for controlled steering and fast stopping, improved rayon cord body for strength and durability. Whitewall and blackwall.



Your Kelly Dealer will gladly pay you full value for your present tires on a trade for new, safe Kellys. See him soon!

TOP QUALITY? TOP VALUE? KELLY HAS IT!

CELEBRITY tubeless-nylon

The tire that's famous for worry-free driving! The toughest materials, plus traditional Kelly engineering and construction skill, *make the Celebrity tops in service, comfort* and driving control. Far ahead of ordinary tires, it gives you much more in value than the little more it costs! Choice of nylon or rayon body. Whitewall, blackwall, all sizes.

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF WORRY-FREE DRIVING

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

KELLY Springfield TIRES

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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THE COVER

The gay steeds gallop like the wind, the whirling sights and sounds are deliciously exciting, and a grand good time is being had by—but wait a minute; look at the face on papa. In an amusement park, the man is not amused? On a merry-go-round he is not merry? His mind doesn't seem to be on his recreation, or if it is, maybe he's daydreaming about a golf course which today he is not on. Artist Earl Mayan reflects that papa is a good guy, doing good deeds, most of which are around his neck, still undone. Deeds like getting his head snapped on the Whip, followed by other delightful disasters, climaxed in a joyride on the awful roller coaster, with people screaming and papa scared speechless. Outside the roller coaster, mamma will be waiting, cool and crisp and not scared a bit.

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

PICTURE
Of The Month

Because GIGI has so richly fulfilled our predictions of last month we hasten to name this wonderful film from M-G-M as our Picture of the Month for the second time.

We are pleased to point out that our opinion is shared by all who see it. For instance, the conservative New York Times compares it to the greatest theatrical hit of recent years when it describes GIGI as "the 'Fair Lady' of filmdom." Time Magazine hails it as "a feast for eyes and ears" and Newsweek finds it "aglitter and aglow with songs, enchantment and charm to spare." Redbook and Coronet have selected it as their "Picture of the Month".

The songs have found their way from more than 17 record albums (including the original M-G-M Records Sound Track Album) to the airwaves of the nation.

Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, world-famed for their score of "My Fair Lady", have added new titles to America's song favorites, among them "Gigi", "Thank Heaven For Little Girls", "The Night They Invented Champagne", "I Remember It Well" and many more.

GIGI truly represents a wedding of talents, stemming from famed producer Arthur Freed to the hand-picked cast: the stars Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan; their supporting players Hermione Gingold, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac, Isabel Jeans; the director Vincente Minnelli; Alan Jay Lerner who did the screen play and lyrics from Colette's novel; Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music; Cecil Beaton who did the designs for the costumes, scenery and production; and of course, CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

We sign off with a message for Hollywood's Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences: "Shine up the new Oscar for the Picture of The Year. Here comes GIGI."

P.S. Now being presented by M-G-M in leading cities of America in addition to its successful reign at the Royale Theatre in New York City.

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Father

Mother

Sister

Brother

They Travel by Air...

why don't you?

Americans took to the air last year... nearly 50 million strong. Travelling for business or for pleasure, they found that flying made their trips easier, more comfortable . . . and gave extra hours or extra days at their destinations.

Next time you take a trip, why not join these experienced travellers who know the many advantages of going by air? It's not only fastest and most comfortable, but it can be more economical than you might think, with thrifty coach fares and special rates for families. Call any airline or travel agent for full information.

SEE HOW EASY AIR TRAVEL IS... HOW FAST... HOW COMFORTABLE!

You can fly almost anywhere. Today air routes spider-web the world, with stops at more than 3500 cities. The airline in your town can make reservations to any air destination.

Fast limousines, buses or taxis —and even helicopters in several large cities—connect most airports with convenient downtown hotels or terminals. They make your trip easier.

Modern airliners are designed for comfort. Soft seats recline, have individual lighting. Complete lavatories please the most fastidious. You'll like the air conditioning as well.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
East Hartford, Conn.

Designers and builders of **PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT** *engines,* **HAMILTON STANDARD** *propellers and aircraft equipment, and* **SIKORSKY AIRCRAFT** *helicopters . . . for our armed forces and the finest airlines in the world.*

Letters

"A Gruesome Reality"

Dear Sirs:

This cartoon [by Frank Ridgeway] is from the January 30, 1954, issue.

It seems incredible that what was meant to be merely a funny get-up has in four short years become a gruesome reality. Only one small alteration—i.e., the

"How long has it been since we've been dancing, dear?"

removal of the bow to a more posterior area and closer to the hem line—and presto, you have the gal right in style.

DORTHE H. GIDDINGS
Kansas City, Mo.

"Sick" Families

Dear Sirs:

Carl T. Rowan's article [Is THERE HOPE FOR "HOPELESS" FAMILIES?], July 5, is excellent. I hope all city welfare agencies and city fathers will see and read it.

SISTER MARY ANTHONY
St. Margaret's Hospital School of Nursing
Kansas City, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Your otherwise excellent piece . . . is concerned with *treatment* to the almost complete exclusion of *prevention*. . . .

When families are so incompetent, socially and economically, the birth of an additional child is often a disaster that tumbles them back down the slope they may be trying to climb. . . .

In hard fact it may be said of many of these children, it were better they had never been born—better for themselves, their families, and society. Yet many social agencies, like the fabled ostrich, bury their heads in the sand of expediency, and continue to try to deal with these growing numbers of potential and actual delinquents instead of helping families to plan—and limit—the arrival of their offspring.

To rear a "dependent child" costs in the neighborhood of $18,000—but the costs in heartbreak, crime and victimized citizens . . . cannot be measured in mere dollars.

WILLIAM VOGT, *National Director*
Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Every United Fund and Community Chest board should read Mr. Rowan's brilliant analysis of welfare situations. The article points out the need of a coordinating body such as a Health and Welfare Council that wears no "blinders" in evaluating . . . agency service.

MRS. JAMES W. BAKER
Health and Welfare Council
West Chester, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

After I finished the third paragraph, I had to put the magazine down to get over the "slow burn" I received. . . .

What caused this? The line, "The city was filled with speculation over whether the armor plate and the armor-piercing bullets found in the gunmen's abandoned car meant that the Chicago mob had moved in or the gunmen were just local punks and barroom toughs". . . .

This sentence would undoubtedly be true in the 20's or even the 30's, but it certainly isn't today. According to the latest FBI list of felony rates in U.S. cities, Chicago ranks as the second most law-abiding city [among 22 of the biggest U.S. cities].

MRS. GEORGE F. MAUN, JR.
Park Forest, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

He writes a scathing indictment of the waste of the taxpayers' money (called "welfare" funds). However, he comes up with the answer of every bureaucrat since the days of Diocletian—more money, more welfare workers, more waste. . . .

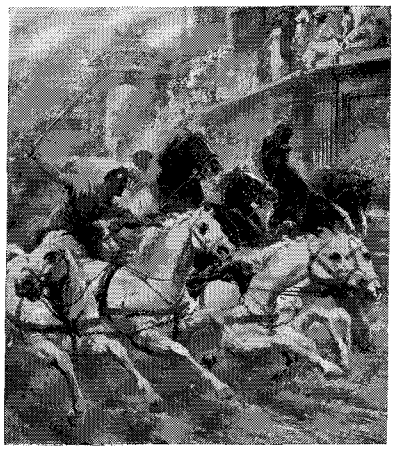
The Roman Empire fell when instead of fighting the barbarians, the taxpayers bought them off. Is the answer to crime the buying off of the perpetrators thru government largess?

ROBERT L. FARNSWORTH
Las Vegas, Nev.

Arcaro and the Aurigae

Dear Sirs:

Stanley Frank's statements of the 4000 wins and $24,000,000 winnings of Eddie Arcaro in the Post for June 28 [A VISIT WITH EDDIE ARCARO] made me look up some data on Roman *aurigae* (charioteers).



The sport of kings, pre-Arcaro.

Flavius Scorpus had 2048 victories by the age of 27; M. Aurelius Liber, 3000 victories; Pompeius Muscosus, 3559 victories.

Apuleius Diocles, a Spaniard, ran 4257 races in 24 years, with 1462 victories. . . . His winnings came to 35,863,120 sesterces . . . which might approximate $1,793,156.

The Roman charioteer had to handle [as many as] four horses. The Romans went wild over their favorite drivers and teams. "Fouling" was not only permitted, but was encouraged. If one could take a wheel off a contestant's chariot without getting dumped himself, that was great.

MRS. JESSIE NEWBY RAY
Edmond, Okla.

(Continued on Page 6)

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Footloose and Fancy free

with the *Light* refreshment

WHEREVER she goes, the woman of today takes her slim lines with her. Her slender good looks speak well for her common-sense diet of lighter food and drink. Pepsi-Cola, too, takes this modern, sensible view.

For today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, refreshes without filling. Never heavy, never too sweet—Pepsi is the modern, the *light* refreshment. Have fun. Have a Pepsi.

"Pepsi, please"

to refresh without filling

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However you "cream" your coffee now—

You'll love the fresh taste and convenience of PREAM!

OVER THE COFFEE CUPS

by Sally Ross

If your husband likes his coffee "with," he'll *love* it with Pream. Get an extra jar for him for his office "coffee-breaks."

Extra creamy! New Instant Pream® is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products, by the exclusive Pream process. *Naturally*, it's delicious! You'll love Pream for cooking and baking, too. Try these wafers and see:

PARTY WAFERS

1 cup shortening	¼ cup water
½ cup Pream	2 cups sifted flour

Mix all ingredients. Chill 1 hour. Roll ⅛" thick. Cut in rounds. Coat both sides with sugar. Prick in 4 places with fork. Bake on ungreased baking sheet at 375° F. about 7 min. (until slightly puffy and golden brown). When cool, make "sandwiches" with Wafer Filling below. Makes 5 doz.

Pream Wafer Filling: *Cherry* — Blend 1½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 2 tbsp. Pream, 2 tbsp. butter or margarine, 2 to 3 tbsp. maraschino cherry juice and ¼ tsp. almond extract. For *Chocolate*—use 1 sq. unsweetened chocolate and 2 to 3 tbsp. hot water, instead of juice and extract.

Pream keeps fresh tasting without refrigeration. Keep it handy—use it *every* day.

Extra economy! New Economy Size Pream "creams" up to *70* cups of coffee. Costs much less than other coffee "creamers."

FREE! "Quick Modern Recipe Folder." Write to: Sally Ross, Pream, Box 447, Columbus 16, O.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

In discussing the importance of a jockey's familiarity with a horse in coming up to a major race, Arcaro is quoted as saying: "The only one of my Derby winners I had ridden more than once before the race was Hill Gail."

The error is curious because Citation is mentioned several times in the article. . . . Arcaro was aboard when Citation lost his only race as a 3-year-old in the Chesapeake Trial. . . . A few days later, in the Chesapeake itself, Citation won easily. . . .

Arcaro rode in these two races and also in the Derby Trial, which Citation won the Tuesday before he took the Derby; so Eddie had had three races on Citation before the Derby.

GILES E. WRIGHT
San Gabriel, Calif.

● *Reader Wright is right.—ED.*

Thrown for a Loss

Dear Sirs:

Re the poem, AMERICAN PRIMITIVE [by Martha Keller] in the July 5 issue: This is hardly sermon material, but I have been pondering the meaning of "fear, like a football." My imagination doesn't stretch far enough to take this one in. . . .

In a former parish, I remember hearing one of the women read a story of the "Children's Hour" variety. Unfortunately, the light was dim and what was to have been "little footfalls on the stairs" came out as "little footballs on the stairs."

It brought quite a few snickers and the pastor had difficulty in maintaining his composure!

Could you possibly have meant "footfall" in preference to "football"?

REV. ALVIN F. KLOTZ
Beavercreek Church of the Brethren
Dayton, Ohio

● *Yes. Blame a sports-minded typist. —ED.*

Kid Stuff

Dear Sirs:

I read a very good story in The Saturday Evening Post the other day. It was in the July 5 issue. The story was DAVY'S BIG DAY [by Leon Ware]. It was the first story I ever read in the Post. I wish you would print more stories that children can read.

LEE WENGER (*10 years old*)
Sterling, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for printing the story Davy's Big Day, because the same thing recently happened to me.

WILLIAM ROGUE (*age 13*)
Elizabeth, N.J.

● *Young Rogue means that he, like author Ware's Davy, has become aware of girls. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

You are buying Leon's stories and would buy Harlan's if he were not so busy writing for radio and television, so it strikes me that their dad should subscribe to the Post instead of buying it on the stands.

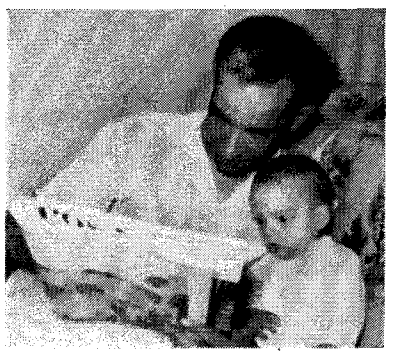
WILL L. WARE
Carmel, Calif.

● *The Post is pleased to have Father Ware either way—among its 1,400,000 newsstand buyers or its 4,400,000 subscribers. —ED.*

Kid Stuff?

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed the short story NIGHT OF HORROR [by Joel Townsley Rogers, June 7] and could just feel those hideous



Reader Bourk & Son.

things crawling around, but my 8-month-old son was positively shocked.

A. BOURK, JR.
Pomona, Calif.

Just Like a Man!

Dear Sirs:

Read your story HUSBANDS AND STRANGERS, by Lawrence Lee, [June 28]. . . . Only a male author, blissfully unaware of a housewife and mother's exhausting tasks, could put words like these into a woman's mouth: "When my two baby daughters were born . . . I would dress them. I would put them to sleep. They were dolls for my little house. When they were older, I sat them in the shaded yard to play. I would look down through the blinds from time to time . . ." She must have fed little tranquilizers to her baby dolls.

SUSANNE PILLATH
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing the very fine story by Lawrence Lee. . . .

He must certainly be from south Alabama to have written so sincerely of our country.

MRS. LEWIS H. ELLIOTT
Abbeville, Ala.

● *He was born in northern Alabama, spent his summers in southern Alabama. Present address: Pittsburgh, Pa. —ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4—The Bettmann Archive. • 6—A. Bourke, Jr. • 13—George Burns; Wide World. 14—George Burns; Pach Brothers Studios. • 15—Robert Meyers. • 16, 17—Fred Ludekens. 18—Sid Avery; Penguin; two from Culver. • 19—United Press International; Penguin; Black Star; Globe; United Press International; Phil Burchman; United Press International; Photo-Representatives; Penguin. • 20, 21—Thornton Utz. • 22, 23—H. Landshoff. 24, 25—Larry Keighley. • 26—New York Daily News; United Press International. 27—Wide World; United Press International; Wide World; United Press International. 28, 29—Eugene Kammerman. • 30—Larry Keighley. • 31—Morgan Kane. • 32, 33—Ken Riley. • 37—Ollie Atkins; Bill Shrout; Gus Pasquarella. • 39—Edwin Georgi. • 81—Eugene Kammerman. • 88—Ollie Atkins; two by Frank Ross.

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Wonderful Dial Soap!

Dial does so much more! Of course, Dial cleans your skin. Your face. Your hands. And cleans them far better. But mild Dial Soap also destroys bacteria that make perspiration offensive. Keeps you fresh hour after hour after hour. Wonderful Dial!

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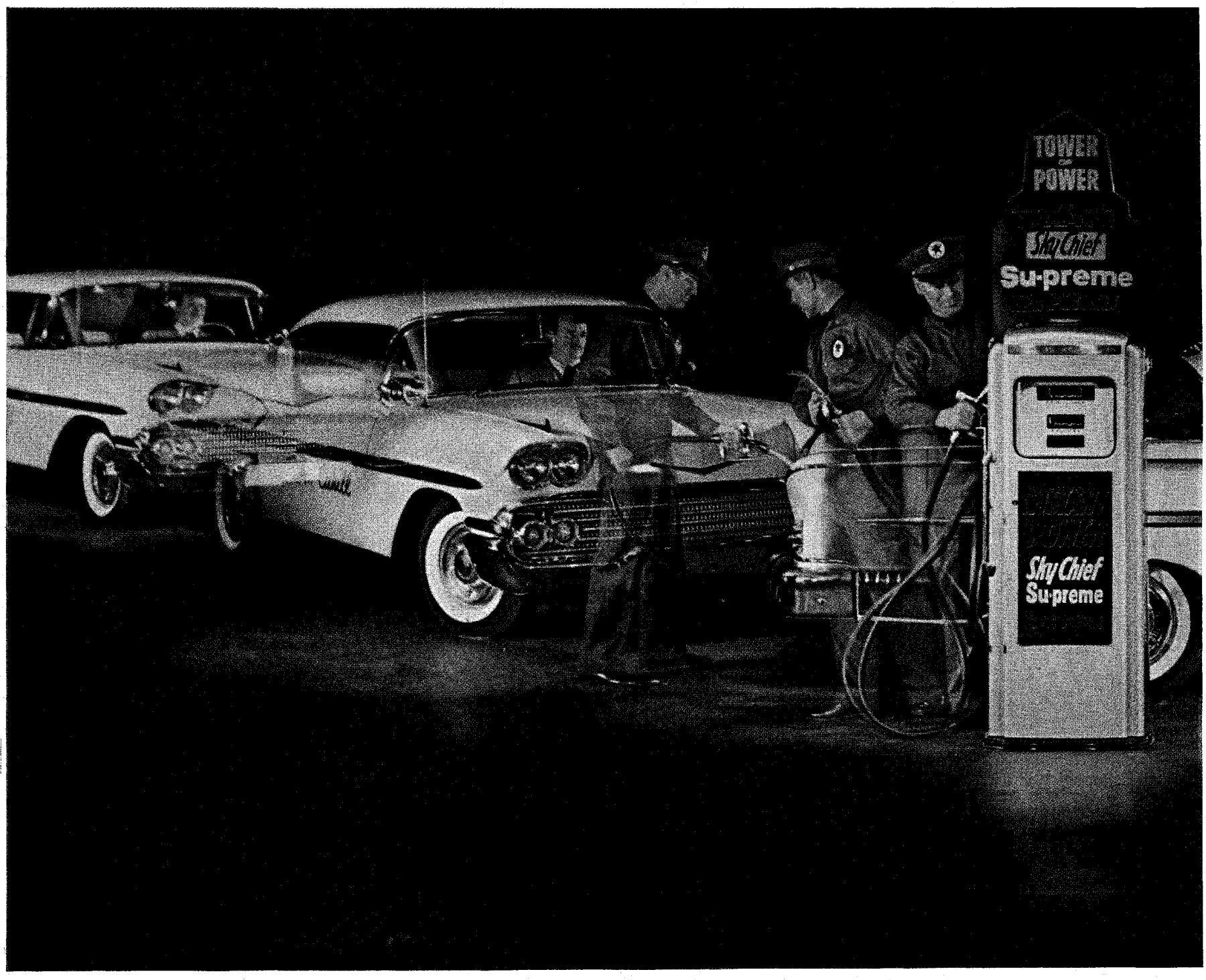
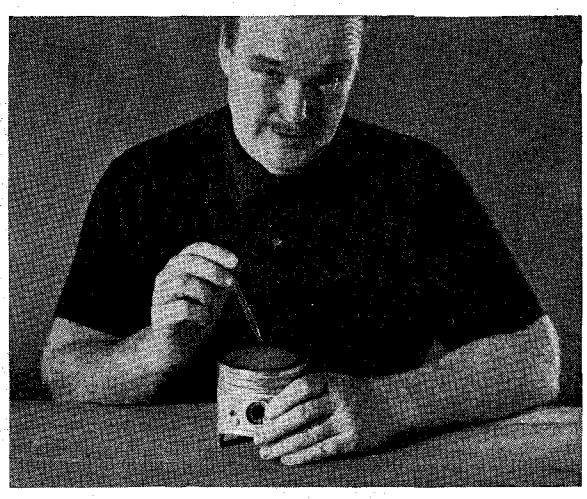
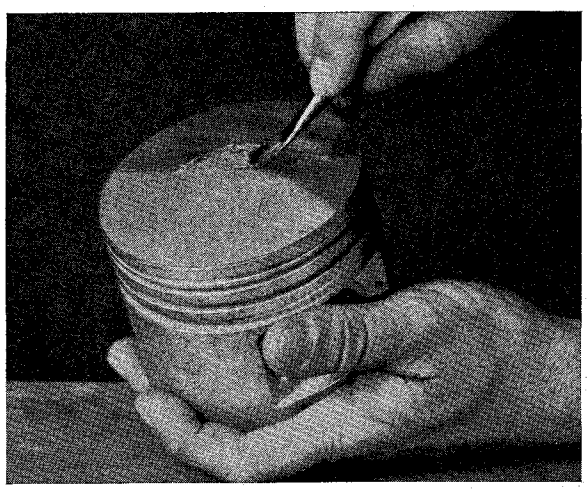
"Only Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme with Petro



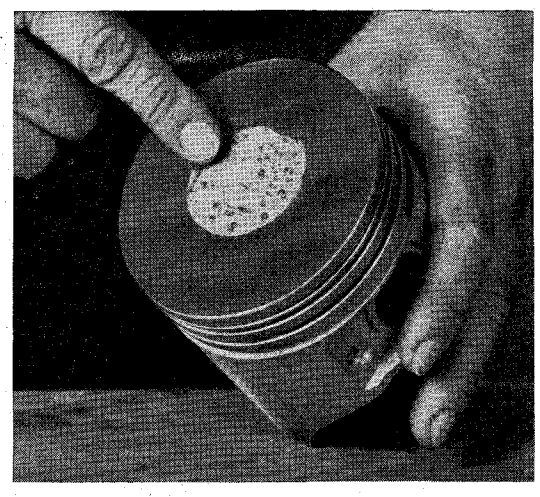
"Here's how PETROX protects your engine and gives



Tom McCahill shows *how* Petrox protects your car's engine from harmful friction and wear, gives you instant power. "First I siphon a small amount of Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme right out of my own gasoline tank – drop it on the top of this clean piston – let it evaporate, and now . . .



"To show you clearly the area protected, I brush some colored water on the piston. See that protected area remaining in the center? That's a thin film of Petrox! It is this film that prevents power-robbing friction and wear, prevents rust, keeps engines *clean.*



"It is the Petrox in Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme that l this microscopically-thin protective film on every r surface it touches – from your gas tank, through carburetor, into the combustion chamber – spark p valves, pistons, piston rings and cylinder walls.

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;ives you Instant Power!" says Tom McCahill

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Editorials

Why Must Republicans Always Clobber One Another?

The parading of Sherman Adams on the Field of the Cloth of Goldfine will undoubtedly plague the Republican Party for a long time, although the manner in which the Democrats in Congress have been worrying this tempting bone could turn the tables.

After all, when a congressional committee gives two full days to the testimony of a free-swinging witness, and when the committee's investigator, accompanied by the hireling of a newspaper columnist, plants microphones in a witness' hotel room, people tend to agree with Arthur Krock, of The New York Times, that "the sorry performance has been staged at the expense of the dignity of government!"

This fascinating news story has had some interesting side effects. One is a fuller realization of the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties as disciplined political organizations. As far as we can remember, during the era of the Truman scandals not even the most righteous Democrat in the House or Senate took off against the defaulting revenue collectors, chiseling percentage men and other dubious characters who crowded the stage at that time. Democratic senators who hated Truman and his whole entourage kept their mouths shut. He wore their chief's badge and that was enough.

How different with the Republicans! Their indignation against Mr. Adams soared to high heaven. To be sure, many Republicans bore the scars of rebukes by Mr. Adams for offenses far less heinous than his. To find the stern Sherman Adams in this fix was as deeply satisfying as to catch a Sunday-school superintendent in a crap game. They have been letting Mr. Adams have it ever since, whether the President "needs him" or not. Were they Democrats, the Republicans would brush the vicuña coat under the $2400 rug, tear Adams limb from limb in the privacy of the cloakroom, but give the lie to any journalist who quoted their animadversions in his dispatches. But Republicans, as Vice President Nixon has pointed out, have a cannibalistic tendency to devour one another. The Vice President should know, having been prepared for the roasting on at least two important occasions.

This is not intended to reflect on Republicans, because men who lay it on the line and let the chips fall where they may are at least as attractive as men who, knowing there are crooks in their ranks, keep silent in the name of party discipline. Nevertheless, it ought to have occurred to some Republicans to explain that the saga of Mr. Goldfine and his tips to everybody he ran across is hardly comparable to the Truman scandals, which were not confined to mink coats and freezers, but involved five-figure tax refunds, loans to political favorites and the fixing of Government regulations to the advantage of insiders. A little less cannibalism among G.O.P. top characters could have made this important contrast and canceled out some of the obvious advantage to the Democrats.

It's a little late to make all Republicans love one another, or even to appear to do so, the way Democrats do. But the party's leadership ought to try, because people don't take passage on a ship when the officers can be seen clobbering one another up on the bridge.

Americans Need More Knowledge of Red Conquest Plans

One reason why so much of the comment about the Soviet Union and Communism, even among supposedly informed people, is so inept and unenlightened is that we have an appalling shortage of people who, either from study or experience, understand the Communist plan and are able to interpret the devious means being employed to bring it to pass.

One organization which undertakes to fill the gaps of our limited knowledge of the Soviet Union is an outfit called International Research on Communist Techniques, which undertakes to analyze Soviet events, and has frequently aided American journalists and political leaders in understanding some of the mysteries concealed behind the Communist enigma.

Early last year, for example, the Western world was startled by a news story from Moscow that four Soviet citizens had admitted espionage against the U.S.S.R. and declared that they had been paid for this activity by the United States. However, through information supplied from Frankfurt am Main, Germany, International Research on Communist Techniques was able to puncture this propaganda tale very effectively. According to these sources, the four who confessed were actually workers in an anti-Soviet organization called National Alliance of Russian Solidarists (NTS), which has been operating underground since 1937. The men had been seized in 1954 and 1955 and "brainwashed" for more than two years until February, 1957, when they told their story of having been tempted by liquor and women to spy for the United States.

While I.R.C.T. is not dogmatic, its contacts abroad do suggest considerable ferment in the Soviet Union, and a fear of war by the ordinary people as intense as that felt in the West. Thus, the unmilitary character of Moscow's 1958 May Day parade is interpreted not so much as part of the Soviet plan to soothe the West as to convince the Russian people that their bosses are not leading them into war.

The honorary chairman of I.R.C.T. is Adm. William H. Standley, wartime ambassador to the U.S.S.R., flanked by experts who know the score. Through its varied contacts I.R.C.T. has ample support for its contention that "the enslaved peoples of Russia and other captive countries are the strongest allies of the free world." The problem is to learn how to use them.

Long-Pull Forecast: We'll Prosper if Our Economy Stays Free

Pierre S. du Pont, 3rd, secretary and member of the board of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company (1957 sales nearly $2,000,000,000) ought to know, if anybody does, whether business is going to get better or worse, and when. But at the annual dinner of the Georgia State Chamber of Commerce in Atlanta a few weeks ago, Mr. du Pont declared:

"I don't have the slightest idea whether the short-term economic trend will be up, down or even sideways. I don't believe anyone else knows, either, including Congress and all the economists."

Mr. du Pont went on to remind his presumably well fed but worried listeners of some facts of U. S. life which too many of us seem to be overlooking these days. Number One was that, after all, this country isn't exactly poor. Unlike Soviet Russia or China, we live in an economy of abundance—and for most Americans it remains a matter of choice and decision as to *when*, not *whether*, to buy the things we need.

"When the overwhelming sum of these decisions is to buy now, we have a boom, and when it is to buy later, we have a slump," was the way Mr. du Pont put it. That is to say, we still have freedom of choice. Our success in living up to this traditional American concept has given us the highest standard of living in the world.

The du Pont official sees serious problems ahead, far more vital than temporary ups and downs in the economy. Within a few decades we must provide for the needs of an increasing population, he said, that will add to our present numbers more people than now live in Canada, Mexico, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. We'll have to find ways to make up for depletion of our natural resources. "The present economy is chewing up ores, minerals and fossil fuels at a fantastic rate," he pointed out. But U. S. industry is meeting these challenges and will continue to meet them.

Mr. du Pont's principal message was that in order to do this we must continue the incentives of a free society. We must keep our Constitutional guarantees of opportunity. And our educational system must be geared to these needs and objectives.

All of which, in these times of stultifying taxation, runaway government and loss of faith in the principles that have made this country what it is, appears to be worth thinking about now and then.

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Item: In 12 months, we have added 24 new central offices to our operating system.

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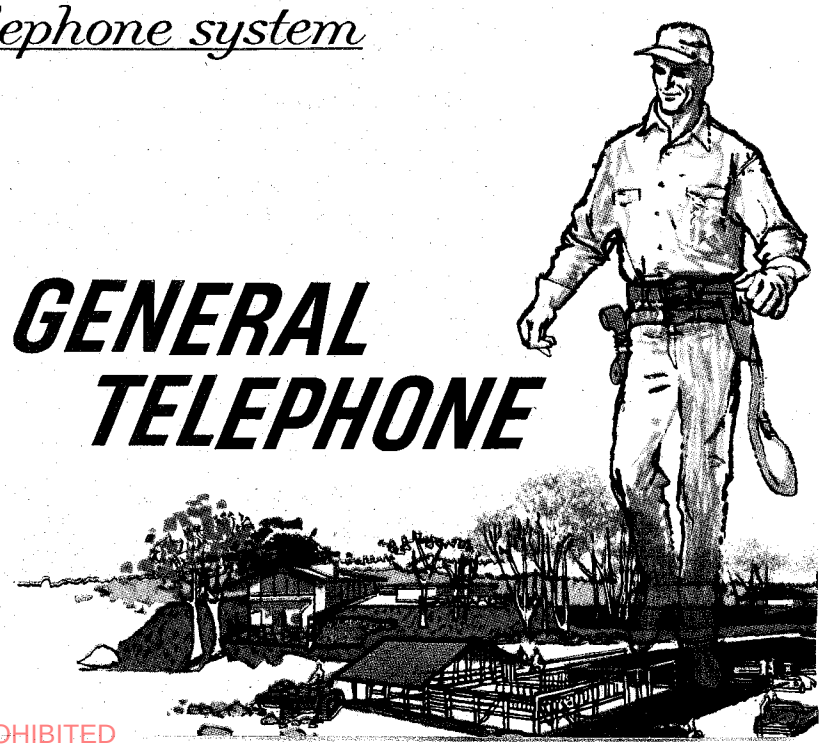
General Telephone Corporation, 260 Madison Avenue, New York



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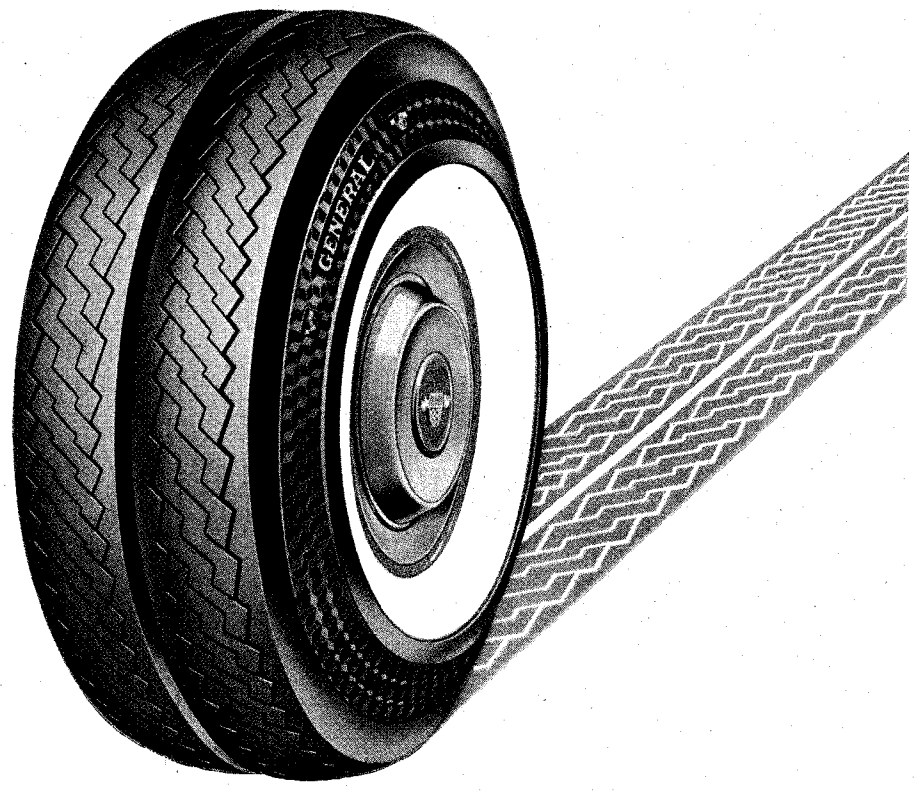

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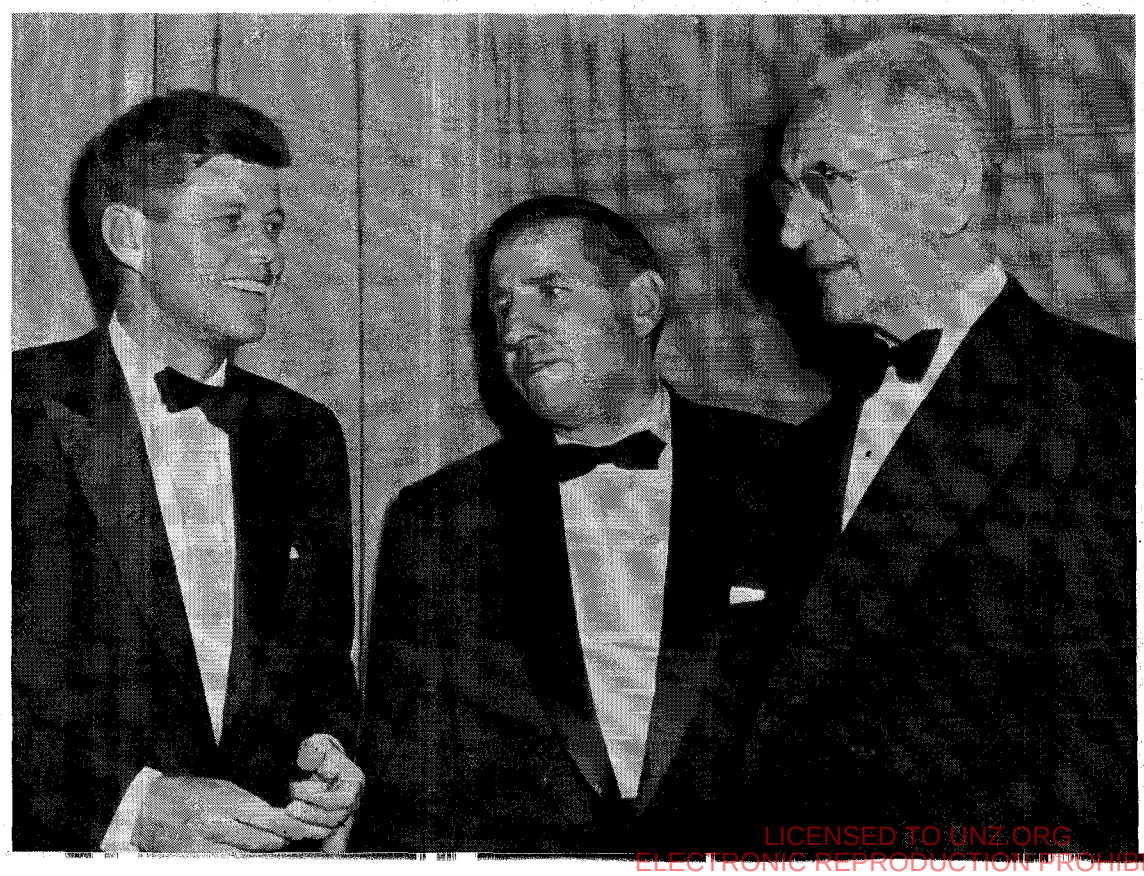
Furcolo at his summer home at Longmeadow, Mass. The 47-year-old governor, who is expected to be re-elected in November, has his eye on a U. S. Senate seat in 1960.

Mr. Unpredictable

Foster Furcolo, Democratic governor of Massachusetts, is a talented novelist, among other things. He has an uncanny knack for catching even members of his own party off guard.

By JACK ALEXANDER

Below: the governor (center) with Massachusetts' other two most powerful Democrats—Senator John Kennedy (left) and House majority leader McCormack. Kennedy, who once gave Furcolo the brushoff, now needs his support.



Foster Furcolo, now reigning as governor of Massachusetts, was somewhere between three and four years old when his parents, appraising him as a precocious child, decided to risk taking him to a High Mass. Their appraisal was sound, their pious gamble unfortunate. During the early stages of the solemn ceremony Foster, by nature a squirmy brat, crawled from one parental lap to the other and chinned himself on the back of the next pew. From time to time he dared to break a few paces up the aisle in the manner of a base runner trying to bedevil the pitcher. When the sermon began he quieted down and listened to the voice from the pulpit, fascinated for about twenty minutes by the novelty of the scene. Then he began to squirm again, and during a lull in the discourse he asked his parents in a shrill voice audible to everyone, "Is he going to talk all afternoon?"

The preacher, a visiting monsignor, fielded the ball expertly.

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The governor with his wife, Kathryn, and the two youngest of their four children. Furcolo is the son of an Italian immigrant who later became a doctor. On his mother's side he is all Irish.

"No, son," he said genially, "I'll finish up in two or three minutes." He kept his word.

That occasion marked Foster Furcolo's debut as a public speaker, and he has been more or less on the horn, as the Navy expression goes, ever since. It may also have influenced his later platform style, which is notably brash, and his approach to political issues, which adds up to unpredictability raised to the level of an art.

Using the Furcolo career alone, a journeyman political scientist could make out a good case for unpredictability as the most effective weapon in the arsenal of a rising young statesman. Certainly, it has served Furcolo well. At forty-seven, he has behind him a successful law practice, during which he sometimes spoke sharply to judges whom he considered unfair to his clients. He was twice elected to Congress and he is the first man of Italian blood to attain the high office of governor of Massachusetts.

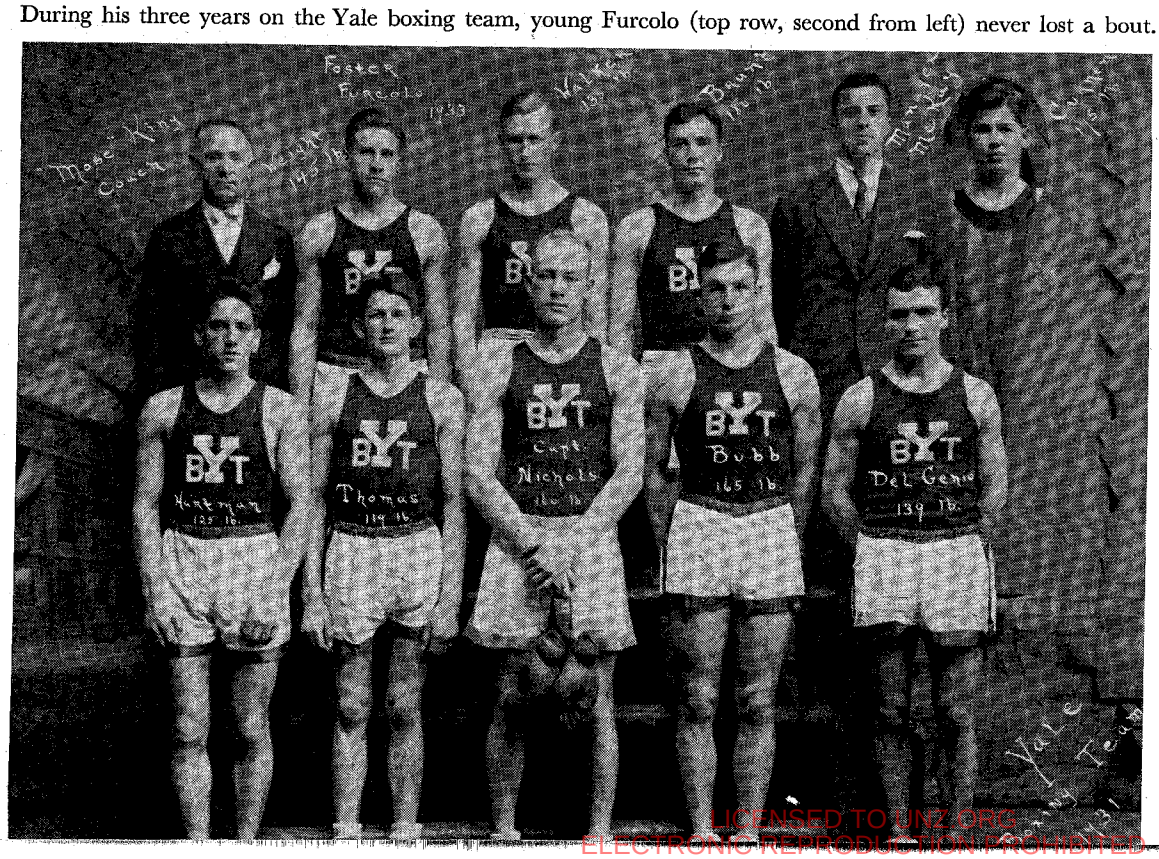
In June he received by acclamation the endorsement of the Democratic state convention for a second two-year term, and he is expected to be renominated in the September primary and to be re-elected in November. His Republican opponent will probably be Attorney-General George Fingold, who has received the preprimary endorsement of the Republican state convention.

Despite the fact that Furcolo is an intraparty *insurrecto* he is a prodigious vote-getter, and his plans now call for an attempt in 1960 to unseat United States Senator Leverett Saltonstall, or to squash Saltonstall's heir if the Republican veteran retires at the end of his present term. As far back as 1954 Furcolo ran against Saltonstall and came surprisingly close to beating him, this at a time when the influence of President Eisenhower had plenty of muscle. Furcolo missed out by a vote of 956,605 to 927,899. If the political tide now running in the Democrats' favor doesn't ebb by 1960, Governor Furcolo's path to the Senate looks easier this time.

Many of Furcolo's backers are convinced that he would have beaten Saltonstall in 1954 had it not been for an intraparty squabble he had with young United States Senator John F. Kennedy. The very popular Kennedy, ailing at the time from a combat injury received in World War II, was able to make only one speech in support of the Democratic ticket. It was a telecast, and at the close of his speech he was to have turned to the various candidates and, addressing them by their first names, shake their hands and wish them victory. But only an hour before the program began, Kennedy and Furcolo had had a disagreement over the format of the program, and when the telecast was over Furcolo's hand remained unshaken though Kennedy had pumped the hands of the others with vigor. Furcolo was thus left out on a limb, publicly and pointedly.

Publicly and pointedly, at a Jefferson-Jackson dinner in the following year, Kennedy ate crow for having given Furcolo the brushoff, and he praised Furcolo liberally. In the November election now approaching, when both will be up for re-election, the senator will be depending upon the governor to help him run up a Democratic vote of historic proportions. Kennedy's heart is set on this, his object being to further his (Continued on Page 73)

During his three years on the Yale boxing team, young Furcolo (top row, second from left) never lost a bout.



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"Frankly, Susan," Harold said, "I am fed up with my family."

ESCAPE FROM WOMEN

By STEVE McNEIL

The women in his life were stepping all over him. There was, Harold knew, only one way out.

Harold McKenzie, before he closed his office for the day, reluctantly called home. In front of him was a list, somewhat cryptic, written in Susan's hasty script. Harold, after years of deciphering his wife's notes, could almost qualify as a cryptographer, but now and then she threw him new codes which he was unable to break. He dialed his number.

He knew that "gro-let-br-may-s wat-cig-c ch" meant "Stop at the grocery store and get lettuce, bread, mayonnaise, soda water, cigarettes, cottage cheese." Underneath that was written, "J. drug five-twenty-also pics." That was simple enough. Translated, it meant that he was to pick up some pictures which had been left to be developed at the drugstore, and that one of the twins, either Jill or Jennifer, would meet him there at five-twenty.

But at the bottom of the page was written, "SS 3—HD 9—Taps."

"It's me," Harold said, when Susan answered.

"You mean, 'It is I,'" Susan said.

"All right. It is I."

"Gee, I'm glad you called. Would you stop by Molly's on the way home and get their fertilizer spreader? They said we could borrow it and we just must get our lawn fertilized."

"O.K. On your note ——"

"And the grass clippers at the hardware store."

"Yeah. Susan, on your note it says ——"

"And ask Jennifer if she'd stop at Wheary's and pick me up two packages of black rick-rack."

"Black what?"

"Rickrack. She'll know."

"About your note. What is SS three—HD nine—and Taps?"

"Why, I haven't the faintest idea."

"It's in your writing on the bottom of the grocery list."

(Continued on Page 48)

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DANGEROUS QUARRY

It was foolhardy for the boy to tackle these wild range animals alone—but a life hung in the balance.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

He crawled closer to the door of the kitchen so that he could hear better. He was sure that he had heard his mother say that Sissy Sue, the baby, would die unless they got more milk. His mother and his Gran were in the kitchen, which also served as Gran's bedroom. They were sitting by the fire and Gran was rocking in her chair, probably lulling the fretting baby.

Jafe's room was the covered porch between the two fully enclosed rooms of the dog-run house. Behind him was the bedroom where his mother slept with Sissy Sue, and where his father had slept, too, before he went away to the war to kill Yankees. The Texas night was clear and cold and Jafe kept his blanket around him as he listened. His two dogs, Faithful and Reata, uncurled and moved up close to him, as if they also wanted to listen to the dreadful news or comfort him in his horror.

"I can't understand why I'm dry," his mother was saying again, as if she couldn't get enough of blaming herself for what she

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Nearer and nearer the brush popped. And then to his horror a huge bull appeared.

couldn't help. "Ma, you know how long I nursed Jafe."

The creak of Gran's chair, on and on, fiercely. "A woman changes. It just can't be helped when that happens."

And his mother was repeating again, with a soft fear that would not allow the subject to be closed, "And the drought. We got the drought, and the cows won't give milk. It don't seem right. She's so sweet, such a sweet baby."

Gran said sternly—too sternly—concealing her feelings, "The home cows allas goes dry when the earth do."

"O God!" cried his mother.

"Now, now," Gran said, rocking; "now, now," and was crooning, as if she were rocking them both—her daughter and her pretty little granddaughter who had the hair that was as golden as a special flower.

Jafe rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, threw off the blanket and put on his short jacket and boots. He walked out into the moonlight below the hills, seeing the milky feet of the rocks and the dark spread of the chaparral to the west. The dogs trotted beside him, gamboling not, with an understanding alert in their eyes that turned worried and amber in the part glow and shadows.

Jafe stamped his feet as he walked, as if to crush misery itself under the force of his boots. The action worked up into him, and he ran hard, goaded by a sense of responsibility. Panting, he stopped by the corral, leaning on the rail, watching the horse and the mule. Now he was angry, and indeed, he thought, he had a right to be.

He was the man of the house by his father's wish, and they had no right, those women, to talk about big, awful things when he was supposed to be asleep. They should have brought him in and consulted with him, as his father would have wanted them to. He was thirteen years old, and had been charged with running this place and protecting everyone until his Pa helped win the war. They had no right to weep and wail and keep their secret from the man of the house.

He put his forehead against the rough cool of the wood. The mule skitted in the corral, but Boz came over and put his nose against him. Boz once had run with mustangs, and he could buck you until every bone snapped, but he had a funny way about him when he was calm. He could be as sweet as any little mare that was made for women. But it was only when it pleased him to be so. The only thing you could be sure of with Boz was that he would never fail when he was working. He loved to run something down, and once he was started, you couldn't stop him even if you wanted to.

Jafe was calling himself many kinds of a fool. He should have known what was going on without having to snake over and listen at the door. Sissy Sue had been looking right pale lately, and when he bent over her cradle that Pa had made himself from funny bends of the blackjack wood, she didn't laugh so quickly as she used to, (Continued on Page 42)

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

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I CALL ON DANNY KAYE

BY PETE MARTIN

One of the most versatile comics in our time tells about the crises and highlights of his stage career. What about his impromptu sessions with audiences? Why hasn't he tackled TV?

Danny with his wife, Sylvia Fine, and their daughter, Dena, 11, at the Kayes' Beverly Hills home. Sylvia has written some of Danny's best material. They eloped in 1940 after Danny's success in his first big show, Straw Hat Revue.

In his home in Beverly Hills, California, Danny Kaye offered me mysterious refreshment. "What is this?" I asked. "I've never tried it before."

"Put a little cheese on first; then the smoked salmon," he said.

"On this bread?" I asked.

"Bread!" he exclaimed in horror. "That's a bagel. It bears no relation to bread."

"Really?" I asked.

"Really," he said firmly.

I sought to place our conversation on a more sympathetic basis. Nibbling, I said, "I like it, though. The salmon gives it a delicate flavor."

"There's an old bagel joke," Danny told me. "If you can't sleep, eat two. You won't move all night."

I got it—bagels are heavy.

"Or" he said, "somebody asks, 'What's a bagel?' and somebody else replies, 'A bagel is a doughnut dipped in cement.'"

Suddenly I remembered. "Oh, yes," I said, "my wife loves them sliced and toasted. She buys them in the hotel snack bar. She calls them beagles, although they're hardly rabbit dogs. There are startled faces at the snack bar when she calls them that. But, as fascinating as all this is, we should be talking about some of the things that have happened to you."

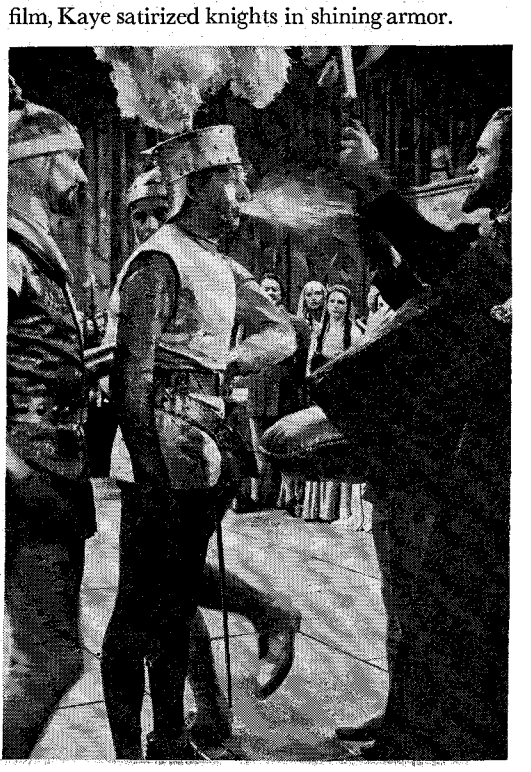
"There's one story I might tell you," he said. "I was doing four or five shows a day at the Paramount, in New York, and I was trying to dream up something fresh and spontaneous to

(Continued on Page 52)

In Lady in the Dark, a 1941 Broadway hit, Kaye, onstage only 11 minutes, almost stole show from star Gertrude Lawrence, right.

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty (1947), Kaye's classic portrayal of a timid soul's heroic daydreams.

The Court Jester (1956). In this $3,700,000 film, Kaye satirized knights in shining armor.



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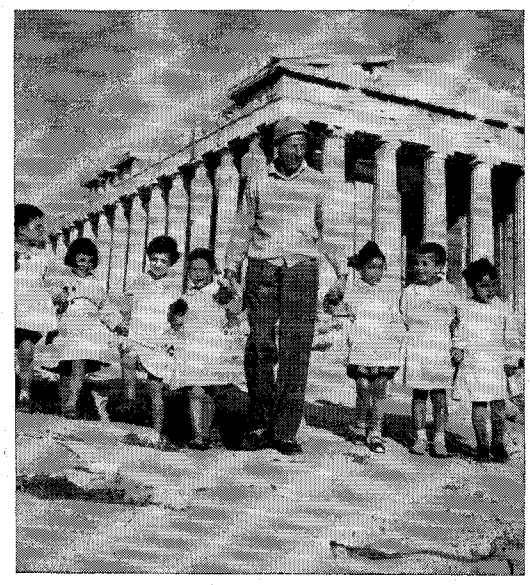
Kaye Has Traveled 240,000 Miles for the U.N. Children's Fund

Italy

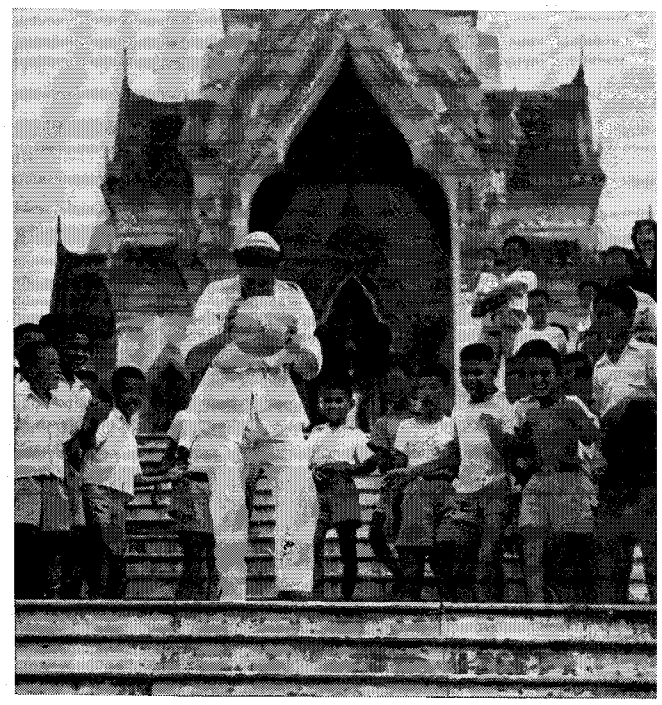


Greece

Turkey

Nigeria

India



Thailand

Hong Kong

Japan

Public School 149, Brooklyn

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When the cops closed in they found an answer to the

Convict's Secret

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Jake Sloan did the talking. There were other detectives in the office of Detective Lieutenant Calouri, but they were content to watch and listen. The lieutenant, a hound-thin man with a sharp eye and a long nose, had taken off his coat. He sat with his back to an open window, finding little comfort in the hot breath of the August night.

"Lemme take it from the top," Jake said. He was a beefy man in his late fifties. He had recently lost weight; his clothes were too big for him. "This Larry Duncan hits town a month ago. He'll go any route. Stickups, burglary, anything which it ain't nailed down, he'll carry away. Lately he's been hitting safes."

"I know him," the lieutenant said.

"A real louse," Jake said sourly. "He ties up with Johnny Kirby, a thief from as long as I can remember, an' real handy with a gun. They've had company every place they went for three weeks now; time they get up till they go to bed."

"Who put you next to them?" the lieutenant said.

"Phone taps ain't legal." Jake looked innocent. "So call it an informer." He pulled his sweat-soaked shirt away from his chest. "They been busy, lieutenant. We could maybe make a case now, but the tab ain't big enough. We want to put 'em away for a long time."

"If we can," the lieutenant said.

"They been in and out of the Meadowbrook Supermarket ten, eleven times in the last five days."

"Could be legitimate," the lieutenant said.

"Drive thirty miles to buy cigarettes?" Jake shook his head. "Them two could be a lot of things which ain't none of 'em legitimate. Duncan even asked for a job to get a look at the office an' the safe. They're ready. We got a holiday weekend comin' up. Meadowbrook's open Saturday an' Sunday, closed Monday. The way it figures, they'll hit Sunday night. Two days' take in the safe and a twenty-four-hour start—what else?"

"I'll buy it," Lieutenant Calouri said.

"I made a diagram," Jake said. He took a smudged sheet of paper from his pocket and passed it to the lieutenant. "We got four houses close enough where we can put guys with night glasses and walkie-talkies. We can put cars and a sound truck in a garage up the street. We let 'em get inside and take 'em with their hands full of tools."

"There'll be property damage," Calouri said.

"I talked to the owner," Jake said. "He'll go with us."

Calouri said, "A tough pair. There may be some shooting."

"Yeah," Jake said. "We figured that."

The lieutenant gave his attention to the diagram in his hand. After a moment, he nodded approval. "Looks fine," he said. "Yell for whatever you need. And be careful."

"Sure." Jake started for the door. "Ain't I always?"

He went down the hall, humming an off-key tune. It wasn't every week he got a chance to put a couple of heavies out of business for ten, maybe fifteen years. Jake felt good until he walked into his office.

Two men were waiting for him. Fred Corbin, the reporter, owl-eyed and crew-cut, was sitting in Jake's chair, his feet on Jake's desk. This kid was a pest, all the time underfoot like a springer spaniel, but he was a good kid. He wanted to know what Jake, the safe squad and the lieutenant had been talking about.

"And don't give me any of your lies," he said.

Jake gave him a black scowl. "We was organizing the Policemen's Marching and Chowder Society," he said. He swept Corbin's feet off the desk, lifted Corbin out of his chair and pushed him toward the door. "Which it's a hush-hush, an' none of your blasted business."

The other man was Sam Lundborg, and this one Jake was glad to see. Sam had been a big man, but sixty-odd years had thinned him and bent his shoulders. His hair was white, his eyes were a gentle blue. He was nervous and apologetic, waiting for Jake to speak to him, turning a straw hat in big, work-worn hands. Sam was an ex-safecracker, Jake had jailed him twice, the last time for fourteen years, but that was all done, put away in the past and forgotten. Sam was living the good life now with his daughter, son-in-law and granddaughter. Jake offered Sam his hand.

"Good to see you, Sam," he said. "You're lookin' fine."

There was no answering warmth in the old man's eyes. They slid away from Jake's, weary and unhappy. "Came down to turn myself in, Jake," he said. "You can send me back to the walls."

Jake's jaw dropped. "You're kiddin', Sam!"

"Straight goods," the old man said.

Jake stared at Sam Lundborg with genuine consternation. "You gotta be lyin'! We gotta talk this ——" Then he remembered Fred Corbin, turned angrily and found the reporter beside the door, listening. "You!" he yelled. "Get out! Beat it! Go play with a loaded pistol! We don't need you!"

Corbin shook his head. "I'm in, Jake. This's a story."

Sam Lundborg said, "What's the difference? It's gotta be in the papers sometime, don't it? Let him stay."

Jake swung a heavy face, red with anger, from Corbin to Lundborg and back again. He dropped into his desk chair, a man betrayed, hurt by (Continued on Page 56)

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

A little girl of five or six sat in a tiny chair, watching television.

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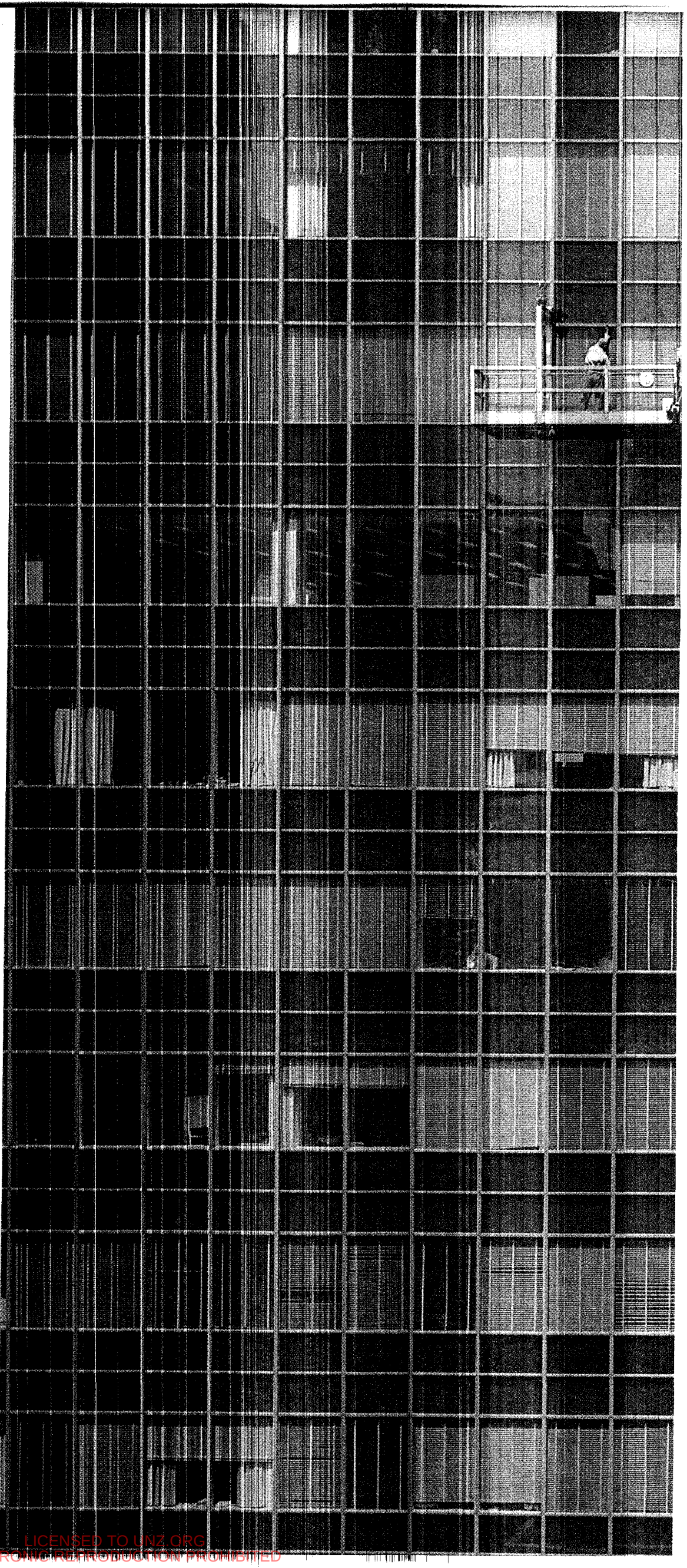
The Face of AMERICA

1404 Windows to Wash

More and more, the modern city turns glassy. Its new buildings rise, pane above pane, in sheer luster. To keep pace, window washing must mechanize. Here on the twenty-one-story Lever House in New York City is perhaps the ultimate king-sized gadget for making a glass structure sparkle: a mechanical scaffold for window scrubbers. Operated by push-button controls through a ten-ton power plant which moves around the rim of the roof on standard railroad tracks, the scaffold travels up, down or sidewise on a gridiron of lesser tracks covering the walls of the building. Its crew requires four days to do a complete job. Even so, they scour the 1404 windows in a third of the time needed by conventional window washers, who hook onto tall buildings by safety straps. Most of New York's 2500 window washers, who have no more fear of high places than a sparrow has, still work the old way. Rarely, almost never, does one fall. But it was primarily air conditioning, not safety, that made the Lever House mechanization necessary. Not one of its windows can be opened. ◦Photograph by H. Landshoff



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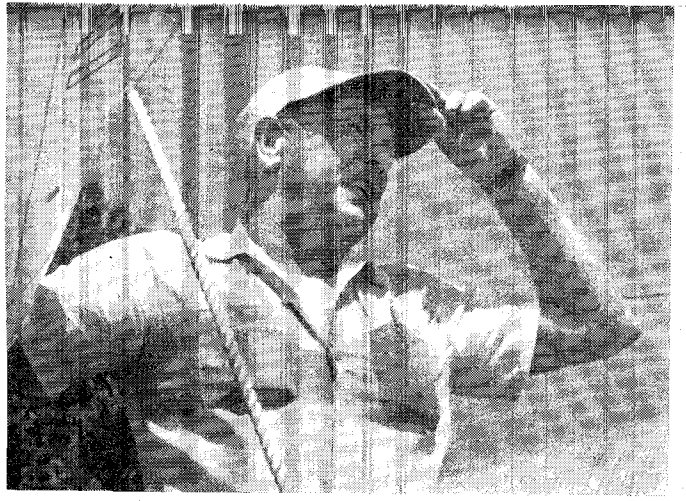
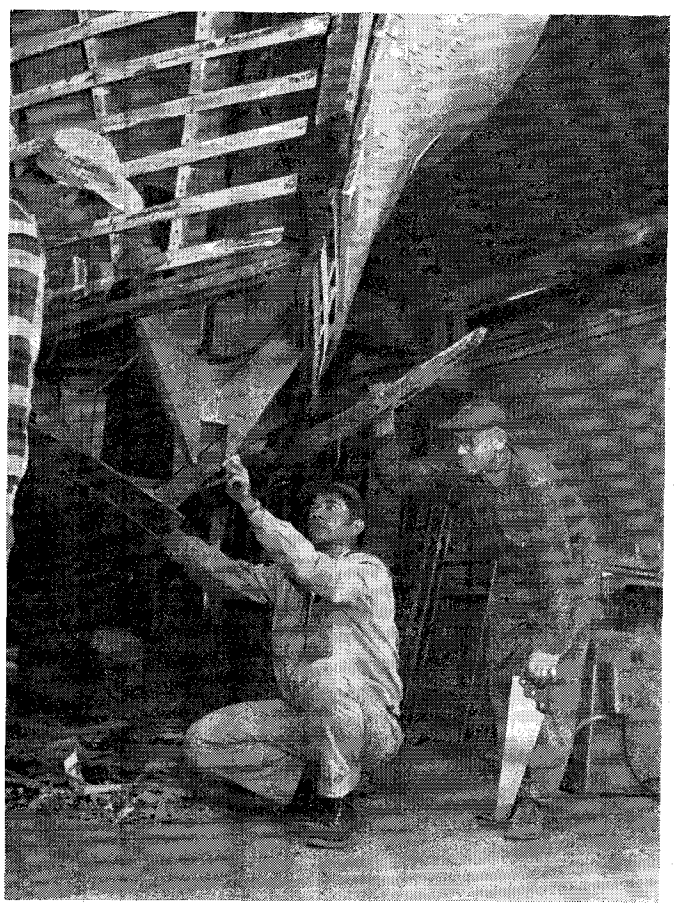


Clayton Harrison started a boat business at 14 with an old canoe, now owns the $500,000 marina.



In the shop, Bill Lentz (left), Cy Knox and Art Moen can make repairs or build complete boats.

Port for Fresh-Water Sailors

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

To meet the demands of the increasing number of inland American boat owners, this Wisconsin marina provides all the comforts of home—including maid service.

As the lakes and rivers of America continue each year to draw more newcomers to water recreation, a relatively new American business is becoming more and more commonplace across the land. This is the small-boat harbor, often called a marina. New marinas, expanded marinas and more crowded marinas appear each year as the boating population grows.

One of the largest small-boat harbors on the major frontier of boating, the country's inland waterways, is Hudson-Marine, Inc., on the Wisconsin side of the charming St. Croix River, a dozen miles east of St. Paul, Minnesota. Hudson-Marine houses the boats of 263 tenants, plus ten more work and demonstration boats of its own. It is owned by Clayton Harrison, a stocky man who speaks in a quiet, somewhat breathless voice and who ran away from home at the age of fourteen to forge a considerable success the hard way.

Harrison's principal lieutenants are Cyril Knox and Robert Teisberg. Cy Knox is a mechanic of natural talents with boats and engines. He is unusually handsome, with dark, heavily lashed, smoky eyes. Bob Teisberg, a lean gray man, is an engineer with aesthetic hobbies—music and art photography. Cy is dockmaster. Bob is comptroller. Clayton is the boss.

Superficially, a marina is a shore-line housing development for boats, providing each tenant a few feet of water, roofed or unroofed, in which a boat may be tied to a dock and

On a busy day, marina tenants—and "outside" boat owners who use the marina's facilities—buy as many as 2000 gallons of gasoline from the single tank on the boat dock.

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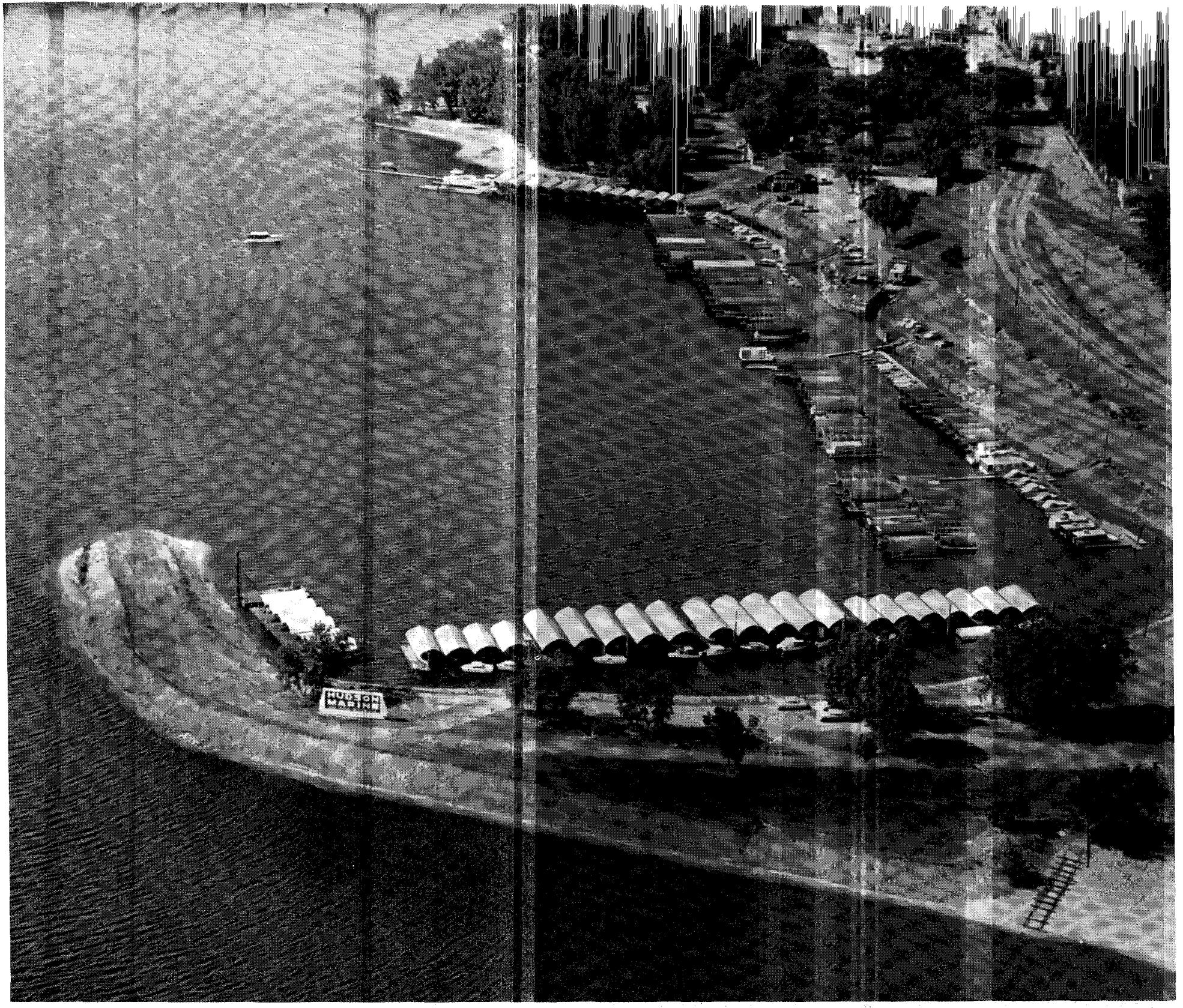
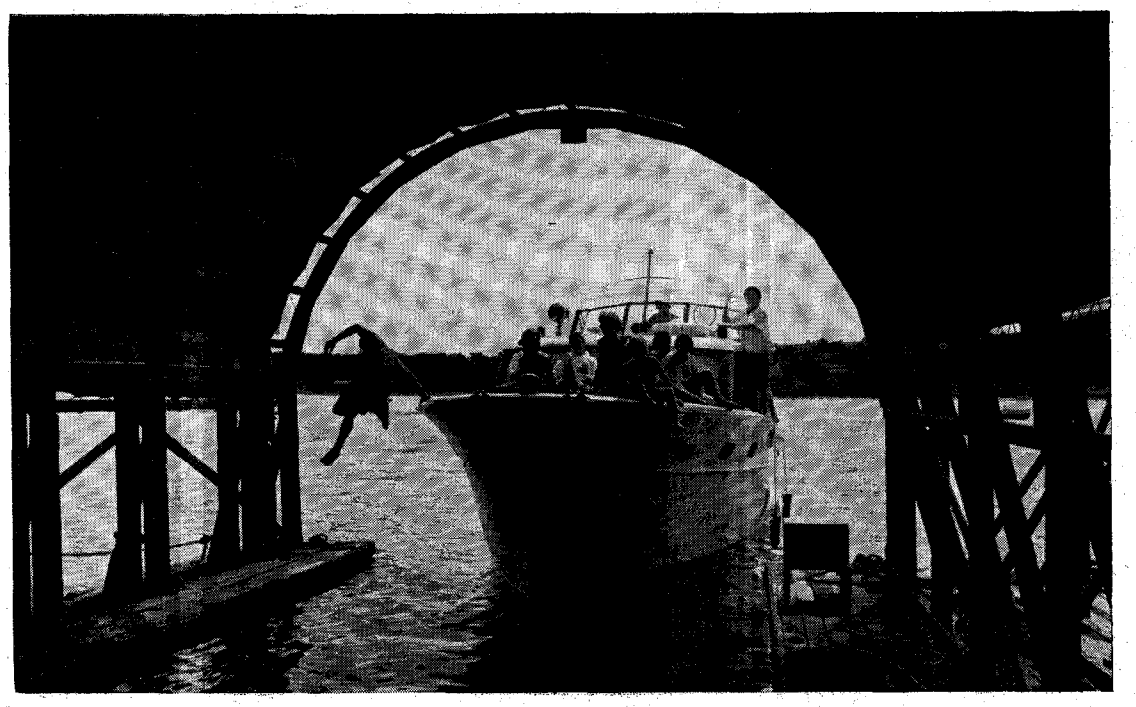


This is home port for 263 boats. It occupies a quarter mile of shore line on the Wisconsin side of the St. Croix River. The semicylindrical structures are slips for boats.

boarded. In truth is is much more than that. It is a community of diverse boat owners intent on happy living afloat according to individual ideas and with a social order roughly corresponding to the length of their boats. There is a minister, unidentifiable as such in blue jeans or shorts, who takes delight in a modest but well-powered outboard. There is an oldest tenant whose small open boat is merely a streetcar which takes him from shore to the fish he catches. There are corporation-owned cruisers which are stages for lush parties that make friends and garner customers. There is a railroader who looks upon his boat as a rocking chair: "Night or day, I just like to sit out there on the water doing nothin'."

The marina exists for boats afloat, but paradoxically its operation is essentially a shore job. Harrison spends little time on the water. Mrs. Harrison, a boat fan who was courted by her (Continued on Page 85)

Photographs by Larry Keighley



This is one of the marina's 63 canvas-covered slips, which rent for $115 and up during the May-to-November boating season. To avoid the winter ice, boats are hauled out of the water and racked in cradles on land.

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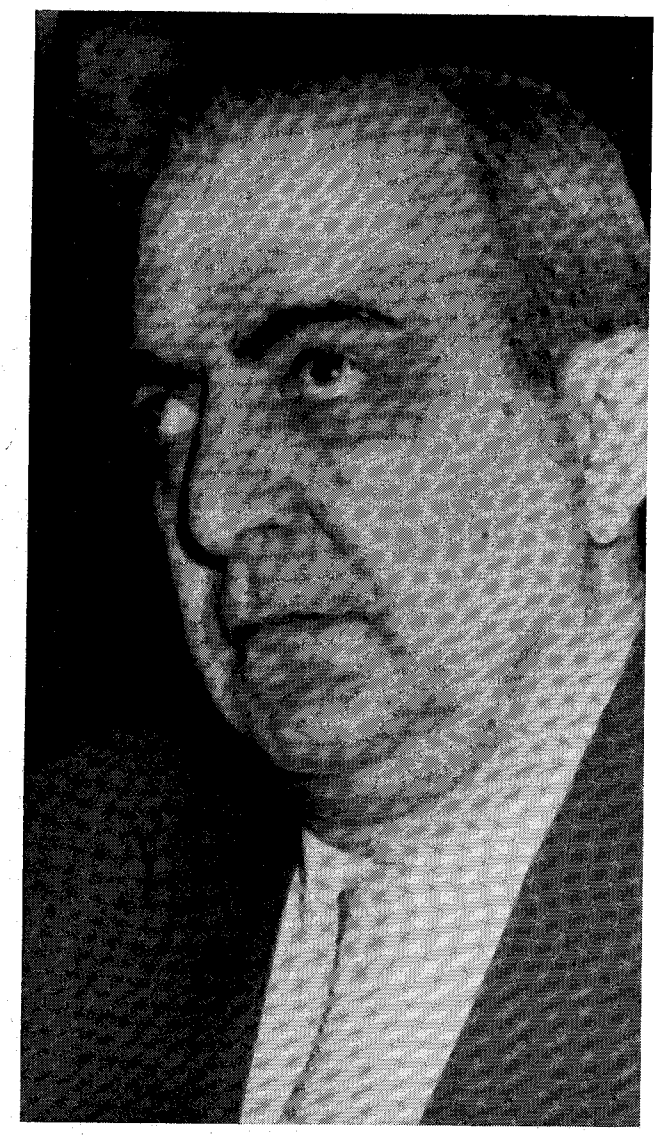
One fat mobster fell to his knees and wept. "You're sending me to my death," he blubbered. This is why deportation is

The Rap Gangsters Fear Most

By STANLEY FRANK

For two generations underworld murders and rackets have been fanning rumors that organized crime in the United States is controlled by the Mafia, a syndicate of terrorist gangs which originated in Sicily almost 160 years ago. Such stories were discounted as lurid inventions until November 14, 1957, when sixty shadowy characters from all parts of the country, most of whom had criminal records, were seized at a macabre trade convention in Apalachin, New York. Although they were released after three hours of questioning because of insufficient evidence to warrant prosecution under state criminal laws, the episode was more incriminating than all the previous arrests and convictions in their bulky police records.

A few weeks earlier, confidential reports from Italy and Cuba had alerted Immigration authorities that a top-level meeting of American gangsters was imminent. The informants did not know the date or place of the conference, but they agreed on one significant point: It had been ordered by the Mafia's grand council, the overlords of commercial vice with



Russell Bufalino, under deportation order since last April, has waged a desperate legal battle to stay in America.

Left: Among the 2486 criminals ordered thrown out of the U. S. in the 1953–57 deportation drive was Settimo (Big Sam) Accardi. He fled the country only a few months after his brother Joseph had been sent back to Italy. Here he is shown with his wife at his 1955 arrest on a narcotics charge.

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a chain of command extending from Istanbul to San Francisco.

The chief item on the agenda at Apalachin, United States Attorney Paul W. Williams declared after the raid, was the assignment of franchises for dope peddling, gambling and extortion. He estimated the illicit take from these three sources was $2,280,000,000 last year—with the Mafia getting the vulture's share. On April tenth the Department of Justice announced an all-out drive against 100 leading gangsters, with special emphasis on their infiltration of labor unions and employer associations.

Agents of the Immigration and Naturalization Service scanned the list of gorillas caught at Apalachin and saw two familiar names that tied in with the tips from abroad. Frank Cucchiara, a bush-league Boston bookie, belonged in such fast company only as a stand-in for Filipo Brucola, an influential gangster in New England. Brucola, a naturalized citizen, had just returned from Italy, where he had seen Lucky Luciano on two occasions.

Luciano was deported to Italy in 1946 after his thirty-to-fifty-year sentence for compulsory prostitution was commuted for reasons that never have been divulged. The popular theory is that Luciano was sprung by the Government for enlisting the Mafia's support of the Allied invasion of Sicily in 1943. Regardless of military expedience, it was a bad bargain. For the last dozen years Luciano has been the boss of an international dope ring that supplies 40 per cent of the heroin for American addicts. The Immigration Service suspects that Brucola had a report from Luciano on future shipments, but, realizing he was under surveillance, delegated Cucchiara to deliver it at Apalachin.

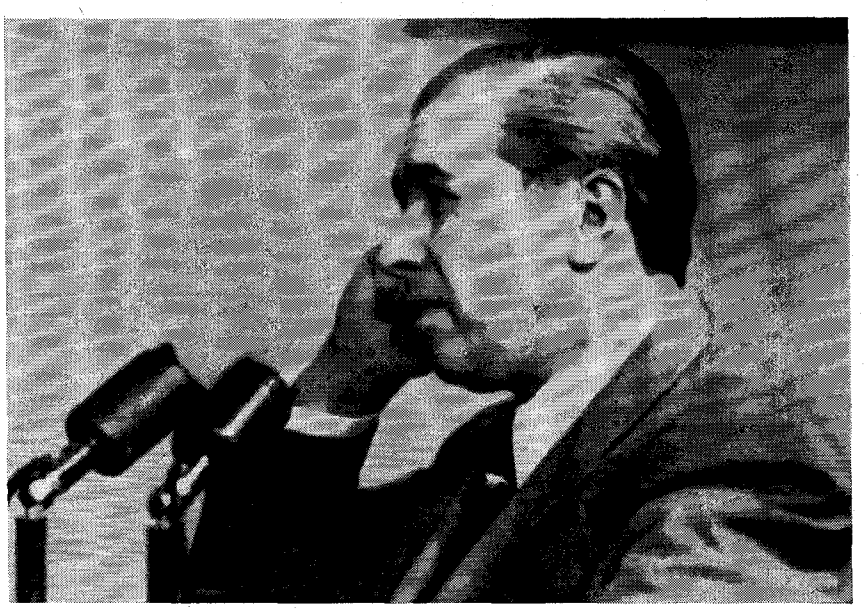
Santo Trafficante, Jr., alias Louis Santos, is a more imposing name in the Mafia hierarchy, but Federal agents hardly expected he would be socializing with the lodge brothers less than three weeks after the murder of Albert Anastasia in a New York barbershop. Anastasia, alleged to have executed thirty-one of the sixty-three victims of Murder, Incorporated, finally was killed on the morning of October twenty-fifth by two masked gunmen.

In testimony before the New York State legislative watchdog committee last January, John T. Cusack, a district supervisor of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, declared: "There is reason to believe that Albert Anastasia's death was caused by a dispute over gambling concessions in an establishment operated by Santo Trafficante in Havana. Trafficante operates the Sans Souci there and was formerly in partnership with Gabriel Mannarino, of New Kensington, Pennsylvania. Both Santo Trafficante, Jr., and Mannarino were among those at the Apalachin meeting."

In investigating the Anastasia murder, New York police learned that two Cuban desperadoes fitting the descriptions of the killers had flown to New York three days before the shooting. Five hours after the job was pulled, one of them left Idlewild Airport on a plane bound for Havana. The Immigration Service's Mafia experts suspect that the Anastasia murder may have been one of the major developments discussed at Apalachin, but reprisals seemed unlikely. Few members were prostrated by the fatal accident to Brother Albert, a crude, trigger-happy goon who wasn't smart enough to cover up (Continued on Page 62)

Vito Genovese, ranking hoodlum at the Apalachin conclave, was arraigned last month as mastermind of a narcotics ring.

The $100,000 house of Joe Barbara at Apalachin, N.Y., where 60 members of the Mafia were rounded up last November. Police had to release them, but the raid furnished clues for 20 deportation orders.



Gambler Joe Adonis. He was deported in 1956 after an Immigration agent proved his purported New Jersey birthplace had been only a vacant lot.

Charles (Lucky) Luciano (below, in Italy) was returned to his native land in 1946 after the Government commuted his 30–50-year prison sentence. Since then he has bossed an international dope ring that supplies 40 per cent of the heroin for American addicts.

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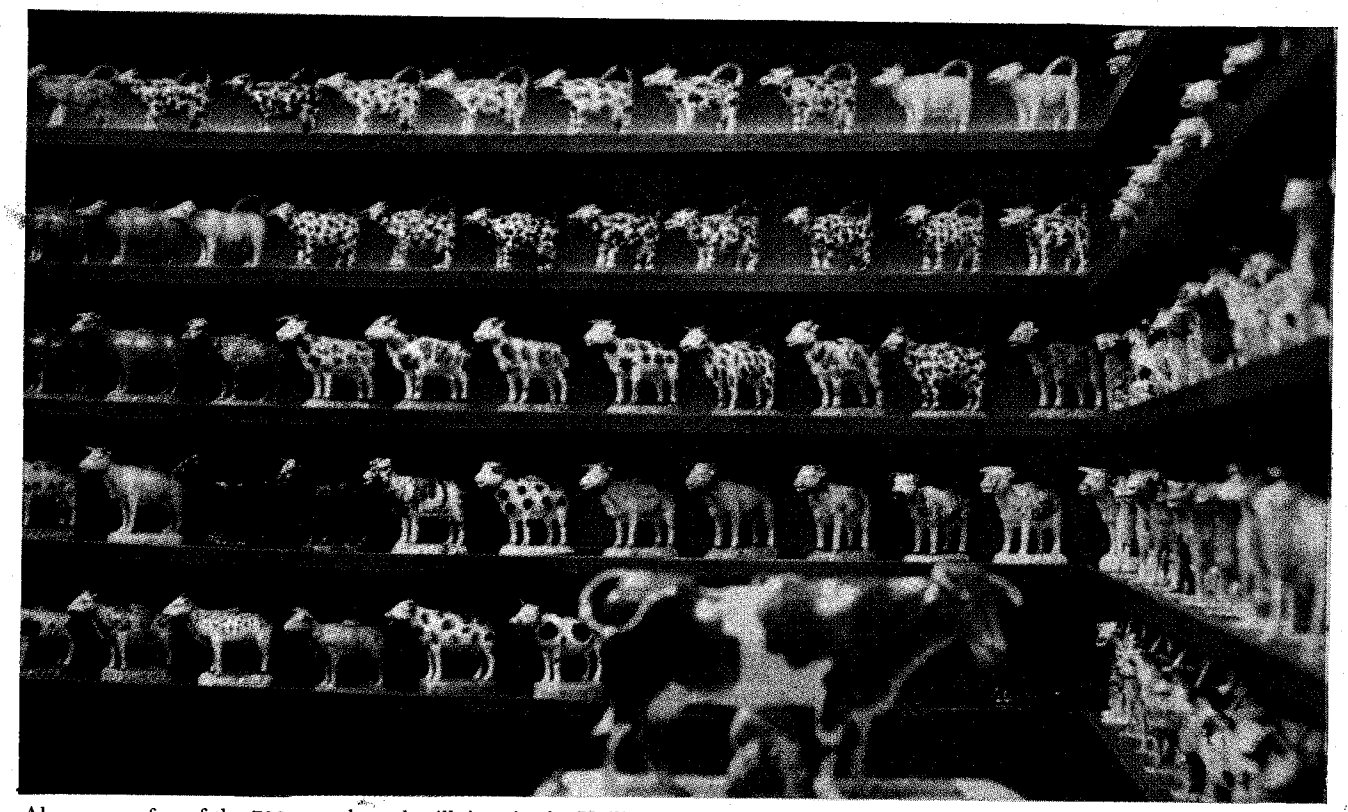
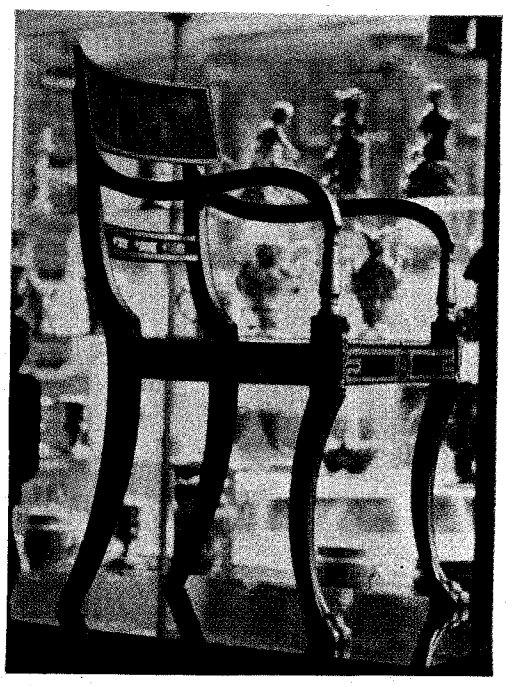
GEMS IN A BROWSER'S PARADISE—AND A COLLECTOR'S PRIVATE HOARD

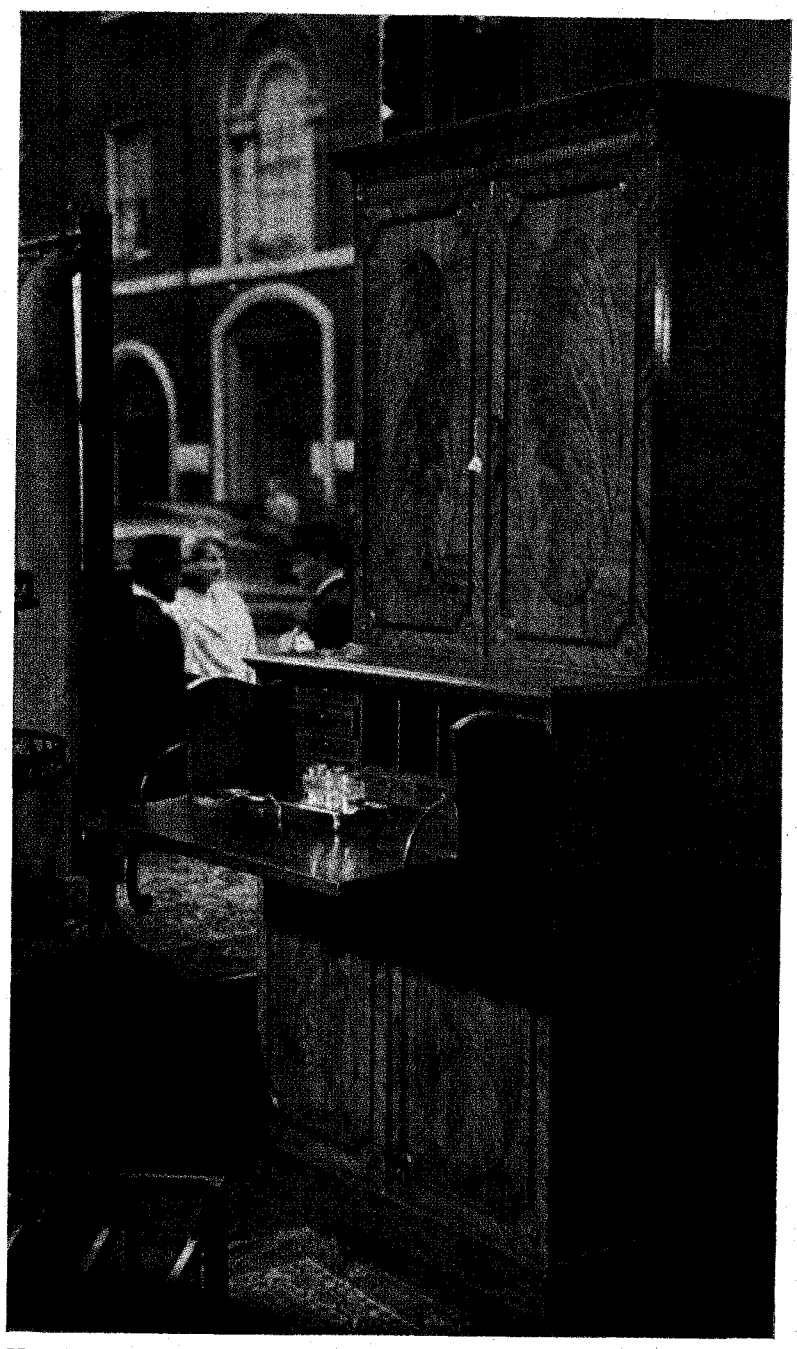
This $1000 Chippendale mirror (ca. 1760) reflects a $4500 set of Lowestoft china.



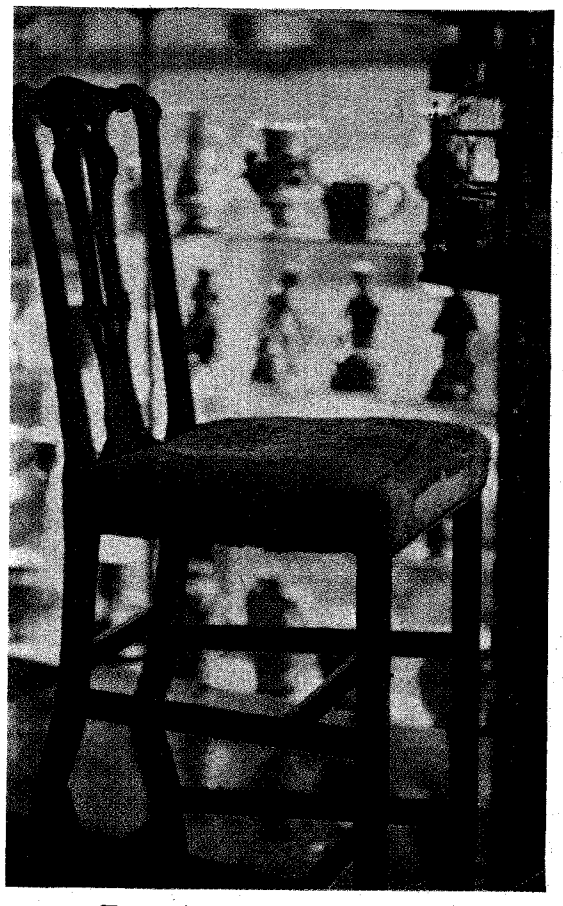
Above are a few of the 700 cow-shaped milk jugs in the Keiller collection at Telegraph Cottage, a wartime Eisenhower residence in Surrey. About half the jugs, most of which are 18th century and were once used in humble cottages and homes, came from Boswell's.



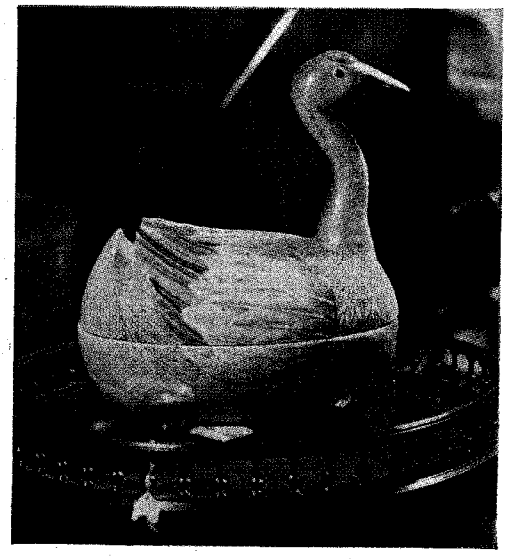
Regency armchair (ca. 1810). An American woman recently paid $2000 for four of these.



Hepplewhite secretaire bookcase (ca. 1775) which costs $1300. No surviving pieces can be traced to Hepplewhite; thus the name means style, not authorship.



Ten 18th-century Chippendale chairs, such as this one with needlework seat, cost $3350.



200-year-old Ch'ien Lung duck, made in China. It will cost some devotee of elegant bric-a-brac $1680.

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Mecca for Antique Hunters

For those who love antiques, London is the end of the rainbow. A Post editor reports on a treasure-laden Old Curiosity Shop.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

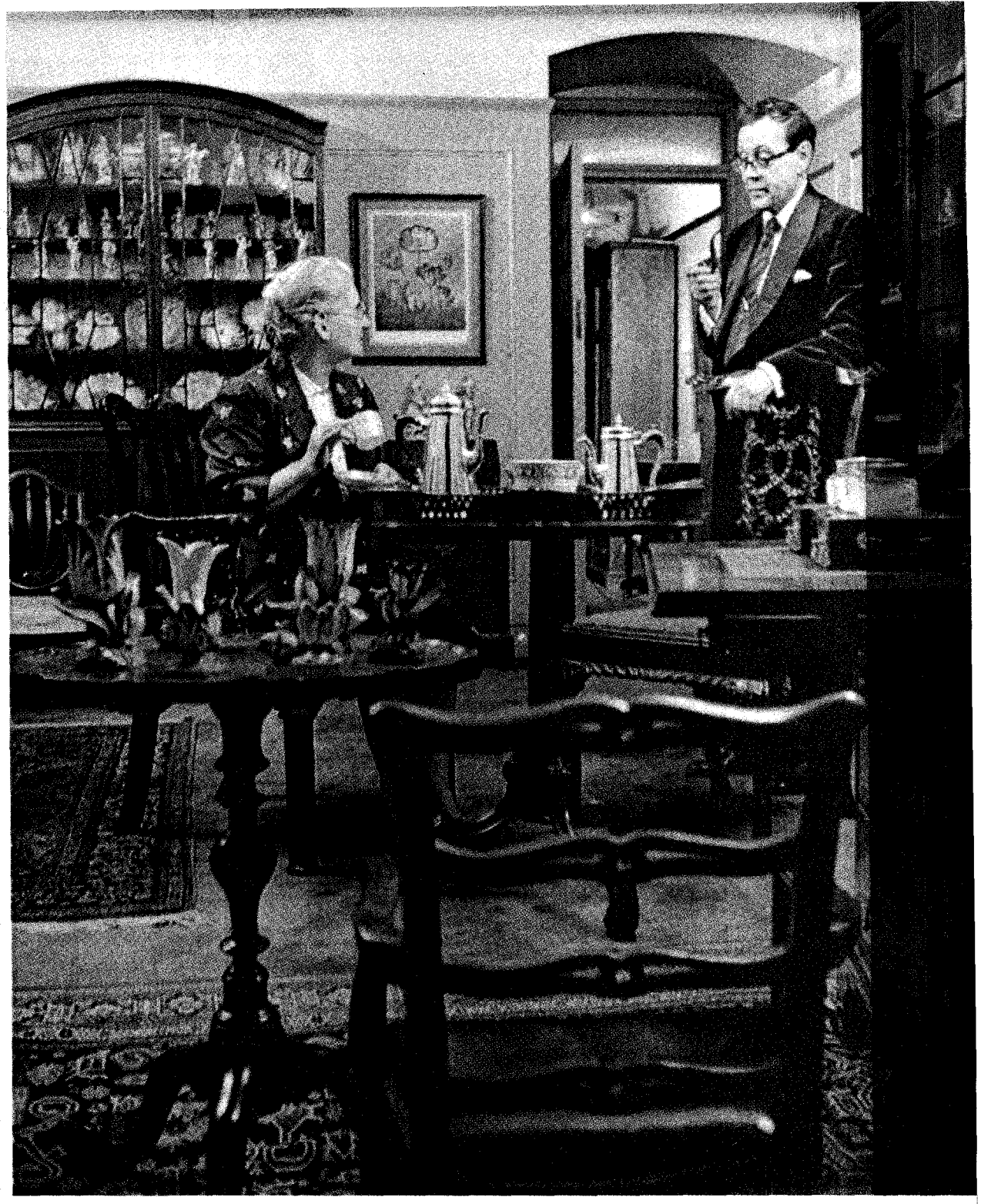
LONDON.

There are fancier places here in London, to be sure—antique emporiums where a blond receptionist that looks like Diana Dors will leisurely announce you to "one of the partners" if she considers you worth letting in. But, sitting in a moneyed neighborhood—two blocks from Bond Street and in sight of Piccadilly—Boswell & Ward, Antiques, has a safe footing in the upper reaches of the trade. Respectability is written squarely on its face, its price tags are marked in plain figures, and some three quarters of its annual business—believed to be about $700,000—is now done with Americans.

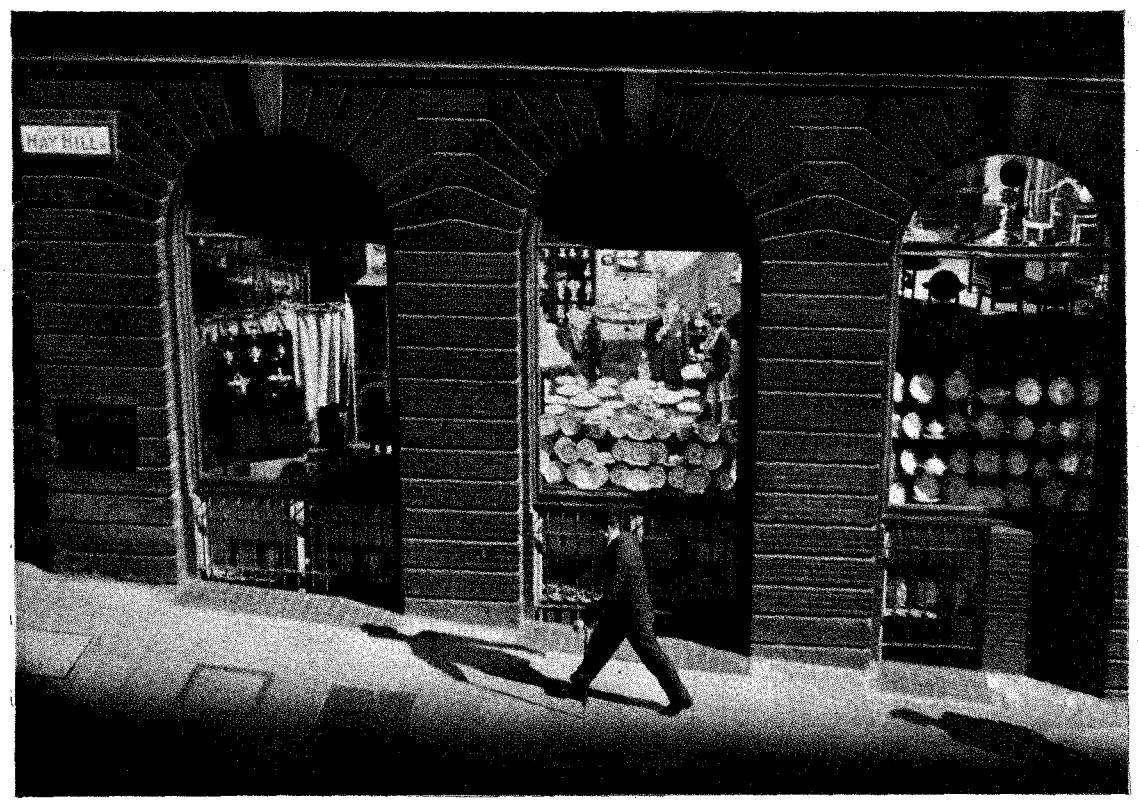
The password of the transatlantic customer, says Mr. Boswell, is "May I just browse around?" The answer is: Why not? The antique business is booming, prices have shot up crazily these last few years, and the United States is the world's No. 1 collector. This is a game that you can play with pennies or with millions. The rules require that the tourist heading home carry at least one venerable item—an ancient cream pitcher, a candlestick, a cooky jar—unless, of course, he's bought something so big he's had to ship it home by freight.

While there are plenty of antiques to be picked up wherever you set foot in Europe, London remains the western world's great clearinghouse, the central market for antiques. As in Charles Dickens' day, when people were mysteriously attracted by "those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and (Continued on Page 81)

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman



Antique dealer George Boswell with his wife in their treasure-crammed home at Clapham, a suburb of London. Boswell, who is his own best customer, won't even guess the value of his prized china tulips in foreground above.



Boswell & Ward has occupied this corner shop for 31 years. Business, especially with Americans, has never been better.

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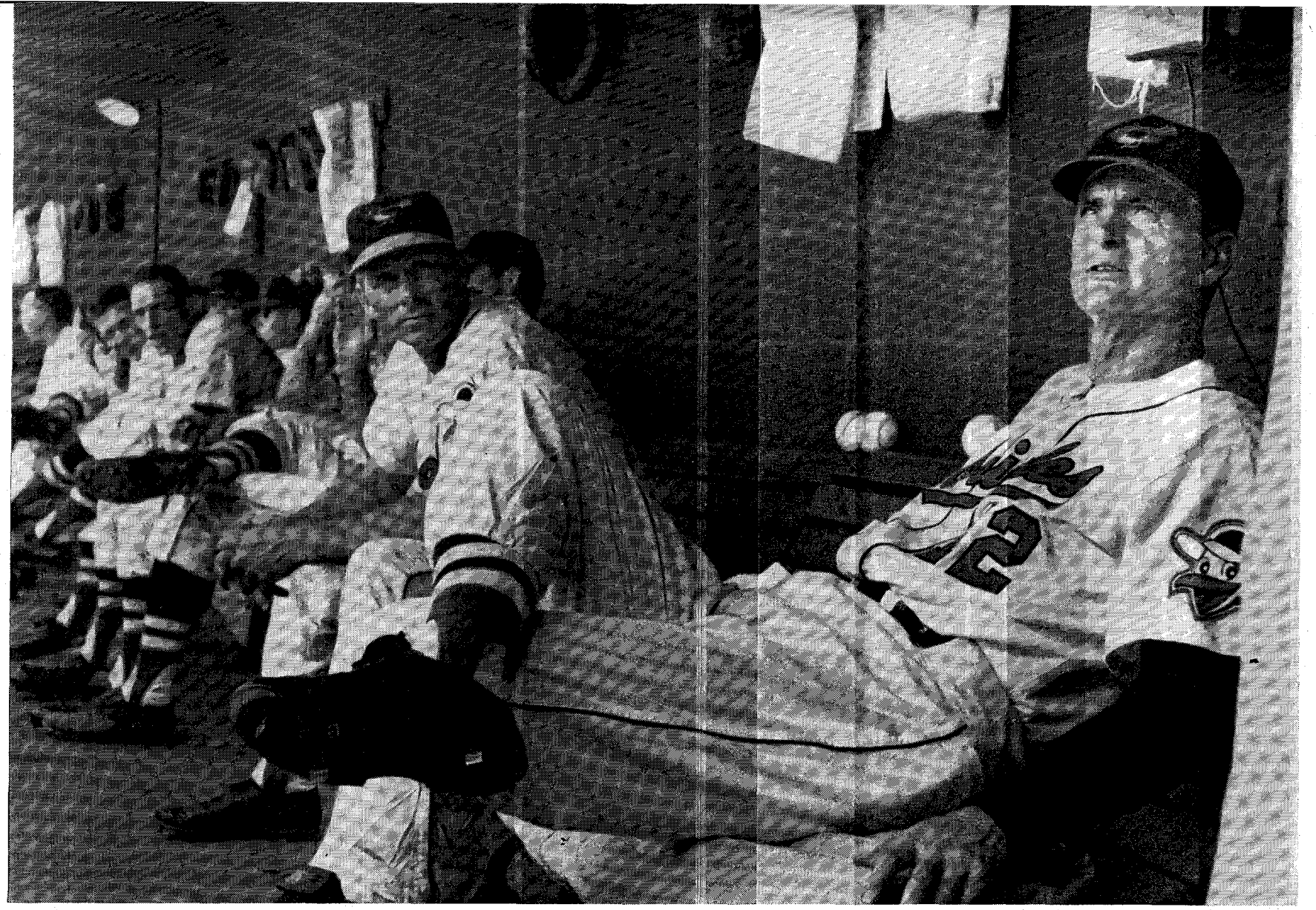

On the bench, Manager Paul Richards broods over his dual problem: "We're building for the future. But we can't afford to forget the present."

Baltimore's Bonus-Baby Blues

When it comes to shelling out big money for expensive young players who wither on the vine, the Orioles are champs, the Post's sports editor reports.

Billy O'Dell: the only Oriole bonus boy to make good.

By HARRY T. PAXTON

A lot of changes have taken place since the tail-end St. Louis Browns were reincarnated as the Baltimore Orioles five years ago, but up to now there has been one gratifying constant. In each new season the Orioles won more games than they had the year before. In 1957 they advanced all the way to the .500 level, finishing only a single game out of the first division.

This season, though, it became apparent that Baltimore was not necessarily going to keep on moving up. Introspective Paul Richards, who directs the Oriole effort both as manager and general manager, was unwilling a few weeks ago to predict that his current team would place even as high as last year's edition.

"This season and the next one are likely to be our most difficult years," Richards said.

His club was in seventh place at the time, and he was worried about public reaction if the Orioles should get into a lengthy backsliding phase. Actually, there has been more baseball interest and color in Baltimore than most outsiders realize. Although local fans haven't swarmed out in such droves as in Milwaukee and now in Los Angeles, the city has given more than respectable support to a string of second-division ball clubs, with attendance averaging nearly 1,000,000 a year.

Around the American League the Baltimore rooters have a reputation for being enthusiastic to the point of shrillness. They put on a demonstration of this for a nationwide radio and television audience last month when Baltimore was host city for baseball's annual All Star Game. The local people displayed an unusually warm and friendly interest in the proceedings up to the point in the sixth inning when American League manager Casey Stengel, of the hated (Continued on Page 60)

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Forbidden Fancy

To him, it was an infatuation which time and distance would cure. To her, it was a great deal more.

By EDWARD LINDALL

Wallaby Martin, squatting on his lean old hams, punched the side of his right fist gently into the white creek sand. He used his thumb once and the ball of his little finger four times to complete the miniature print of a right foot. Then he switched to his other hand and plopped a left footprint beside it. He had to push his shoulder down and forward, because that left arm was locked at right angles from the elbow.

His movements were precise, efficient. He watched the small prints grow with what seemed complete absorption. But when he looked up at the younger man, sitting cross-legged before him, his eyes were keen. Sun-bleached gray eyes in a thin, dark face, chipped and sandblasted by a life of summers.

"I'm not glad to have you with me this time, son," he said. "An' that's the truth."

Pete Kingston grinned tightly. "You're talking nonsense, Wallaby. You of all men."

Wallaby bent his right hand around and began another set of footprints—smaller ones, toe to toe with the others. "You're gettin' near the point of no return, son. You're gettin' to like the bush too much."

"So what?"

"So you'll be as crazy as me in another few trips," Wallaby said evenly. "Unable to live anywhere but nowhere. Bush crazy."

"Being bush crazy isn't hurting you any," Pete said. "It isn't hurting me, either. I like making roads, and I aim to go on making them for a long time yet."

"That's jest what's wrong with you, son," Wallaby said calmly. "Roads don't mean anythin' unless they lead to somewhere."

Pete Kingston leaned forward in sudden, tense seriousness. He was whipcord built, and shoulder muscles ran like waves across the surface of the tight-fitting woolen shirt he wore. His arms, leaping from short sleeves, were carved mahogany. At thirty, his dark, sharp-angled face was strong with youth and seasoned with the early maturity that comes of life in wild places.

"I'm a surveyor," he said tautly. "I don't deal in riddles."

Wallaby forced his stiff arm downward to press toes on a print. The arm gave him his name. A bull

(Continued on Page 65)

"We won't be back this way for a year or more," he said. "Perhaps, by then, you will have gone."

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A Day in Monte Carlo

To Mark, this was clear: the killer would go to any lengths to stop him.

By MARTHA ALBRAND

"He calls himself Timgad." This was all that Mark Travers, an American artist-reporter in Paris, knew about the Algerian terrorist responsible for the death of his best friend, Philippe Langlé. But the only person Mark could trust in his single-handed hunt for the Communist hireling Timgad was Inspector Perrier of the French Sûreté.

From Corinne Javal, Mark learned that Timgad was in Monte Carlo. When Mark arrived there to meet Corinne, he received a threatening note—despite the fact that only Corinne and Perrier knew of his trip. It was then that Mark knew he was being watched. Later that morning Mark became infatuated with the beautiful Fleur Constant. On his way to meet Corinne he visited Fleur's home on the pretext of interviewing her brother, Guy, a famous underwater explorer.

Then, as Mark raced to his rendezvous with Corinne, he found her dead in her smashed auto. She had apparently been strangled when the long scarf she wore caught in the wheel of the car.

II

"What a terrible death," a woman next to him was saying, touching her throat and shivering slightly. "And she was still young. And so lovely. Last night I watched her dancing. To think that only last night —— You can't be careful enough, can you?"

Inside his pockets Mark's hands formed fists. If he had not contacted Corinne in his search for Timgad, she would be alive now.

"Was she driving up or down?"

"Up. Apparently her car spun several times before it crashed into the mountain."

"I came," she said to Mark, "because I wanted to see you again."

Illustrated by Ken Riley

If she had been on her way up, she could have been killed to prevent her from seeing him. If she had been on her way down, it could mean that she had discovered it was unsafe to meet him at the appointed spot, that she was being followed or had seen somebody else waiting for her. In either case he was certain that she had not been alone in the car. Who had been with her? Certainly only somebody she trusted. Or had she been stopped by someone trying to hitch a ride? And where was that person now? And how much did he know?

Mark looked around the assembly of people. None of them seemed to be watching him. Yet it was possible that the murderer was among them, perhaps even the man who had ordered Corinne's death and had come to make sure that everything had gone according to plan. Mark hoped grimly that nothing in his face betrayed the shock of seeing Corinne dead. He must behave as if he had never met her before, he told himself. He would go to the clubhouse and play golf as if what had happened to Corinne did not concern him.

But it was not easy, not easy at all, to behave as if nothing had happened, to walk up to the first tee, make a few practice swings, place his ball and drive, with the picture of Corinne slumped over the door of her car before his eyes. Yet it was precisely what he had to do, in case anybody was watching him. He was glad no caddie was available. Alone, he at least didn't have to control his face.

Don't think, he told himself, *don't think of the harsh, impersonal efficiency with which her body was shoved into the ambulance, don't try to figure out how it could have happened. Pretend to be unconcerned. Don't give yourself away. It's the only chance you have. Don't reflect now that, with her death, you have lost the one trace that led to Timgad. You have to start again from scratch. You have to find another lead. You will avenge her. But now concentrate on your game.* And the ball, lying on the third green about five feet from the flag, became a challenge.

I shall sink it with one putt, he promised himself, and crouched down to take another look at the difficult angle, when, from nowhere, a small, black dachshund burst upon the green and was gone, Mark's ball in its mouth. All his pent-up shock and frustration turned to fury and he ran after the dog, swinging his club and

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He saw Perrier's hand shoot up as if warding off a blow.

shouting for it to drop the ball. But the little dachshund only ran faster, with quite incredible speed for so small an animal.

Finally it ran into a clump of trees below the fairway. There it let go the ball and yapped triumphantly. The moment, though, that Mark bent to retrieve the ball, the dog growled and would have bitten him had not a voice uttered a sharp command. Mark straightened up abruptly.

"Do you really think it is wise to let yourself be tricked from open view into possible ambush?" the same voice said in a slightly ironic tone. A pair of bowlegged, hairy legs came into view. The man from the lobby of the Monte Carlo Beach Hotel, whose face Mark had not been able to see and whom he had taken for an English tourist.

"Perrier! What on earth are you doing here?"

The inspector shifted his short pipe from one corner of his mouth to the other. He was a short, stockily built man with a head shaped like a walnut, and just as brown. He had round, velvety brown eyes which could look astonishingly naïve.

"I got your message that you had left Monte Carlo to meet Corinne Javal just ten minutes after you had boarded the plane. I arrived here a couple of hours ago."

Mark had not been mistaken. He had been watched. "Then it was you who trailed me."

"Curiosity gets the better of me at times." Perrier was still speaking ironically. "I'm glad to hear you noticed it. I had almost convinced myself that you hadn't. You see how wrong it is to have preconceived opinions." He picked up the dachshund, which was still standing guard over the ball, its long thin tail wagging excitedly. "Neat trick, isn't it?" he said, as if unaware of Mark's embarrassment. "When I'm in Paris, I live in St. Cloud, in a house that borders on the course. Though golf is my favorite relaxation, I'm sorry to say I'm not as good at it as I would like to be. I do hit a great many balls out of bounds. Fritz, here, goes for them like a bird dog. A very useful little animal."

"Corinne is dead," said Mark; "murdered before I had a chance to talk to her, before she could tell me who Timgad is."

Perrier took the pipe from between his lips and hit it gently against a stone. "I know. The people who discovered the accident came up here to phone the police. Quite ordinary people."

His mouth set and for a while he did not speak. Then he shrugged. Apparently he had accepted the fact that now the only trace that led to Timgad was lost. "I wouldn't have thought she'd risk getting so deeply involved that it became necessary to kill her. She must have known that this time she was playing with a really big fire." (Continued on Page 69)

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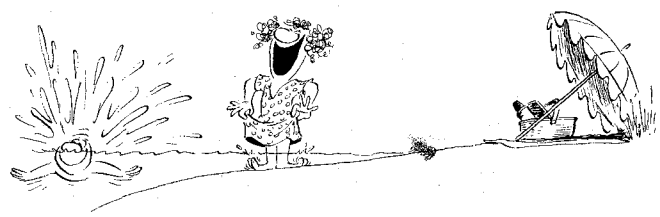
Post Scripts



I'll Think About Something Else, if It's All the Same to You

I see where a psychologist suggests that, as an aid to a good night's rest, a man should mentally review his day in the few minutes before he falls asleep. When he has reviewed the happenings, he should then seek ways to improve his performance. This puts his mind in order and prepares him for a contented sleep, the man said. Ha!

I tried it the other night, outlining the day I had just spent as follows:

1. Car wouldn't start.

2. Mr. Johnson growled at me for being late.

3. Lit wrong end of filter cigarette.

4. Culpepper firm wired saying they were dissatisfied with order.

5. Wife called to say dental bill twice what we'd expected.

6. Garage called saying car might need complete engine overhaul. Couldn't tell yet.

7. Picked up wrong package at laundry.

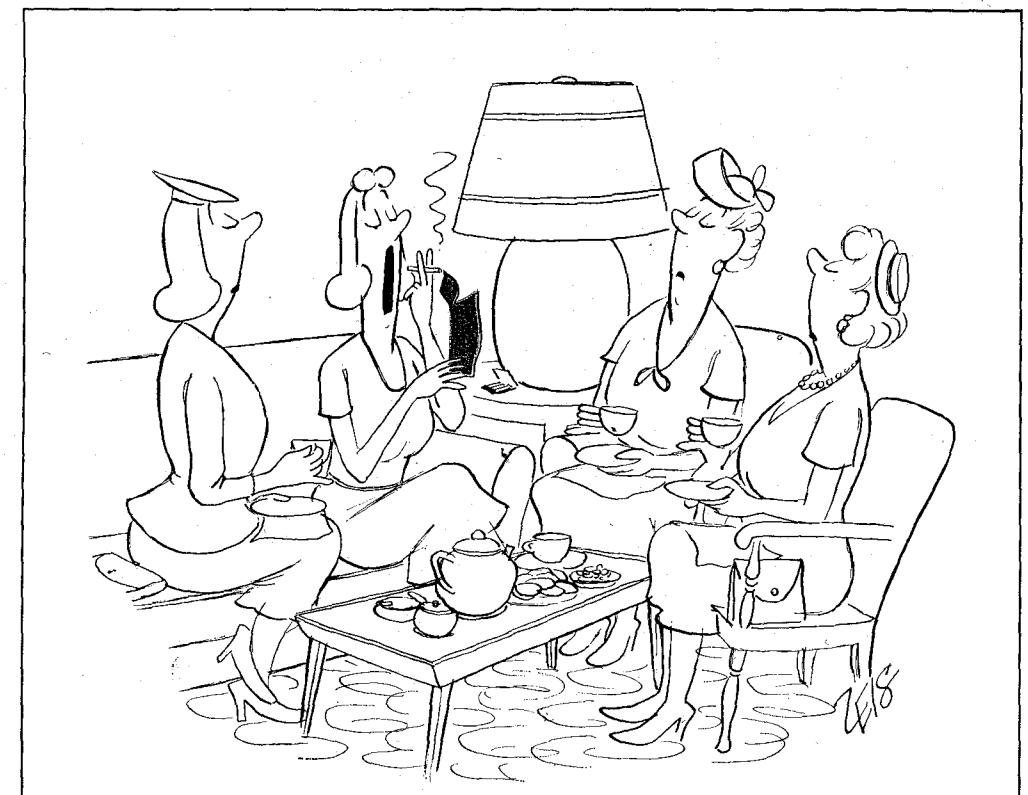
8. Arrived home to find television repairmen sadly shaking heads behind set.

9. Neighbor dropped over to inform us Junior had picked all of her tulips.

10. Garage phoned to say they could tell now. Complete overhaul.

Still following the expert's advice, I then sought ways to improve my performance. I stayed in bed the entire next day.

DICK EMMONS



"Yes, as a matter of fact, my husband was promoted recently."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Weak Wings of Song

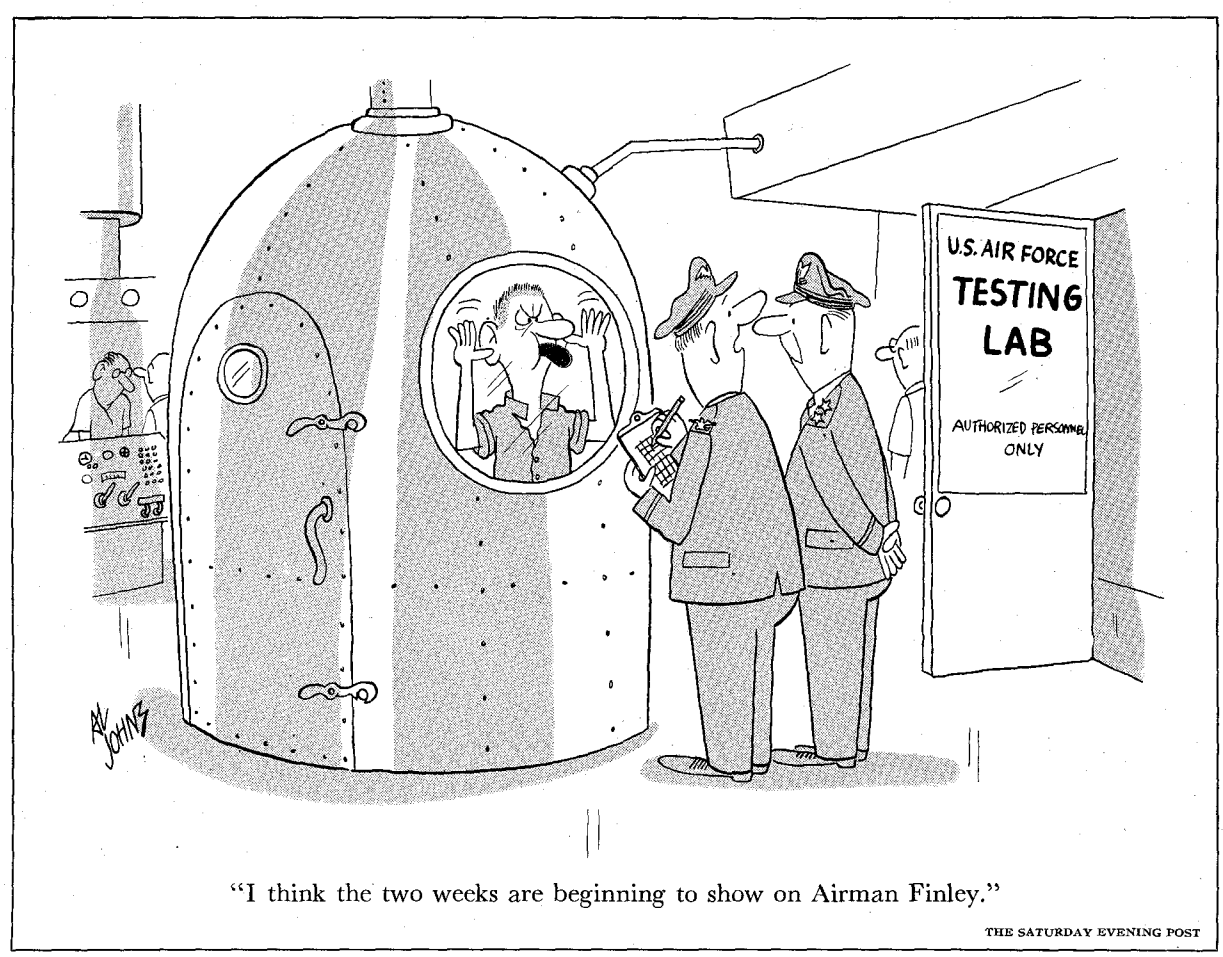
He sang several songs of his choice.
Just one thing about it was tough:
He was carried away by his voice—
But not far enough.

RICHARD F. ARMKNECHT

Advice for Young Men

Unless you're rich, to wed a girl
Who has a lovely form is chancy:
It costs a pretty fancy figure
To keep a pretty figure fancy.

RICHARD WHEELER



"I think the two weeks are beginning to show on Airman Finley."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Scenes I Can Almost Picture

"Ready with the box of pellets, Abercrombie?"

"Ready, boss."

"Put the telephone directory up here on the table, McElroy."

"There we are."

"Throw the pellets into the air, Abercrombie."

"O.K. . . . There."

"Fine! Now, then, I want each person on whose name a pellet landed to be phoned by one of our salesmen as constituting part of a select list of ——"

"I'm sort of anxious to get going on a melody, Griffin, so let's whip up a lyric real quick."

"O.K. I'll draw a line from the hat first . . . . 'My heart, so blue, is yours.'"

"Now, I'll draw one . . . . 'If the stars speak to me of surrender.'"

"I'll draw the third one. . . . 'Why do the autumn leaves ——'"

"The department needs your help, gentlemen, in planning the new cloverleaf at Eighteenth and Elderberry. Fenton, will you step up here, shut your eyes and draw some sort of an arc any place on the chart?"

"Happy to. . . . How's that?"

"Splendid! Now, that one will lead to Eighth Street via the South Raleigh Boulevard Underpass. Will you do the same thing, please, Simpson? . . . Shut your eyes. . . . Any place on the chart."

"There."

"Good. That one will lead to Highway 93 North via the Tenth Street Cutoff. You're next, Gregory. That's it; shut your eyes. . . . Any place on the ——"

"Tell me, Briggsdale, how many times during the past two months has the movie, Voyage of Terror, been shown on our channel?"

"Well, let's see. . . . I have the figure right here—eighteen times."

"I'm glad to hear that. Let's schedule that one for Monday night. How about Song of the Wanderer?"

"We haven't shown that one at all."

"Oh? Well, let's just sort of skip that one then. How about Man From Nowhere?"

"Let's see. . . . Twenty-one times."

"Swell! Let's plan on that one for Tuesday night. Now, then, how about ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

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The year's biggest selling convertible . . . the luxurious Chevrolet Impala!

SERENITY . . . BY DESIGN! *A car is more than just the sum of good engineering. Here, in the new* **CHEVROLET,** *superlative design has created a new dimension . . . a harmony of behavior, a serene personality that glorifies every mile you travel.*

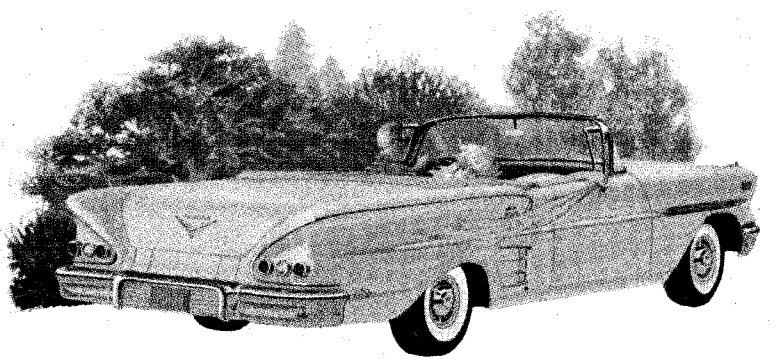
Chevrolet design merely *begins* with the marvelous ingenuity of Full Coil suspension, the advanced power of Turbo-Thrust V8's,* the low-slung heft of Safety-Girder frame. For these are just building blocks—the rest is endless hours of testing, perfecting, refining.

This devotion to balance in design is one of the major reasons why Chevrolet has been the most successful car the world has ever seen. It is the real reason behind the solid satisfaction of Body by Fisher—the day-after-day pleasure of doors that close with a smooth "click," the really thorough sound-proofing that blots up tiring vibration, the enduring elegance of substantial hardware, of upholstery fabrics that last and last.

It is the reason why Chevy's steering is so true-running, why its roadability is world-famous, why its balance and stability leave you so remarkably refreshed after a long day's journey. This emphasis on perfection is also the basic reason why Chevrolet's engines purr out such silken power, so thriftily and for so many thousand miles.

This multitude of details all adds up to one big thing: a serenity of motion, a balance of design that is unduplicated. Why not experience it? Your Chevrolet dealer has a car waiting. . . . *Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.*

**Optional at extra cost.*



CHEVROLET

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Old-world flavor...new-world ease. Real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Spaghetti and Meat Balls

Feed your family this hearty meal with meat for only about 14¢ a serving. You'll fancy you're in Florence when you taste Chef's tender spaghetti and plump, juicy meat balls. Kids love it...so will you because it's good and quick and costs so little. Get thrifty 5-serving cans or the handy 2-serving size today.

Now available in Canada.

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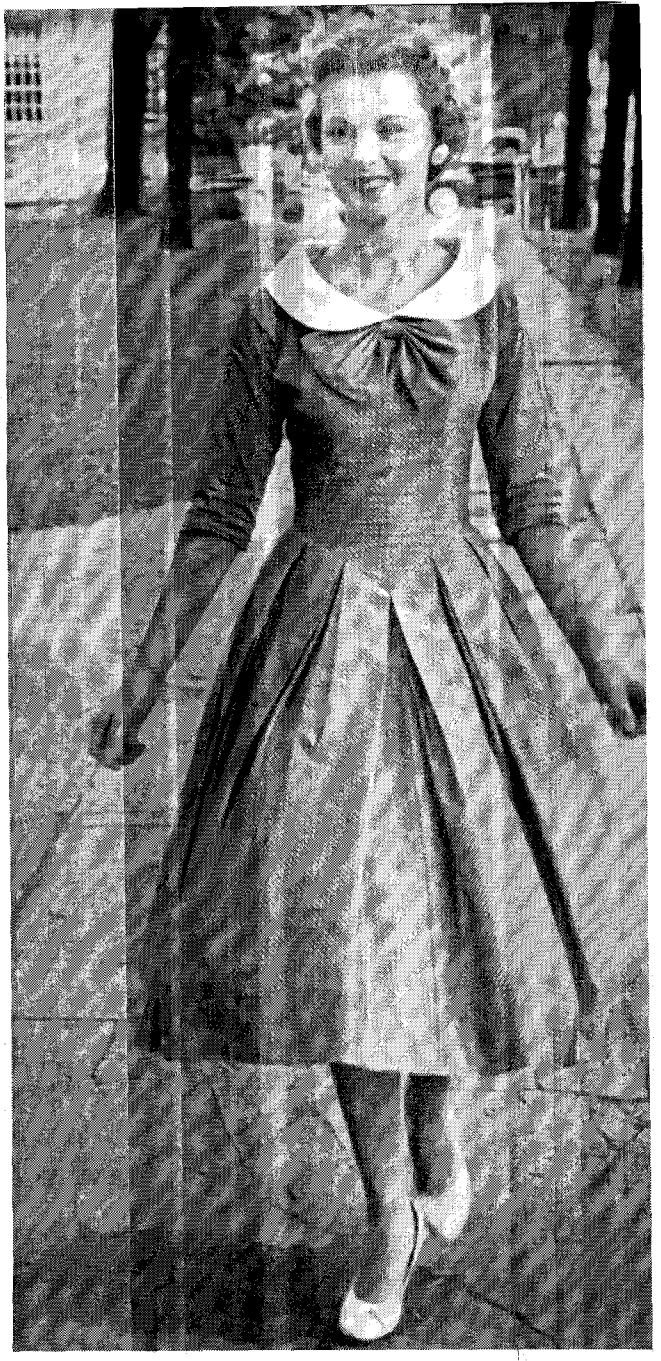
Analyst James V. Haggerty (standing) with the electronic brain he uses to classify the 1,100,000 surnames in use by Americans today. His findings will save the Social Security Administration a million dollars a year.



Merry Christmas (above), a 17-year-old high-school student of Shelby, N.C., has one of the more lyrical of the nation's odd names. Social Security also turned up a Moron, Ape, Skunk, Ghoul, Slob and 593 Goons.

You're on This List

Uncle Sam has a file on your family name.

Chances are you share it with more people than you think.

By ROBERT M. YODER

If you want to know how far American males travel from home to meet the women they eventually marry, the figures are readily available. Men in Columbus, Ohio, marry women living no farther away than thirteen blocks. That's the median, not the average, and the figures are not fresh, but we know the fact.

It has also been determined how much tobacco we consume per year—twelve pounds for every American over fifteen—and how much first-class mail we receive: on the average, 325 pieces per year.

We know these fascinating facts because of a national passion for surveys and self-analysis. There are surveys showing how many Americans have eaten snails (8 per cent of the men, 5 per cent of the women), and how many have yielded to that impulse and slugged their wives or husbands (17 per cent of the husbands, 18 per cent of the wives). We even know how many of us have gone swimming naked—19 per cent of the women, 64 per cent of the men.

So we're hot on details about ourselves. There is one big point, however, on which we have been almost completely blank. Now that gap in our knowledge, and a strange gap it is, too, has been bridged. Finally, at long, long last, we know our names. In our 183rd year as a nation, we (Continued on Page 83)

Demetra Xixi, of Astoria, Long Island, N.Y., is one of 250,000 Americans whose names are so special that each appears only once in Social Security's files.

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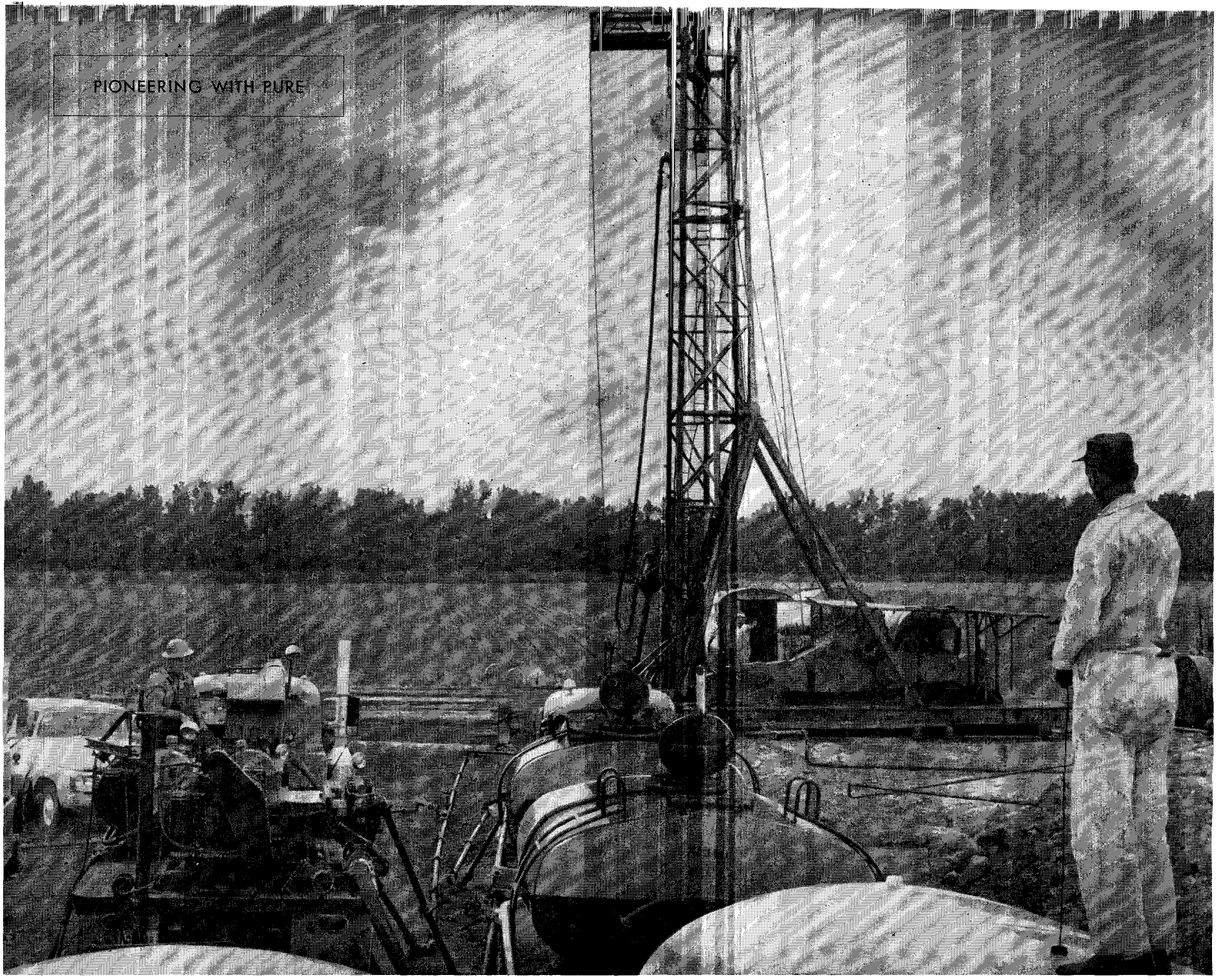


From hydrochloric acid comes increased oil production

How PURE uses acid to recover more oil from "locked in" wells

Now used by the entire industry, this Pure Oil development is adding millions of barrels to the nation's petroleum supply

What should an oil producer do when a well fails to produce, even though he *knows* that the oil's there?

If it's a limestone formation, he should use a process developed a good many years ago by Pure Oil for releasing "locked in" oil.

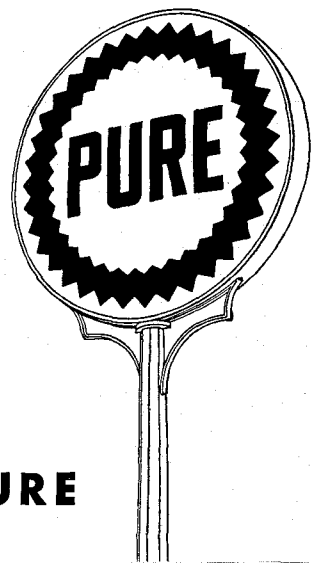
You see, limestone usually is so dense that oil which may be in it can't flow freely to the well.

PURE's process solved this problem. Hydrochloric acid—5,000 gallons or more—is forced down the well and into the oil-bearing formation at high pressures, sometimes above 5,000 pounds per square inch. The acid eats into the limestone, forming channels through which the oil can flow readily.

Today acidizing of limestone formations is standard procedure throughout the oil industry. It makes new wells more productive, and often helps bring old wells back to life.

Pioneering like this helps us keep the sure in PURE. For our shareholders, for our employees and dealers, for the motorists who visit our nearly 16,000 stations in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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I MARRIED MURDER

By EDWIN LANHAM

Would my wife be sent to the death house on the evidence of her own sister?

"You talk to Stella," she said. "Let her twist you around her little finger again."

"Stella shot at you last night because she thinks you're in love with me," Stella's younger sister, Mousie, cried when I told her what had happened. I wasn't trying to place blame on anybody, I just wanted to get the facts.

The house had been dark when I returned from a cruise and I went to the kitchen to get something to eat. To my horror, I found an orchid corsage inside the refrigerator. Then someone fired a shot which narrowly missed me. The episode was especially ghastly because Stella's former husband, Jim Prescott, had been murdered under similar circumstances. That case was never solved.

The florist at Mousie's hotel said he thought she had purchased the corsage I found in my refrigerator.

Mousie was furious when I asked her about it. She accused Stella not only of shooting at me but of murdering Jim Prescott for the same reason. "Jim Prescott was in love with me. That's why she killed him," she said.

I told Mousie that her accusations were preposterous, but she just became more resolute. She even threatened to call the district attorney and have the murder case reopened.

V

Mousie started to jerk away, but I held her arm tightly. I shoved her into a deep leather chair; when the edge of the cushion upset the balance of her knees, she dropped like a dead weight into the chair.

"Now listen, kid," I said. "You've been close to Stella all your life. Before you do anything reckless, before you create a mess that will only cause agony for everyone, including you, I think you'd better come have this out with Stella."

Under the cloche hat her eyes were half closed and her lips were set in a tight line. "I don't intend to discuss it with Stella," she said.

"My car is in a parking lot near here," I said. "Come on, I'll drive you to Menasset."

"I'm not going to Menasset," she said. "I have a job appointment at three o'clock. I told you that."

"I'll wait," I said. "I want you to talk to Stella."

Copyright © 1958 by Edwin Lanham

"You talk to Stella," she said. "Let her twist you around her little finger again. You look like a pretzel already from all the twisting you've been through."

I sat down in a chair facing hers at an angle, sat bent forward with my hands clasped between my knees. It would be difficult to persuade her now, in this state of high emotion. She was capable now of calling the district attorney in New Jersey, and once that call was made, the machinery would be set in motion. The district attorney would follow it up like a wolf on the scent, and although I felt that when the issue was joined, Mousie would not want to go through with it, since she had held off this long, nevertheless once she made that telephone call it would be too late; the case of the Orchid Wife would be reopened, re-examined, republicized.

"Then how about talking to George Duncan?" I asked. "He's a lawyer. He knows all the evidence. You'll talk to him, won't you? You'll give Stella that much of a break."

"Do you think she deserves a break?"

I controlled my irritation. "Then how about me? Won't you give me that break, Mousie? I'm in the middle here. Don't you think I deserve a break?"

She shook her head and said, "Heaven help you, Mike. You did get yourself into a mess, didn't you?"

"I think it can be cleared up if you'll talk it over with George," I said, "or Stella."

"Mike, let me ask you something. Why did you come here alone today? Why didn't you bring Stella?"

"I came on the spur of the moment," I said.

"Oh, but you didn't. You called and asked me to lunch hours ago. Did Stella know that?" She saw my face and cried out triumphantly, "She didn't, did she? Why didn't you tell her? What were you afraid of?"

I felt a flush of anger that was obviously defensive. I knew that deep down I was afraid. Deep down I felt a sickening uncertainty; I was like a man in the dark who sensed the presence of an abyss, whose every step was made in fear.

"Mousie, I'm going to call George," I said. "You'll talk to him, won't you?"

She hesitated a moment; then shrugged and said, "For you, Mike, yes."

I went quickly to a battery of telephone booths and chose one from which I could watch her and intercept her if she started away, if she changed her mind.

George's secretary said that he was busy, but when I identified myself, she put the call through. "George, this is a bad situation," I said. "I'm at the Hotel Westbrook. The florist here said he made up an orchid corsage Saturday night for a girl who resembled Mousie. I charged her with it and the dam gave way. She's making wild accusations against Stella. She claims that Jim Prescott was in love with her and used to have secret meetings with her and that Stella shot him because he was going to leave her."

"That girl is off her trolley!" George said heatedly. "You mean to say she claims Jim Prescott was going to leave Stella for her? Is that what's been eating her?"

"That's what she said."

"Oh, my heaven!" he said. "Sure, she was making a play for Jim. She was making an unholy nuisance of herself with that schoolgirl crush. She used to call him up long-distance at his office or she'd pop down from college and he'd find her in his waiting room. She used every dodge in the book to trap him. He told me all about it, Mike. He laughed about it. But you must know how it is. Maybe she's tried the same thing with you?"

"Only in a mild way," I said.

(Continued on Page 76)

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FRESH FROM *Kellogg's* OF BATTLE CREEK

Nobody–
not even Kellogg's–
has ever been able to make another cereal folks like as well as...

CORN FLAKES

© 1958 by Kellogg Company

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Good Good!

The corn comes from Nature
but the flavor is all Kellogg's

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Dangerous Quarry (Continued from Page 17)

and when he gave her his finger to wrestle with, she pulled it down hungrily to suck, her blue eyes staring at him like little pools of water under the morning sky. And he couldn't brag any more about what a grip she had; and now that he thought of it, she didn't creep after him across the big skin Gran laid down for her.

But he hadn't known. He didn't know much about babies, and his own belly was full enough. He just hadn't thought, maybe because he was doing a lot of work, what with going to the grist mill, and getting water wherever he could find it, and snaking wood from the thickets for the fire, hauling it with his rope over the saddle horn. And a thousand other things, it seemed. And the cured pork and corn bread set good in him, just as it seemed to in Ma and Gran. But he guessed now that all there had been for Sissy Sue was the mush and a little crushed bacon, pressed carefully between her drying lips. And it wasn't enough.

He should have thought more about it when he saw Gran setting off to call on the neighbors. At first, she always had milk when she came back. But he had noticed that she had less and less each time, and had noticed, too, that something thin and proud in her back had sort of broken over.

Now he turned away from the corral and walked toward the thickets that held hard and dark-glinting under the lift of the sky, and showed gnarled, like a bunch of old men, in the tall of the moon. If he was a real man, he would have known that Gran was out begging milk, and that probably the neighbors were as bad off as they were.

He trembled, remembering the way it had been the day before Pa went away. Pa had beckoned to him after nooning and they'd walked off together, very secret, into the brush.

They stood in a clearing and Pa picked at a mesquite, and then he said, "You got a good horse there; Boz. I'm leavin' you the good horse."

"But, Pa," he had cried loyally, "you're goin' to fight, and you want to be cavalry, don't you?"

"I reckon I'll be cavalry," Pa had said. "Reckon they'll outfit me a bit."

Jafe remembered how he had swelled up with sureness as he looked at his Pa. He was the tallest man he had ever seen, except one on the street in Laredo when they'd gone there once, but that man had had a thick red face and a fat belly. His Pa looked as if the thorns couldn't scratch him; he was brown and lined and strangely unchanging. He could ride like a lion on a lamb's back, and he spoke to men and made them easy and pulpy, as if they didn't want to take a chance and contradict.

"Now, women get sort of skittery," Pa had said, "and I'm relyin' on you."

"I'll take care of 'em, I swear to all beat hell."

Pa grinned, but said, "Don't suppose cussin' makes a man."

Jafe felt low, and took his pa's hand shyly. "I do swear, Pa, 'thout cussin', I'll take care of them."

The voice wrapped all around him, soft and powerful and brave and sure, "Now you jus' do that. You jus' do that."

Jafe remembered, and was fearful. If Pa came home and didn't find Sissy Sue, his long, quiet eyes would fall on Jafe, and even if he didn't say anything, Jafe would die forever.

He was walking and the dogs were nosing along. Then they were abreast of the thickets, and stood silent while Jafe glanced at the moon and wondered if his pa was looking at it too. Then there was the breaking of brush, a stirring in the wind, a wild scent and an eager shaking in the dogs. Automatically, Jafe calmed them.

From the harsh brush, tangled and thorned, a wild one came, horns curved blue and yellow in the thrust of the moon. And following her was a shaggy calf, stilt-legged, but strong with the stringy awkwardness of the Spanish cattle.

After a moment, Jafe heard his own breathing coursing in his chest, and the intake of air was burning, fired by a sudden passion that made a furnace of resolve in his heart.

Under the moon, the wild cow, with her calf, left her daily hiding to browse on the roll of the prairie. Jafe saw against white and black the gaunt maverick outlines of the beast that could turn life back again into the body of Sissy Sue. Yes, it was true, the gentle ones melted in the drought, but the wild cows of the ancient Spanish could have lived in hell and prospered.

So great was his emotion that he made a cry and staggered forward, as if to grasp the animal by the gigantic spread of horns and wrestle it home, and the dogs joined him with snarls and silver snapping jaws, and the cow and her calf hurtled into the thicket. And Jafe recognized his madness; the beasts were particularly wild at night, and skittery, and they instinctively hated a person on foot and sometimes would charge.

Jafe knew also that *vaqueros* were wise enough to brave the scratching brush rather than attempt to run down and rope an animal at night, even on a clear night, when roping was incredibly difficult and bad spills were more dangerous than bumping into a tree in the daylight in the thicket.

Breathing hard, he looked at the empty place where the cow had been. He must be a *vaquero*, a cowboy; he must capture a wild cow for Sissy Sue. It sounded grand as it was sent forth as a challenge. In the morning he would mount Boz and take his rope and dogs, and go into the brush to haze the wild cows. Yes, in the morning he would set forth to do this, and Sissy Sue would live.

He started back toward the house. In the distance he thought he heard his mother's call, but he did not answer. He stopped and stood solitary under the moon, the dogs sitting on either side of him, watching his apparent aloneness, whining deep in their throats.

Could the dogs know that he feared nothing on earth like he feared the wild ones? Could the dogs know, in their mysterious way, that long ago he had become sure that one day one of the wild ones would gore him and carry him over the ground by his insides until he died?

His mother was waiting for him on the porch—waiting in the way that he disliked, but could not describe. Often she waited for his father, too, and now she might have to for a long time. But it was different; it was grownup and brave. She waited for Jafe, though, as if she didn't think he could find his way at night or might not come home at all because of foolishness or his age.

She had his blanket around her shoulders and was holding it closed like a coat in front with both hands. Her black hair was pulled back tight and she looked tall and thin, even in the blanket. But when Jafe stood beside her, she was no taller than he was. Her face was thin, yellowish and lined, but there was a prettiness in it of which he was very proud, just as his father was.

"I want you should go in and sleep in the kitchen with Gran," she said. "It's so cold."

He didn't feel cold at all now; he was warmed with his plan, and warmed, too, by a hot fear that attended the plan.

"I'd druther sleep here," he said patiently, holding back his irritation. Pa understood his need to have a place of his own and be alone. He and Pa had never talked about it, they wouldn't have known how, but he could tell by the way Pa acted that he understood there was something special about the porch, and the open sky and prairie all around. Pa had set up a tarp that could be let down to keep out the rain and the wind. Someday Jafe expected to spend his life on the plain, and he couldn't get tough enough for it by sleeping in the hot, closed room with Gran.

"I just don't want you gettin' sick," said Ma.

"Don't reckon I will." Behind her, the cracks of the door of her room showed yellow in the roof shadows. Ma had been using a lot of candles lately, and now he supposed it was because she wanted to be able to see Sissy Sue's face any time during the darkness, to reassure herself.

They stood there in silence, and the dogs were scratching and then nosing around, even though they knew the porch and its contents—traps, trunks, hogsheads, canvas, hides, utensils, axes and other things besides his bed—as well as they knew their own skins, and that was surely pretty well. He and his ma stood in silence, each stubborn; and at last his mother sighed, with a peculiar low anguish, and gave him a peck on the cheek.

"You cover up good now," she warned, still not letting him alone.

When she was gone, he stripped down to his long underwear and got under the blankets. The dogs got on the bed and circled around and around, grunting and moaning, until they were comfortable. Then the night was deep and silent, except within Jafe.

He'd love to go in and tell Ma about his plan, that he would save Sissy Sue, but he couldn't. She was as afraid of the wild ones as he was, and with as good a reason, or a better reason, because, after all, she was only a woman. Why, it had taken near starvation before she'd let him go out with Gran and kill the pigs for their supply of lard and cured meat. She was almost as afraid of those pigs as she was of the wild cattle, because the pigs had tusks that could rip and gore like horns.

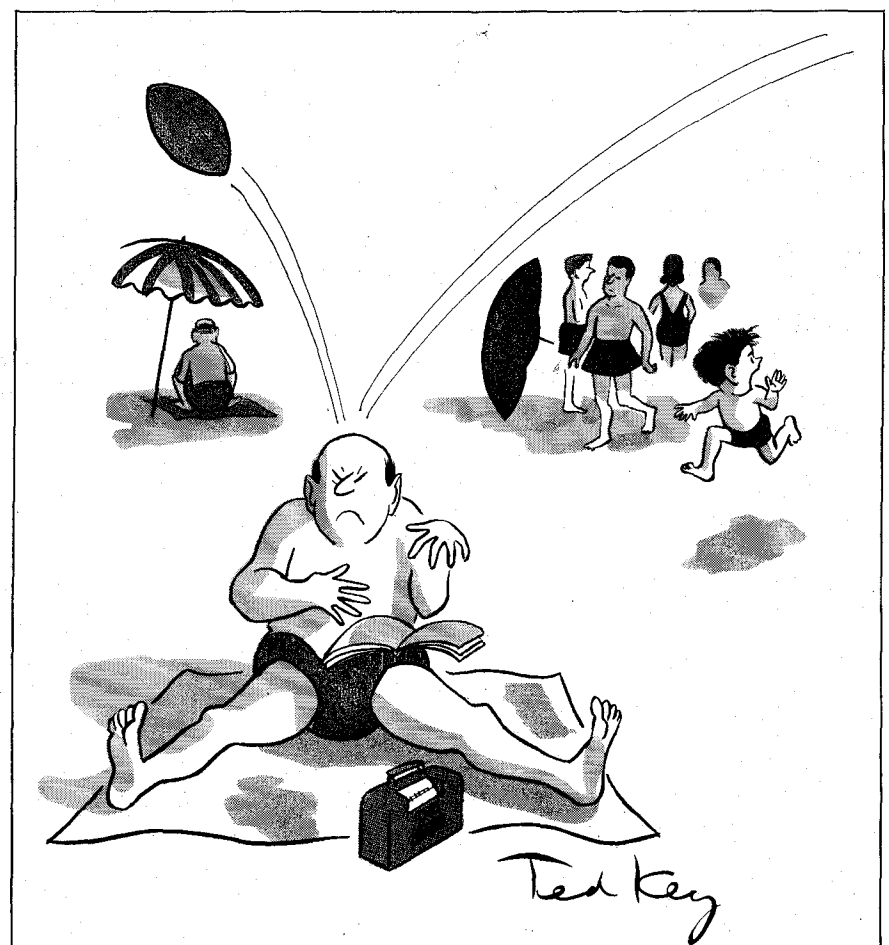
But they had had to go hunting, him and Gran, him on Boz and Gran on the mule, carrying the gun and the forked stick she used. The acorn crop had been poor this year, because of the drought, and the pigs, whose main food was the acorn, were even thinner than usual. It was said around the countryside that in good years if you saw a pig from the front or rear, you had a notion that something was there, but this year, people said, if you didn't see a pig broadside, he was invisible.

The dogs hazed out a pig, and Jafe would get a loop over him and hold him stretched on the short twenty-five-foot rope used in brush country because a longer one would get caught too easy in the branches. Boz would squat as soon as the loop went over the pig. Then Gran would climb off the mule and set up her forked stick, put the rifle barrel on it and take dead aim on the boar's forehead. Boom, and it was done. Then Jafe would wrap the tied lariat around his saddle horn and snake that pig back to the house.

His mother would always be waiting, white under the yellow of her skin. She wouldn't say anything, but you knew how scared she was. Gran would make her hot coffee before she and Jafe began to butcher the animal.

Gran said, "Your ma's gentle in heart, and there ain't many around these parts can say that."

He knew what Gran meant, and he was prouder of his mother than if she was brave. But he didn't want to be like her.



"INCOMPLETE!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In his bed, he worried about that. He felt within himself something of his mother—something fragile that looked like her. Something that responded when she told stories about the stars and places from the Bible where people walked in gardens and wore robes so pure that they shone. And he knew that Granpa's death had affected him almost as deeply as it had affected her.

A hundred yards from his bed, Granpa had his grave under a simple wooden marker. Pa and Gran often went there to talk to Granpa like, but he and his mother rarely did. In their imaginations, they were sure that Granpa did not rest easy. They thought of him as twisting in endless agony, his dead mouth open in a scream that only God could hear. They both thought of it that way, although they had not spoken of it to each other.

They both remembered seeing Granpa going across the prairie on the five-foot horns of the wild Spanish bull. They could hear Granpa's screams on the ghostly gray days before spring that were like the one on which he had taken a long time dying.

When Jafe awoke at dawn, he felt cold and stiff, and he thought the day looked mean. Its bleakness and cruelness was in himself, because this was the morning when he must go hunting in the brush for the sake of Sissy Sue and to keep his promise to his pa.

He was glad that he had chores to do, putting off the evil hour. He built up the fire so big and hot that Gran grumbled, although she it was who loved big strong fires.

"How do I cook on thet?" she muttered.

When he tried to eat his corn bread and bacon, he couldn't. His throat was too small and too dry. But the strong black coffee went down fine, and the warmth spread through him from his belly.

He tried not to look at Sissy Sue, but his eyes kept going back to her. And it seemed to him that her pretty neck, that had been getting so strong, was weaker and her head was tipping sideways with a coyness that came from sickness and was not because she was a small girl.

When he went outside again, the dogs were nowhere to be seen. They liked to forage in the early morning. They would come at his whistle if they were not running something too far away, but he did not call. His body was slow with reluctance, as he stood by the corral and stared at Boz.

Then a happy malingering thought struck him. Before he could do anything about capturing a cow, he would have to build a secret corral. There were two reasons why this was necessary: he couldn't bring a wild cow right up under his mother's nose, and if he did succeed in roping in a cow, he couldn't try to break her in front of Gran and Ma, with the risk of failure making him frightened and clumsy.

Eagerly now, because he was working on his plan, yet putting off the run in the brush, he looped Boz and saddled him. Boz went out of the corral on a dead run. Jafe knew what to expect and was ready for the abrupt halt, the falling back, the whirl and the sudden sunfishing. He stayed on board, and Boz took off again, airing out his fierce soul. Jafe laughed and gave the horse its head. When Boz was content, Jafe got his ax and rode off to seek a spot for a corral.

He found it where a sharp hill with milk-white stone feet stood like a razorback over a broad clearing surrounded by the thicket. By noon he had his corral, with a gate hinged with rope. He rode home for dinner, his heart thumping like a tight-skinned hollow that was being drummed by an angry Indian.

"You look sick, boy," said Gran.

Ma glared at him. "I tol' you about the cold."

He shivered by the fire.

"We'll put him to bed," Ma decided.

It would be so easy to let them baby him.

Then he saw Sissy Sue, lying weakly on the skin. She put her arms up to him slowly. He picked her up. She gurgled. Her pale blue eyes looked at him. He knew he was going to the brush.

He wasn't afraid of the thorns or the tangles of branches, although many a man had been badly hurt or killed by them.

He didn't even care that he had no chaps to protect his legs and waist; no *tapaderas*—toe fenders—on his stirrups, no duck jacket to protect his arms and torso, and no gauntlets to protect his hands and wrists; he couldn't have got Pa's without Ma seeing him. He was afraid of what he would confront in the thickets: the long curved horns of the wild ones.

The dogs and Boz were trembling; he saw the panting of the dogs quivering in their narrow chests; and against his legs he felt the dark passion of the horse beating a thick pulse. In their ways, as hunters, they knew what was to come, and their nervousness was of eagerness, not of fear, he knew. As for himself, he was so sick and dizzy, he thought he was going to vomit and fall from the saddle.

He spoke to the dogs sharply, as if it were they who were the cowards, and they bounded into the gnarled growth of the spiny dwarfed (*Continued on Page 46*)

HUNTINGDON fashions the sweater and sweater shirt of "Orlon". OXFORD BOYSWEAR tailors the good-looking slacks of "Orlon" and rayon.

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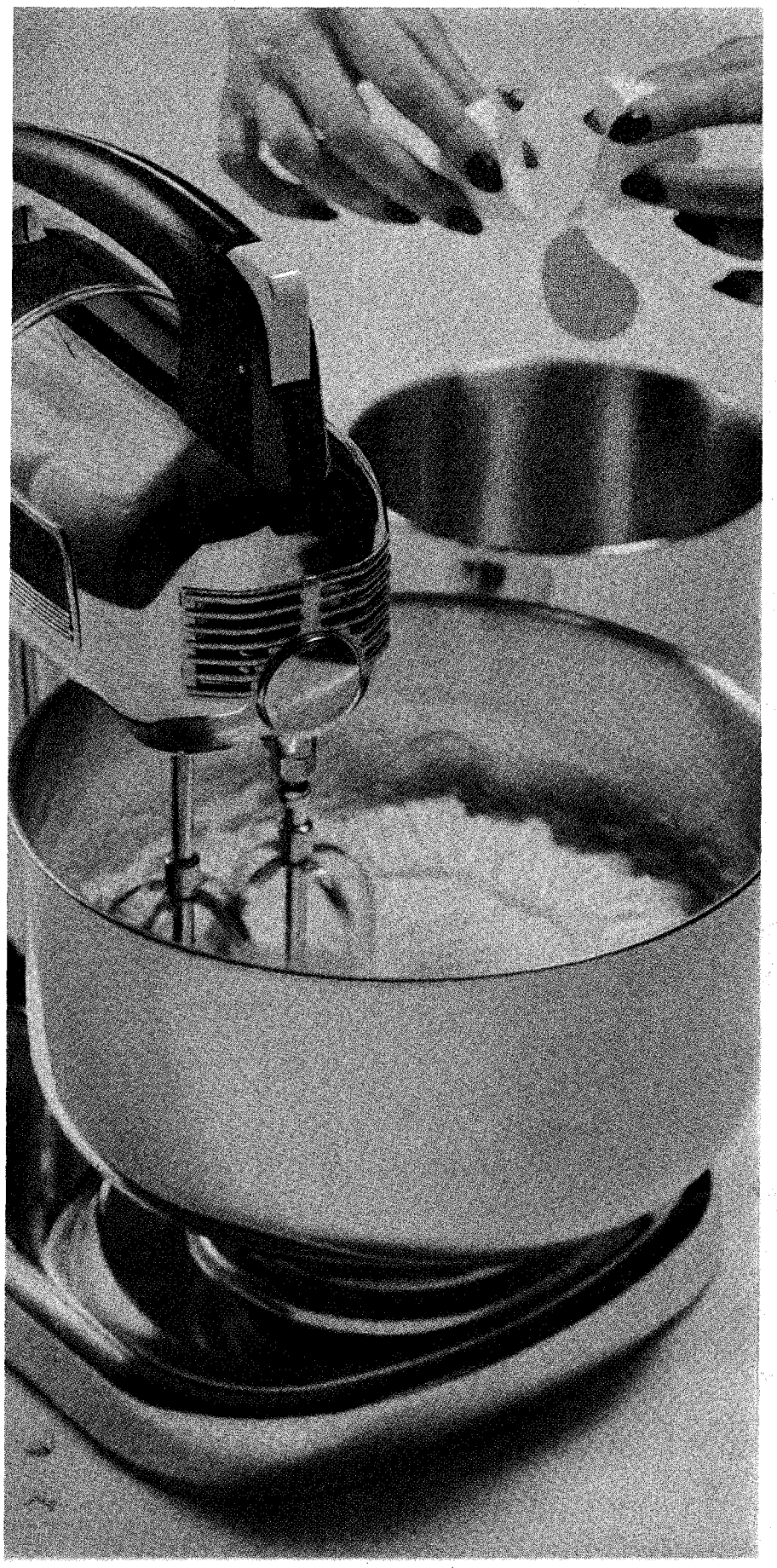

"Beat 300 strokes"—these words in a recipe used to spell hard work. But today, steel makes this kind of arm torture unnecessary . . . for any woman can have a steel mixer to whip up a soufflé or a sponge cake. Most other kitchen helpers are made of steel, too—from toasters to roasters.

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What a motel! It's as glamorous as a rajah's palace but a lot more modern, because it has brightly colored walls of porcelain-enameled *steel*—just the place for up-to-date travelers. With walls of steel, there's glamor without bother, color without fading, quality without extravagance.

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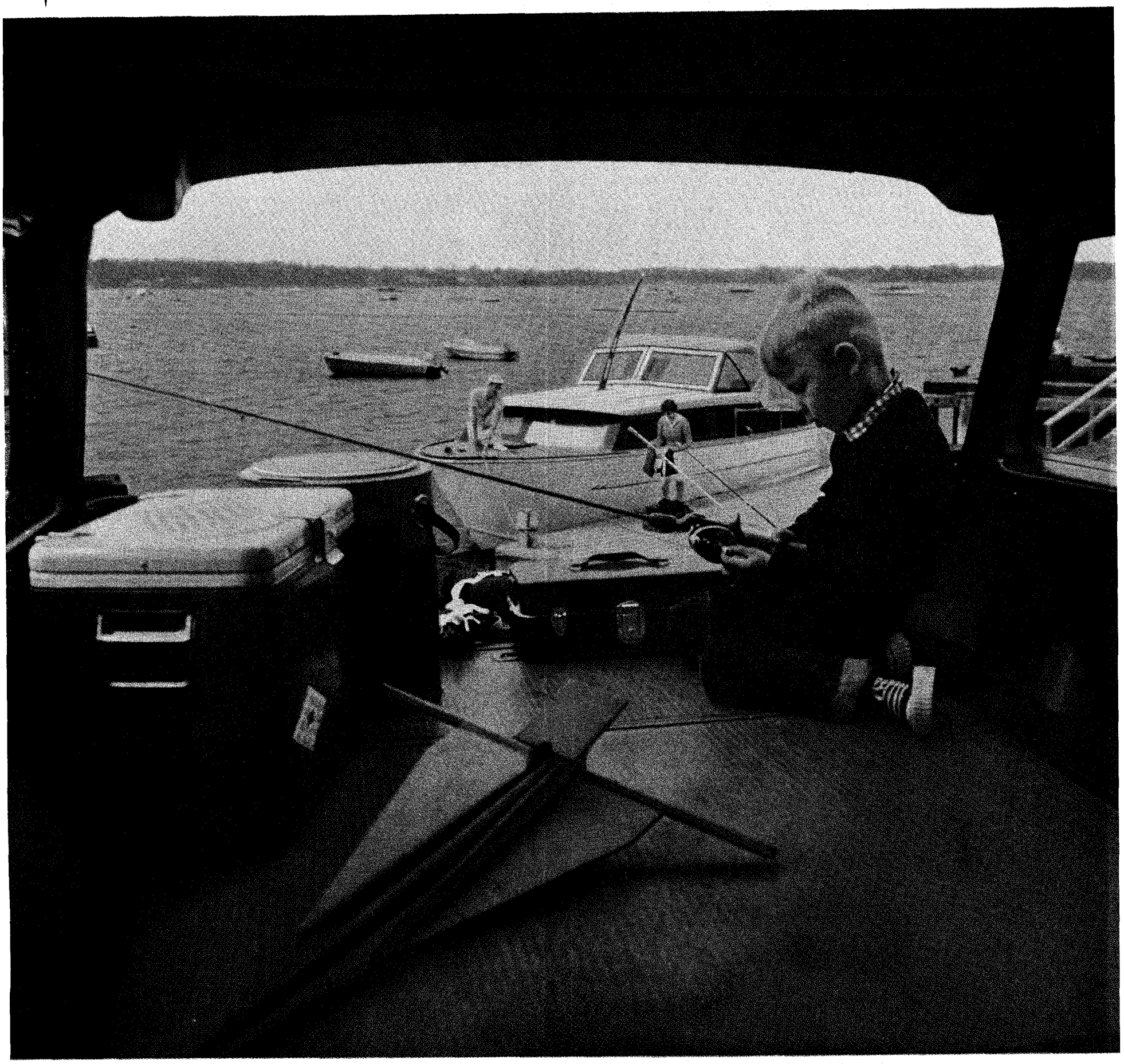
✦widen your world...



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This mark tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

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(*Continued from Page 43*) oaks. The horse trembled and pranced, and Jafe spurred him unnecessarily. Into the thickets they went, and the open world closed behind them.

It wasn't long before the dogs were running something toward him. Jafe's chest was breaking from inner strain. Nearer and nearer, the brush popped. And then to his horror a huge bull appeared and Boz took over the running of it, the dogs yapping on both sides. Boz needed no orders now, he was a brush horse that knew his business. Jafe hauled on the reins to no avail; Boz fought furiously to go on with his work. Branches with their spiny twigs were bent and lashed back. Jafe wanted to close his eyes, but dared not. Plunging they went, as if the brush didn't exist. In a few minutes, Jafe was streaming with blood and his pants were in shreds. New wounds were opened on Boz's scars, but the horse did not care. This was business, and he had been raised to the brush as mustang and work horse.

Lean, tall, with long legs and the agility of an antelope, the bull went, breaking through with power and the cutting force of his huge spread horns. His neck made sweeping motions, more fierce than the fighting Spanish bulls from which he was descended. He charged the brush as if it were a vale of paper trees. And Boz pursued, coming closer, forcing near to give his rider a chance to use the rope.

Jafe never knew how long they ran, minutes or hours, but suddenly they broke from the edge of the thickets into a weird and shocking scene. Boz drew up, almost catapulting Jafe from the saddle. The dogs followed the bull, giving immense tongue from their thin breasts. The bull kept on into the bog where others of his kind were standing, body deep in the mud where water holes had been.

The momentum of the bull broke and he stood motionless. The dogs footed it out of the ooze and stood on the bank watching the bull, silent now with the knowledge of their kind. At least twenty animals were in the bog, making no movement and no sound. The bull sank until his body sustained him on the mud. Then he was fixed there like the others, the mud sucking and filling around him until he was held as stationary as if he were in stone. Jafe had heard of this, although he had never seen it. The animals would go to their accustomed water holes, and if they were dry, they would walk into the mud and wait, as if for some kind of help, or as if in disbelief. And then the mud would hold them and they would die in the place where once they had got an essential of life.

Jafe could not look upon it. He turned Boz to the thicket. The dogs followed. He could not have guided them back, so he gave them the lead, and, slowly this time, they went through the thicket until at length he saw the pale, dull sky over the stretch of rolling prairie. The shrouded winter sun showed him that it was late. Far off he saw smoke lifting from the chimney of the house. The horse and dogs started for the house without high spirits, and he sat broken, bleeding in the saddle, his cuts stinging, his body feeling weak and thin.

I can't do it, Pa, he thought; *I can't do it.*

When he was still some distance away, approaching the house from the west, toward Boz's corral, he saw dust, and then the wagon came up and Gran got off in front of the house. His mother was already outside to meet her. Gran looked small and bent, and she seemed to have difficulty straightening herself up after the ride, and then she stood in front of his mother and shook her head. They left the wagon there, hitched to the mule, probably for him to unharness when he should come home, and Ma helped Gran into the house.

Jafe held Boz to the spot, and the dogs sat and regarded him inquiringly. He didn't doubt that Gran had been out to the Dahls', who were nearest, foraging for milk. And he could tell that she hadn't got it.

As he sat his horse, he realized the worst thing that a boy could understand—he knew he was a child. It somehow eased him to know, even though it was something he had never believed since the dawning of memory. In a searing moment, he knew that if he went home, he would cry, and they would use some precious water to bathe his wounds, and he knew he would be glad when they ordered him never to run the brush again.

He felt sorry for the yearning child within him. So sorry that he didn't want to kill it, for he knew that when he did, he wouldn't be able to dream so easily, so fully again of the great deeds he would do. And his mother's stories would never again seem so beautiful. And never again would he be able to take the same irresponsible comfort in his bed or in his mother's arms as he often had until today. When the boy in him died, the man who must be hurt in order to accomplish would be born.

Then he willed it, and the boy faded. It did not seem to hurt much. And then he turned back to the thickets, to wait in hiding for the hours of the thin moon.

He thought it must be about eleven o'clock. And out on the prairie were a cow and a calf. Other cattle and other animals had passed, but he had waited. And now he was glad he had. This cow was rugged in the way of all the wild ones, in the way she moved and was wary, but she had more body to her than most, and her calf looked sleek. Obviously, she was a good hustler, which meant too that she was tough. Her size showed that she must have been bred from a home cow that had been lured into the brush by the mavericks.

His mind seemed to be working in a way it never had before. He did not rush out valiantly to rope the cow. He thought it over, watching to make sure she didn't spook and make a run for the brush. He didn't bother with fine boyish dreams of using wonderful horsemanship to herd this cow in or of roping it and dragging it in, and he didn't contemplate trying to get it to his secret corral. He knew that that would be impractical; if he could get this cow he would have to take his chances on his mother's fright and on his ability to break it in front of her and Gran. Boz's corral at the house was the only correct place to take the animal, and Boz could be put on picket.

He prepared to make his run, getting his lariat ready. The dogs and horse sensed action and waited for his signal. Jafe felt firm and steady in the saddle; he spoke low to his animals, holding them with him. The calf—to take the calf was the thing. Pa would have thought about that right away, and wouldn't have bothered thinking about roping the cow, a desperate idea on the dark prairie. Jafe remembered learning that the wild cows had loyal hearts as fierce and strong as their bodies. Where the calf went, the cow would go, and without herding or a rope. Of course, once the cow was in the corral, milking might be a different matter.

He spurred, and off they went, the dogs giving howl. Instantly, the cow and calf were moving toward the thicket, but Jafe yelled to the dogs, and the dogs rushed in, and the cow and calf turned to the open prairie.

With Jafe's knees telling which animal to pick, Boz larruped down on that calf, and Jafe's loop sang out and settled across the shoulders and came tight, with Boz squatting so short and sharp that the calf rolled in the dust. The calf was up fast, and the rope drew taut. Jafe thought the cow was going to charge him, but Faithful and Reata were rushing in with narrow, snapping jaws, worrying the beast's legs.

Boz was set off toward his corral, dragging the calf. Jafe didn't see the calf bend his knees once during the whole trip. Stiff-legged, he plowed furrows all the way. Jafe whistled in the dogs, and the alarmed cow followed her calf about twenty yards away.

As Jafe had suspected, Ma and Gran were waiting. They were down by the corral by the time he got there. He hauled the calf in and tied it to a post. They had brought the mule in, and he drove it out of the corral ahead of Boz. He ordered his mother and Gran to move away from the corral, taking the dogs with them.

Senselessly, his mother argued. "You near to killed us, wonderin' about you. Jafe, what're you doin'?"

Gran said, "You never mind. Let's take these dogs up to the house and shet them in."

Ma started to say more, but Gran pulled her away, slapping the reluctant dogs until they obeyed her and followed. Jafe picketed Boz and the mule about fifty yards from the corral, then sat in shadow to wait. On the other side of the corral he saw two figures approach in the moonlight, Gran and Ma, and he waved them back. Gran took Ma's arm, and they stopped where they were.

Cautiously, the cow came nearer. It lowed and the calf answered. Then, with a rush, the wild cow entered the corral and began to nuzzle her offspring. Jafe ran as lightly as he could, and shut the corral gate. He stood there with his heart pounding with triumph.

The rest was simple: he mounted Boz, and rode around the corral until he got a clear shot with his loop. Then he hauled the cow against the fence and fastened her to a post.

Gran's voice was hard and clear: "Make her so she can't do no kickin'." And she handed him piggin strings she had brought from the porch. In a few minutes he had the cow's legs tied together.

He looked to his mother for praise, and then was ashamed of himself. She was not looking at him, but at the cow, and in the moonlight her face was soft and radiant in a way he hadn't seen it since he went in her room after Sissy Sue was born and saw her with the baby nursing in her arms. Between two hands she held a container.

Gruffly he said, "Ma, maybe she's too scared now." She said nothing. He said, with bravado, "If she ain't got enough, I'll get us some more."

She did not seem to hear. She opened the gate and went in, walking carefully, as if approaching something she didn't quite believe was there. Then she began to speak to the cow and touch it. Jafe had never known anyone could be as gentle as his mother was then. He knew no breaking was expected of him, and he didn't think he could do this better than his Ma.

The eyes of the animals shone, wary and too bright. The deep fires in them seemed to grow softer, as Ma went from one to the other and spoke and touched. Jafe was sure he saw true love—a love that came from Sissy Sue and her helplessness and touched these animals, because they could help.

It was hard for him to watch something like this, and Gran seemed to understand. She led him to the house. "We'll jus' leave her be; that's what we'll do."

She washed his wounds, and suddenly, through the pain, he knew she was being as delicate with him as his mother was with the beasts. Sternly he said, "Reckon we shouldn't use too much of that water on me."

She did not answer; but used him for her tenderness. And then she served his supper to him. He sensed a difference in the way it was done; it was served as it used to be to Pa, with Gran standing aside to see if he was satisfied.

Ma came in, with a container of milk. She put it on the table and sat before it, with that strange radiant look on her face. "I let them loose in the corral," she said. "So's they could be together."

For a second, Jafe was angry; she did not praise him or scold him for his accomplishment or for the danger in which he had placed himself.

"More coffee?" asked Gran.

"Sure," he said.

When it was placed before him, Ma dropped a little of the milk in it. He was about to protest when he found her eyes against his; and the look in them was such that his tongue would not move.

Then Ma got up and quietly left the room, returning shortly with Sissy Sue; and Gran poured milk into a cup. Slowly, Sissy Sue came awake in the warm room, and her eyes fell on Jafe almost at once. He felt a touch on his arm, and it was Gran, handing him the cup.

He knew what was expected of him, what they were giving him, and it was almost more than he could bear. He took the cup to Sissy Sue, and helped her drink. The milk touched her dry lips, and after a moment, she began to drink greedily. Her hand closed on his finger that was through the handle of the cup, and he could have sworn a new feeling of strength was in her grip, although it was too soon for it to be true.

When Sissy Sue was finished, he felt an embarrassing elation, and could not look at anyone. He picked up his own cup and left the kitchen. Cup in hand, he stood on his porch and looked out on the night. The dogs came and moved around him. Boz was standing against his rope in the moonlight. The mule was staked near him. The wind was cold. Jafe drank his coffee, leaning against the side of his mother's room.

I am a vaquero, he thought quietly; and it seemed perfectly natural to be a man.

THE END

Suburbia

By Eleanor Phillis

The farmer set out apple trees,
And cleared the land to plant his grain.
But changed, again, is the terrain:
It blooms with canvas canopies,
Tiled swimming pools and hobby shops,
With supermarts and parked machines.
On former fields of corn and beans
Now children are the bumper crops!

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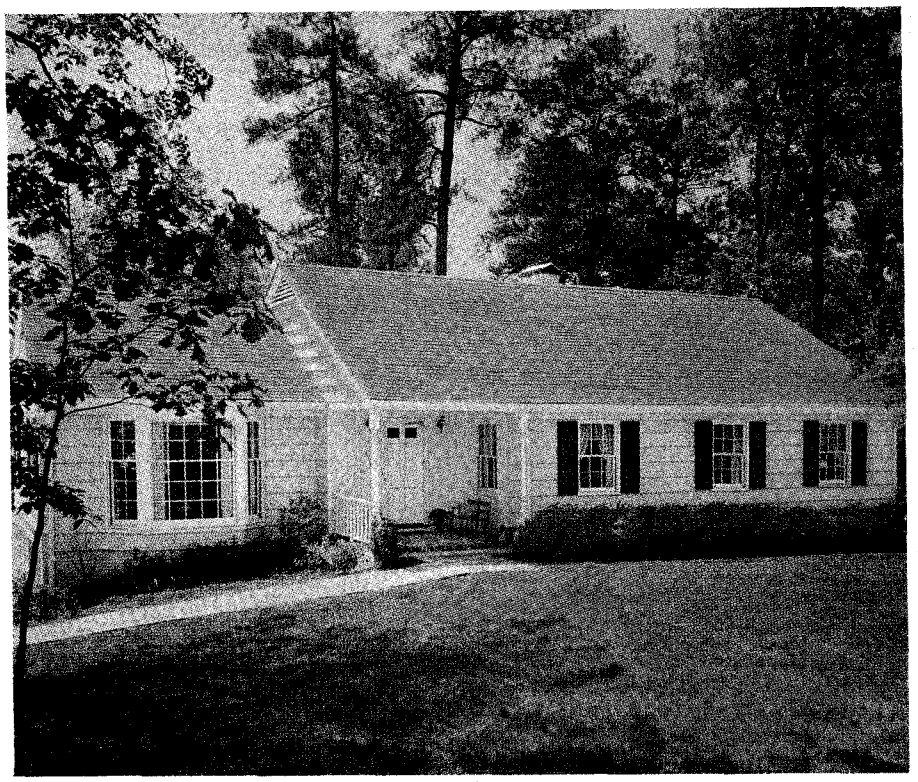

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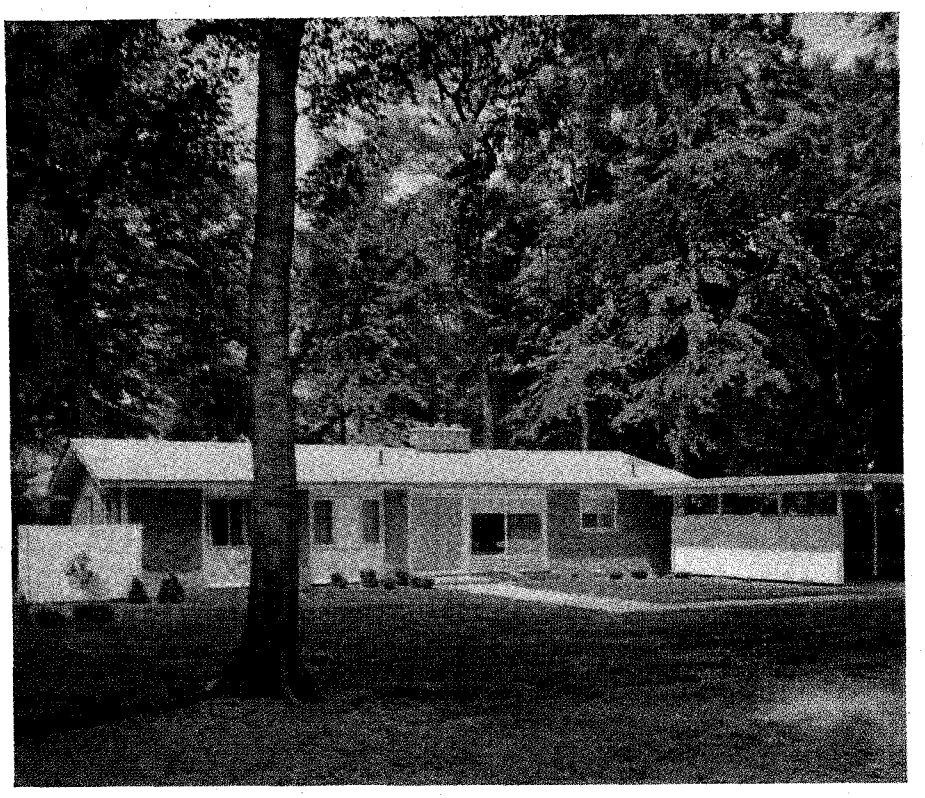

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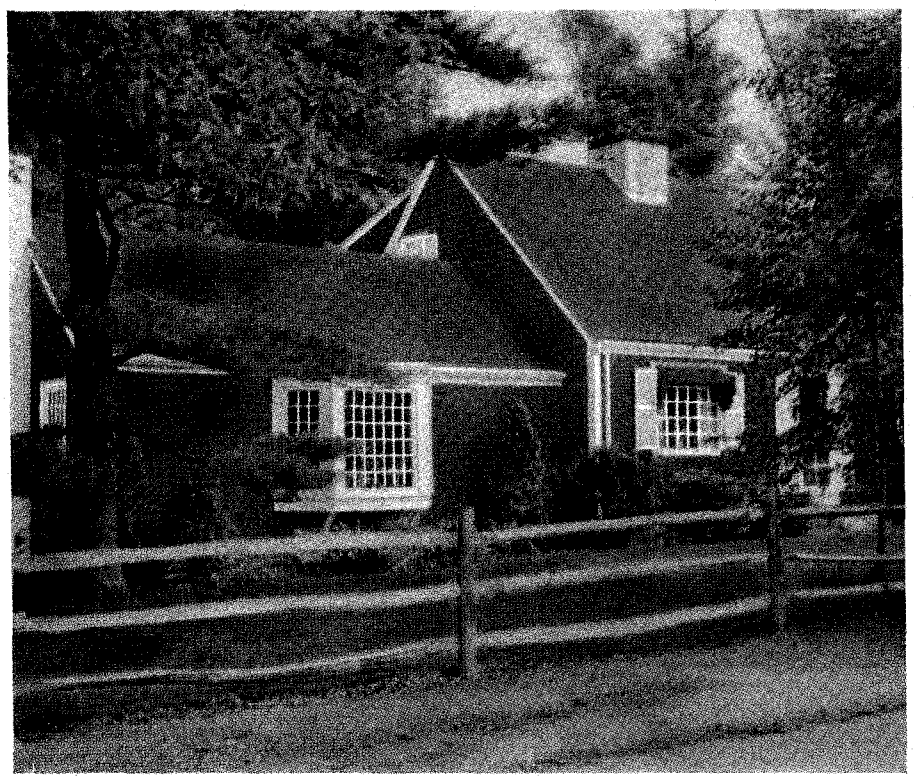

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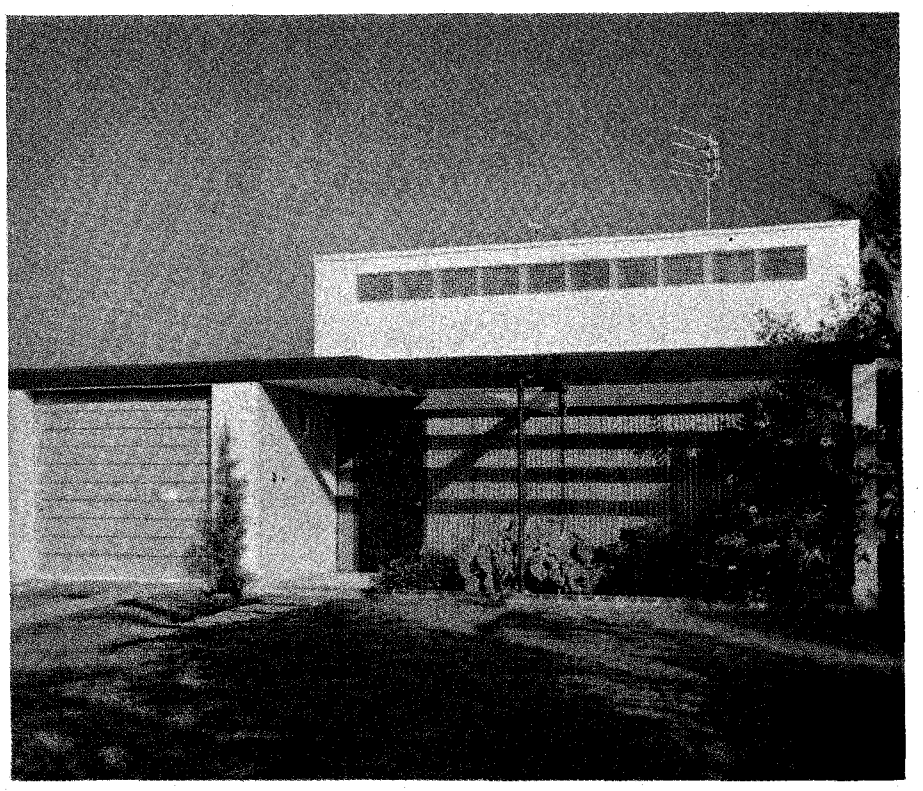

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Escape From Women (Continued from Page 15)

"Oh, that was my note to me. Style show at three—hairdresser at nine—and have taps put on my red shoes."

"That's certainly a great comfort to me," Harold said. "I've been hiding the note from the F.B.I. all day. Sounds just like a message to the Kremlin."

"Are you coming right home?"

"Certainly. After I get my after-office chores done." He hung up, stared at the telephone with a minimum amount of enthusiasm, then wrote "black rickrack, fertilizer spreader, grass clippers," at the bottom of Susan's note. His phone rang. He picked it up and said hello.

"Hal?" It was Phil Simmons' voice. "Buy you a drink?"

"Have to take a rain check, Phil. I pick up Jennifer in twenty minutes and then have a few things to do."

"What about golf on Saturday? I have Schroeder and Thompson. They aren't exactly pigeons, but we might be able to make a dollar or two."

"I don't know, Phil. I'll have to check with Susan. She may have planned something."

"You know something, Harold? You're dominated by women!"

"I am?"

"Certainly! You never can have an after-work drink or play golf on Saturday without checking with Susan. What are you, a house mouse?"

"Never thought much about it."

"Well, think about it. Harold, have you ever thought that you'd like to go somewhere just by yourself to get away from the women in your family? Now, if you weren't around, the twins would get home all right, Susan would get her shopping done—all the errands would be run somehow. Prove it to yourself. Get away for a few days, all by yourself. You'll find that Susan is completely capable of doing the things she's been having you do. Now, Harold, what about some golf on Saturday?"

Harold straightened. He frowned at his desk. By the lord Harry, come to think of it, he earned the living, he provided handsomely for his family. Why the devil shouldn't he play golf on Saturday if he felt like it? Why did he have to check with Susan every time he turned around?

"It's a deal, Phil. Twelve-thirty?"

"Make it as close to twelve as you can, will you, Harold? Maybe we can get ahead of the thundering herd on the first tee."

"O.K."

"And, Harold," Phil said, "think about what I said about getting away. Do you good. Just state, categorically, that you're going away by yourself for a few days. See what happens."

"Big talker. I'd like to hear you talk like that around Edith. She'd take your hide off."

"Sure she would. But that doesn't alter the fact that, objectively, it's the thing you should do."

Harold hung up the phone, put on his hat and coat and left the office. He drove over to the drugstore. Jennifer wasn't there yet, so he picked up the pictures and then had a cup of coffee. Presently, Jennifer showed up. Whenever Harold looked at his daughters he could hardly believe that they were seventeen years old. Certainly it hadn't been that many years since Doctor Ransom had come, smiling, out of the delivery room and had said, "Harold, you're the father of twin girls."

It took a little time to assimilate the fact that they had two girls when one boy had been expected. A Caesarean section had been necessary, and that, Doctor Ransom said, was going to be the extent of the McKenzie family. From that time on, Harold had felt about as useful around the house as a three-legged beaver. He knew, of course, that men were traditionally useful only to carry king-sized boxes of groceries out of the supermarket, to mow lawns, build fires in the fireplace, and keep the family automobile clean and in good running condition. These, of course, were extracurricular activities, second only to the business of earning a living.

In return for the services which a man performed for his family, he was accorded the respect midway between that shown the butcher and the paper boy.

Now, Jennifer, breathless as always, talking a mile a minute as always, and lovely as her mother was lovely, said, "Gee, dad, could you wait a few minutes? I have to run over to the dime store for some buttons for the blouse I'm making and I have to get a zipper and mother said I could get some wave-set, so can I have a dollar?"

Harold gave her a dollar. "You're supposed to go to Wheary's and get two packages of black rickrack, whatever that is."

When Jennifer returned, Harold dutifully went to the hardware store, got the grass clippers, then drove over and loaded the fertilizer spreader into his car. Then he went home, picking up the grocery order on the way.

Susan was putting little sandwiches and cookies on a big platter. A big pot of cocoa was cooking on the kitchen stove. From the front room came feminine squeals and laughter.

"What the devil is going on?" Harold said.

"Senior girls club," Susan said. "It was Jill's turn to have them."

Harold put the groceries down. "Do they have to turn that thing on so loud?"

"You know how they are."

"No; how are they?"

"Noisy. Girls are that way when they all get together." Susan finished with the sandwiches and cookies. "Want to pour that cocoa into those two big pitchers?"

Harold started pouring the cocoa. One tremendous burst of squeals came from the front room. Harold came completely unglued and poured several cups of cocoa over the stove.

"What in the name of Nikita Khrushchev was that all about?" He started mopping up the damage with a sponge.

"I don't know, but I imagine it was that part of the record right in the middle. They always squeal."

"Are they still doing that? I thought it went out with Frank Sinatra."

"It's just something they do. For the same reason, probably, that we sighed deeply when we listened to Bing Crosby."

Harold finished sopping up the cocoa with the sponge. He tossed the sponge in the sink.

The phone rang. Harold picked it up and said hello.

It was Gordon Miller. "Hal, you want me to pick you up or are you taking your own car?"

"Take my car where?"

"It's stag night at the country club—first Thursday of the month. New York cut steaks and baked potatoes. Two drinks before dinner on the house. They're going to show some golfing films. You told me you were going."

"Yeah, I remember now, Gordon. I forgot about it."

"Well, you're going, aren't you?"

"Sure, but I'll take my own car, Gordon. Thanks for calling."

Susan came back into the kitchen, followed by Jill and Jennifer, who picked up the two pitchers of cocoa and disappeared.

"Who was on the phone?" Susan said.

"Gordon Miller. Stag dinner at the country club tonight."

"Oh?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing. I just said 'Oh?'"

"Meaning, of course, that you disapprove of stag dinners? We don't have dancing girls, you know. It's just dinner, a golfing film, and then some cards."

"You've forgotten, of course, that you promised to take a carload of girls up to Multnomah Stadium for Pat Boone?"

"Oh, no!" Harold moaned.

"How they managed to get tickets I'll never know, but they did. They've just managed to exist, somehow, until today. I thought they were going to explode before the great man's appearance."

"I did promise?" Harold said.

"You did promise. There'll be six of them. The show starts at eight."

"I seem to have some sort of faint memory about some promise to take some girls somewhere." Harold wanted to take a carload of squealing girls up to Multnomah Stadium the way he wanted to catch Asian flu, but there was no way out of it, he supposed. "Well, I'd better catch a quick bite. It's an hour-and-a-half drive."

"Here comes the ol' block I'm a chip off of!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In the front room there was relative silence while the Senior Girls Club devoured the sandwiches and drank the cocoa.

Presently the meeting broke up. Harold heard the door open and close several times. The record player was turned off, and Jill and Jennifer came into the kitchen carrying empty cocoa pitchers and the sandwich platter. They went back and returned with cups and saucers.

"How soon are we leaving, dad?" Jill said.

"Six sharp," Harold said. "You know, of course, that I nearly went to a stag dinner tonight, instead of taking you up to this Daniel Boone thing."

"It's Pat Boone!" Jennifer said. "Not Daniel."

"Stag dinner!" Jill said.

"You've heard of them, no doubt?" Harold said dryly.

"Oh, boy, have we heard of them! You don't mean you were going?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"I didn't think you were the type," Jill said. "I mean, like the bald-headed row in the burlesque shows."

"Where do you get all these notions? It is perfectly possible to have a stag dinner without any so-called entertainment, and I will not have my daughters think that their father would go to the sort of stag you have in mind. Is that quite clear?"

"Well, gee, don't bite our heads off. Everyone knows about stags. They even raided one of those stag things last year at the Clammers' Club. The police, I mean. All the kids at school were talking about it. Even the mayor was there."

"Jimmy Daniel's father climbed out a window," Jennifer said, "and sprained his ankle."

"I would not have to climb out any window at the country club," Harold said testily.

"If you did," Susan said, "you'd break your leg. The main lounge is on the second floor."

"All this discussion," Harold said, "is purely academic, since I am not, obviously, going to the stag dinner. Neither am I going to hear this Matt Boone."

"Pat Boone," Jill said wearily. "Don't tell me you haven't heard of him, father?"

"Seems to me I did read something about him, once," Harold admitted. "Is he the fellow who's just been drafted?"

"Oh, father!" Jennifer said. "That's Elvis Presley."

"I see," Harold said. "Excuse me. I should have known. You girls better get ready. Who else am I taking?"

The girls rattled off four names and addresses, tore upstairs and started getting dressed.

On the way into town, Harold tried to anesthetize himself to the feminine chatter of anticipation. Arriving at Multnomah Stadium, he was appalled. Everyone in town had apparently converged on the place. Teen-agers ran here and there, automobiles competed for unloading space, horns honked, kids yelled. He dropped them off with no sense of loss and arranged to meet them at a certain corner. He then happily drove to a garage, parked his car and went to a movie where the only sounds were those of jet planes flying, bombs dropping, fifty-caliber machine guns going off and mortars exploding. It seemed an extremely quiet sort of picture.

On the way home, it seemed apparent, from the conversation, that Pat Boone occupied a position in the teen-age mind somewhat above that of President Eisenhower and a cut above that of Elvis Presley. On the hour-and-a-half drive home, Harold wondered whether he was not in some other world. The dialogue was far beyond him, (*Continued on Page 50*)

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(*Continued from Page 48*) the jokes went zipping over his head, they squealed with laughter for no particular reason that Harold could see, and then, ten minutes before getting back home, they all, as if at a signal, went sound asleep.

Susan was waiting up for them. "Well," she said, "how was it?"

Jill and Jennifer, after their refreshing ten-minute nap, were as alert as bird dogs at the sight of a shotgun. They launched into an ecstatic review of Pat Boone's appearance.

"I'm going to bed," Harold said.

He went upstairs, took a warm shower, got into his pajamas, climbed into bed and composed himself for sleep, feeling as if he were ninety-two years old. Where, he wondered, did they get that energy? Maybe they were being fed better than he had been. Maybe it was the vitamins they got almost from the time they were born. Or maybe it was the fact that he was forty-one years old. Or maybe it was because he had been living exclusively with the feminine sex for nineteen years. He remembered hearing a doctor say, half seriously, that he didn't think men and women should live together sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. As a matter of fact, this doctor concluded, he wasn't sure that men and women should live together at all. At the time, Harold had been mildly amused, he remembered, accepting the thought in the humorous spirit which the doctor no doubt intended. But now he began to wonder just how profound the theory was.

He went to sleep and dreamed that he was the last man on earth, surrounded by millions of squealing females from whom he was trying to escape. His shoes felt as if they had been weighted with lead, his legs ached from the strain of trying to run. He woke up covered with perspiration and could still hear the voices of Jill and Jennifer downstairs.

In the morning, his tortured mind was treated to a discussion, on the financial page of the morning paper, concerning the fact that women now control more money than ever before, that they practically dominated the buying to the extent that most advertising was beamed at the feminine market, and that more women were working than ever before in the history of our country. They were heading corporations, going into all types of scientific research, and were invading all fields formerly dominated by men, with the possible exception of the corner pool hall.

The conclusion, Harold thought as he read the article, was obvious. Dames were taking over and they were making no bones about it. Formerly, they were content to rule by indirection, using feminine wiles and tricks which were so cleverly concealed that they didn't seem at all sinister. Now, like revolutionaries who have their armies trained and armed, they were ready and able to strike openly.

Jill and Jennifer came tearing downstairs, on the verge of being late for school, as usual.

"Dad," Jill said, "can you pick me up tonight? I won't be able to get the school bus. I have to stay over for glee club."

"Me too," Jennifer said. "I have play practice."

"Here's your breakfast," Susan said, putting orange juice, scrambled eggs and toast in front of the girls. She poured Harold another cup of coffee and handed him a piece of paper. "I made out a little list, Harold."

Harold peered at the "little list." It covered a page of scratch paper. There were grocery items and drugstore items including lipstick, shampoo, bobby pins and hair rinses. He was to stop at the dressmaker and pick up Susan's red dress which had been left for alterations, and at the bakery for hard rolls if they weren't too hard.

"And if you have time, would you stop at that place on the highway and get two flats of petunias?"

"Oh, gee, dad," Jill said. "I have two library books overdue and they'll just murder me if I don't get them back today, but they'll be closed before glee club is over and ——"

"Yipes!" Jennifer said. "I forgot! They called me two days ago about two books of plays I had out. Oh, dad, would you ——"

Harold stood up. "No," he yelped. "I'll be damned if I will!"

"Harold, don't swear," Susan said.

"I think it's about time for swearing. I also think it's about time to stop being an errand boy. I did not take the library books out and I jolly well will not return them. You can return them yourselves."

"But how?" they moaned simultaneously.

"That's your problem," Harold said. "After work today I intend to do nothing but have an after-work drink with Phil Simmons. I am sick and tired of doing errands for three healthy women who have become so spoiled it's a wonder they can feed themselves."

"Gee, you'd think we did something terrible," Jennifer said.

"I don't see how we're going to get home," Jill said. "You told us never to hitchhike, and ——"

"I don't believe you'll have any trouble. Get one of those goons who are always arriving around here, driving cars with glass-packed mufflers and twin pipes. You'll manage somehow, if you work on it."

The twins looked at their mother, who shrugged her shoulders. Unstated but implied, the distaff consensus seemed to be that dad, for no reason at all, had suddenly gone off his rocker.

"My gosh, dad," Jennifer said, "we might have to walk home." The last two words were in italics. Walking home was, presumably, a punishment equivalent to being hanged by your thumbs over a pit full of cobras.

"You might," Harold said. "I doubt that it will leave any permanent scars. It's only three miles."

"Three miles!" Jill gasped.

"I'm forty-one years old," Harold said. "Our country-club course is seventy-one hundred yards long—slightly over four miles. I've walked that many times without collapsing, so it seems to me that two seventeen-year-old girls will be able to walk three fourths of an eighteen-hole golf course without undue strain."

The twins took off, mumbling to each other, the theme probably being "What in the world got into father?"

Susan thought the same thing. She said, "Well, Harold, what in the world got into you?"

Harold came to an honest if somewhat reluctant conclusion. "Frankly, Susan, I am fed up with my family."

"The three of us?"

"The three of you. I am tired of living with three women. I am fed up with running their errands, with being a chauffeur without being consulted as to time and destination. I am tired of hearing distaff chatter and giggles. I no longer care to do your shopping for you and at the same time try to make a living on the side. In short, Susan my dear, I am no longer going to be dominated by the three women in my family. Furthermore, I've got to get away by myself for a while or I'll blow my stack clear up to Sputnik."

"Why don't you drive up to Seattle and see Aunt Martha and Uncle Harry?"

"I don't want to see Aunt Martha and Uncle Harry," Harold thundered. "They bore me."

"Well, don't bite my head off. It was just a suggestion."

"And a mighty poor one. I intend getting into my car with a suitcase and my golf clubs. I won't have the faintest idea where I'm going until I get there, and when I get there, I may not stay. And incidentally, I'm playing golf tomorrow."

"The twins wanted ——" Susan began.

"I couldn't care less what the twins want. See you tonight." Harold took off for his office.

He met Phil Simmons at the Surf Club at five o'clock. Phil peered at Harold as he walked in. "Susan out of town?"

"No, Susan isn't out of town. I merely decided that you were right the other day."

"I was? About what?"

"About being dominated by women. A few things happened around home which convinced me, in view of what you said. So I told Susan this morning that I was fed up—with her, the twins, everything. I'm going away the first of the week, and don't ask me where I'm going because I don't know."

The bartender served their drinks. Phil frowned. "Now, Harold, I wouldn't want you to think I gave you any idea that would alienate ——"

"Oh, it's been right there in my subconscious mind all the time. You just had a hand in springing it out into the open, that's all." He lifted his glass. "Here's to freedom from the so-called weaker sex."

"Uh-huh," Phil said. "No idea where you're going, huh?"

"Not an idea in the world. That's the best part of it. I'm loading the car and taking off."

"What about Susan and the twins?"

"Oh, they'll get along."

"Yeah," Phil said. He tasted his drink and looked at Harold queerly.

"On the tee tomorrow at twelve o'clock—O.K.?" Harold said.

"Yeah, I guess so, if you're sure you want to play golf just a couple of days before leaving."

"Of course I want to play golf. Why not?"

"Seems kind of heartless ——"

"That's me," Harold said. "Heartless Harold."

When he got home, he found that the twins had managed to survive getting home by themselves. Jill was on her stomach in front of the television set, watching a tearful soap opera. Jennifer was on the telephone. Harold went into the kitchen. Susan was whipping potatoes in an electric beater. Harold kissed his wife thoroughly.

"Ha!" Susan said. "I bet that kiss wasn't for me. I bet you smelled the prime rib roast that's in the oven."

"How'd you guess?" Harold said. He kissed Susan again. "But that one was for you."

"The prime-rib one was better."

Jennifer came into the kitchen. "Want me to set the table? It's my turn."

"Uh-huh," Susan said. "By the way, how did you get home from school?"

"No strain," Jennifer said. "Peanuts Chitwood brought us home. He's a square from 'way back, but that's a cool job he drives."

The phone rang. Susan picked up the kitchen extension. "Oh, hello, Edith. . . . Uh-huh. He said he was fed up with his women. . . . I didn't, either, but you know men. It'll be a relief, at that, to get rid of him." Susan tempered this remark with a wrinkled nose directed at Harold. "I don't know where he's going. I hope it's Brazil, or the Belgian Congo, to tell the truth. . . . Being a good sport? Why not? I think men get superfluous after a while, especially after nineteen years. . . . Uh-huh, it had better be, the twins are over seventeen. . . . I'm going to give a hen party after he's gone, to celebrate. . . . O.K., Edith; 'by." Susan hung up the phone. "That was Edith Simmons. My, you'd think you were leaving for good, the way she sounds."

"She always makes a big thing over nothing," Harold said. "When Phil had to fly East for five days last year you'd think he was going to the South Pole."

After dinner the twins took off with their current slaves, a couple of crew-cut lads with big feet. They announced that they were going to the movies and would

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be back by eleven. This was agreeable with everyone.

A short time later the phone rang. Susan answered it. It was Molly Schroeder. "Why, that's very nice of you, Molly," Susan said, "but not necessary. . . . Of course we're going to stay here. . . . Well, there'll certainly be no first shock at seeing him go. . . . Of course not; we can hardly wait to get rid of the old goat. . . . Uh-huh, we'll see you. 'By." Susan hung up the phone and frowned. "That's funny. Molly wanted me and the twins to come over to their place and stay until the shock wore off."

Harold grinned. "That Molly. She knew you wouldn't stay over there. It was just her way of saying that you could come over anytime you got lonesome. She's that way."

"Nice of her to call, wasn't it?"

After the golf game the next day, Jim Schroeder and Harold went up to the bar for a drink. Jim led Harold over to one corner, got their drinks and then said, "You know, Harold, Susan's a wonderful woman."

"Yeah? She's a black Irish. Shanty Irish, to boot."

"Nevertheless, she's one of the finest girls I ever knew."

Harold grinned. "Why, I didn't know you cared."

"Well, Molly and I were at your wedding, you know. Nineteen years is a long time."

"Sure is. Look, let's play a little gin, shall we?"

"No, thanks, Harold," Jim said. "I'm going home." He got up from the table and abruptly left. His drink was barely touched.

"Now what," Harold mumbled aloud, "got into that character?"

In the morning, they dutifully went to church. The sermon, delivered by their rector, the Rev. J. Gordon Thomas, was on marriage. In a solemn and forceful manner he went into the responsibilities, the pitfalls, the sanctity of marriage, pointing out that marriage was a solemn contract not lightly entered into and not lightly broken.

Susan tugged at Harold's arm and whispered, "Gee, someone is catching it. I wonder who?"

Harold shrugged and whispered, "Beats me. Glad it isn't us. I'd slink out of church like an unmasked thief."

Afterward, they walked out into the bright sunlight. The rector shook hands with them and then said, "Do you people have a few minutes? I'd like to see you over in the rectory if you have time."

They nodded and walked over to the rectory. "We're paid up on our pledge, aren't we, Harold?"

"Sure. We haven't missed church for weeks either." Harold frowned. "Maybe it's Jill and Jennifer. He's been wanting to get them into the choir."

"That's probably it," Susan said.

When Mr. Thomas came in a few minutes later, he sat down, and then said, "What did you think of the sermon?"

"Someone was really getting the word," Harold said.

Mr. Thomas cleared his throat. "I'll be frank. There have been rumors. Now, I seldom pay attention to them, but when they involve two of my favorite people, I feel that it's time to have a little talk."

Harold looked at Susan. Susan looked at Harold. Then both of them peered at their rector. "You mean us?" Harold croaked.

"Harold," he said, "I have heard from several good sources that you are fed up with your family, that you feel that you have been dominated by them, and consequently are leaving them on Monday. Before you take this step, Harold, I think that there should be a period of—let us say—cooling off. Otherwise, acting hastily as you are ——"

Susan started to giggle, tried to suppress it, almost choked, and then exploded. She laughed until the tears came down her cheeks. Harold laughed so hard that he had to hold on to Susan to keep from falling off the couch. The Rev. J. Gordon Thomas looked as if he had been hit in the head with a ripe cantaloupe. When Harold and Susan left the rectory they were still laughing.

When they got home, Jill said, "Jennifer and I would like to have a talk with you, dad."

Harold stared at the twins. The truth hit him in the head like a soaring fast ball. "Oh, no!" he said. Jill and Jennifer were sitting upright, their backs rigid, their lower lips quivering, as serious as altar boys at Christmas.

"Gee, mom and Jennifer and I," Jill said, "even got you a going-away present and now you're going away and never coming back." The tears started down her cheeks.

Harold went to the twins, took them by the hand and pulled them to their feet. Then he put his arms around them. "All right, you two. Dry your tears. I'm not going to leave my women. You're going to have to put up with the old man for the rest of his life. After all, I have to dance at your wedding."

The twins looked up at him. "We heard ——" Jill said.

"Tell 'em they've got rocks in their heads," Harold said. "And where are the going-away presents, by the way?"

They got the package. Harold opened it. Half a dozen new golf balls, a fifth of Bourbon, and a card. On the front of it was written, "To our favorite man." Inside, it said, "When you have lost all the golf balls and finished off the Bourbon, come on home. Please find a golf course with deep woods and water hazards so the balls won't last very long, and find some men to help with the bottle, because we'll miss you." The note was signed, "Your three women."

Harold looked at the note and swallowed hard. Then he walked into the kitchen and put the Bourbon in the liquor cabinet. He went into the library and put the golf balls on the shelf.

The phone rang. He heard Susan say, "Yes, isn't it the most ridiculous thing you ever heard? When Harold and I heard, we laughed until we cried."

"Are you leaving on Monday, dad?" Jennifer said.

Harold shook his head. "I have been ambushed. I have been trapped like a three-legged beaver. What we'll do—we'll wait until you girls have spring vacation, and then the four of us will take a trip. If I left by myself now, I'd be stoned in the streets."

Susan hung up the phone. "I heard that," she said. "Harold, if you aren't going away, we might as well start thinking about the garden. Could you run down to that place and get those flats of petunias? And the lawn, you know. It has to be fertilized, and ——"

"Gee, dad," Jill said, "the kids are having a picnic at Short Sands Beach. It starts at two. We weren't going because we didn't have a ride, but after you get the petunias, maybe ——"

Harold looked at his women and sighed. Life, he decided, would be as dull as dishwater without them. He nodded. "Yes," he said; and then raised his voice, "but that doesn't mean that I am going to be an errand boy, chauffeur, gardener and general handy man for three women unless I have some voice ——"

"Yes, dear," Susan said, "we know."

THE END

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1 package lime gelatin
1½ cups hot water
3 tbs. vinegar
½ tsp. salt
1 8-oz. package Borden's Cottage Cheese
½ cup chopped celery
1 7-oz. can tuna fish drained and flaked
3 tbs. chopped onion
½ cup thinly sliced radishes
¼ cup mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in vinegar and salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into 8-inch ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on greens. Garnish with more cottage cheese and radish roses. Serves 6.

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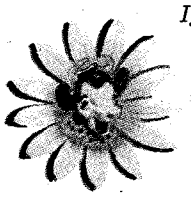

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I Call on Danny Kaye (Continued from Page 18)

do between my regular numbers. One day I saw a little girl sitting in the fourth row. I said, 'Hello, Honey,' and she said, 'Hello.' I said, 'What's your name?' and she said, 'Shirley,' and I asked, 'Would you like to come up here on the stage with me, Shirley?'

"Her mother handed her up, and I said, 'How old are you?' and she said, 'I don't know.' I asked, 'Would you like to be an actress or a singer or a dancer?' and she said, 'I don't know,' and I asked, 'Do you know any songs?' She said, 'Yes.' I asked, 'Would you like to sing one with me?' She said, 'Yes.' I said, 'What do you know?' and she burst into a loud and unmelodious rendition of the Mexican cockroach song, her childish treble belting out, 'La Cu-ca-ra-cha, la cu-ca-ra-cha. . . .'

"When she was done, there was great applause, and I said, 'Now, Sweetie, give me a small kiss and go back to your mommy.' She said, 'No.' I coaxed, 'Come on, give me a peck on the cheek and I'll give you back to your mommy.' She still said 'No.' I asked, 'Why not?' She put her hands on her hips, looked at me coldly and said, 'It ain't healthy!'

"The greatest comedy writer in the world couldn't have come up with a topper for that," Danny said. "The applause was so thunderous you would have thought an atomic bomb had gone off in the place. But as I thought it over, there was something about it that wasn't so hilarious. After the show I invited the child's mother backstage and I asked her, 'What kind of neurosis-breeding nonsense are you teaching your kid?'

"She started to make an angry retort, then she saw what I meant. 'You mean my daughter might grow up thinking it wrong to be normally affectionate?' she asked. 'Of course,' I said. I hope I did her some good. I couldn't stand the idea of a child being taught that affection, if not downright disgusting, is at least infectious, because her mother had read that kissing might pass along germs."

I agreed. "It isn't funny when you put it that way. I am told that, because of such nonsense, a lot of women have difficulty being normally affectionate with their husbands."

"After all," Danny asked, "who really knows what the roots of neurotic behavior are? Some people say they spring from sexual maladjustment. Some say from an imbalance of interpersonal relationships, whatever that means. Some say they're based on our own inadequacies."

He helped himself to bagel and salmon and said, "I remember another incident. This one involves a lad in Boston. During a show I got him up on the stage and asked, 'What's your name?' He said, 'Jimmy McDonough,' and I asked, 'How old are you?' and he said, 'Nine.' He was a tough little *hombre*. He wore holsters with two small six-shooters. It was either after the war or during the war, and I asked him, 'Do you want to be a pilot?' He said, 'Nope!' I said, 'Do you want to be in the Air Force or in the Army or a baseball player?' He kept answering 'nope' until I finally asked him, 'What do you want to be?' and he answered, 'A crook!'"

"What did you say to that?" I asked.

"What could I say?" Danny said. "It was some time before anyone could hear anything. When it was possible to speak, I said, 'You're helping me steal money right now, so when you become a crook I think I'll have you work for me.'

"It was also in Boston that one of the nicest little boys I've ever met came on stage from a seat beside his mother. He was friendly. His face was open. He was warm and wonderful. He sang a song with me; then he danced, and the audience loved him. He went back to his seat, sat down, and I began to do something else. Then he called out, 'I like you, Danny!'

"'I like you too,' I said. He said, 'I wish you were my daddy,' and I said, 'Someday I hope I have a little boy like you, Bobby.' Then he said it. 'I wish you were my daddy, because my daddy was killed in the war.'

"It was as if someone had sprayed ether all over the theater. The place was tomblike. I stood there a minute. Then I said, 'I'm sorry to hear that, Bobby, and I'd like to sing a song that maybe your daddy would have liked.' And I sang a song I have never sung before or since on any stage."

"What was it?" I asked.

"The September Song," he told me. "Why I sang it, I don't know. I don't even know why I thought of it. But I did."

He paused, placed his long, sensitive fingers together, tip to tip, and thought of another song he'd sung without planning to. "When I'm having one of my one-man performances," he told me, "after about an hour and thirty minutes of it I ask, 'What would you like to hear?' and people call out the names of their favorite songs to me. Once, in Chicago, while I was doing a series of request numbers, a kid hollered, 'Houn' Dog!'

"'You've got the wrong fellow,' I called back. 'You want Mr. Presley.' But he insisted, 'Houn' Dog! I didn't think you'd chicken out on me.' I said, 'I've never been known to refuse a request,' so I said to Sam Prager, my accompanist, 'Sam, do Houn' Dog.' Sam made shrugging motions which said, 'I don't know it,' but I said, 'I don't know it either.' 'All right,' Sammy said resignedly, and away his fingers went, flitting over the keys."

"Did he have trouble picking it out?" I asked.

"Sammy never has any trouble picking out anything," Danny told me. "His instinctive gift for knowing what I'm going to do is incredible. There are even times when he seems to know what I'm going to do before I know it myself. I listened to Sammy going 'dum-dum-dum-dum' for a moment, then I said, 'I feel it more as a waltz,' so he changed his rhythm and went into, 'Um-dum-dum, um-dum-dum. . . .'

"I sang the first words which popped into my head and they happened to be 'Houn' dog, houn' dog, where are you tonight?' Without faltering, Sammy kept right on playing. I sang, 'Houn' dog, houn' dog, come and hold me tight. Houn' dog, houn' dog, I love the taste of cheese' (I don't know where that one came from), 'if you'll be my houn' dog, I'll be your Pekingese.' Since then, whenever anybody has requested Houn' Dog, that's what I've sung."

I said, "Since, as I've been told, you do a different show every night, how do people who handle your lighting know what you're going to do? After all, lighting is an intricate job."

"I try to make sure that someone who knows what I'm apt to do always stands backstage," he said. "But in spite of that, you never saw anything so fouled up as my lighting was one opening night in Chicago."

"Any special reason?" I asked.

He said, "We give our electricians and grips cue sheets and instructions and tell them, 'When I do thus and so, up go the lights. When I get to this part, dim them.' But this particular night in Chicago when I finished a number, the lights would go down, and I'd stop my performance and call into the wings, 'No, no, they're supposed to go up!' Then I'd begin another song and the lights would go up when they were supposed to go down. I kept peering into the wings, and telling the audience, 'You should see those fellows back there. They're running around like hysterical ants. Watch what happens when I say, 'Now.' Then I'd say, 'Now!' and people would run wildly around backstage, yanking switches and producing a lightning-storm effect. I said to the audience, 'I'll bet you people out there think this is part of the show. All of you who do, hold up your hands.' A lot of hands shot up.

"I could have screamed angrily, 'What the hell do you think you're doing back there?' and it would have spoiled the evening for everybody. Instead, I managed to turn those messed-up lights into a plus. I told the audience, 'The lights are supposed to go on in a minute, but I'll lay you eight to five they won't.' Sure, enough, they wouldn't, and the audience would be uproariously amused. Once, when the lights were supposed to dim and only highlight my hands while I did a thing with Sammy at the piano, they went absolutely black. When we got to that cue, I said, 'Now!' and bla-a-a, all the lights went out. I stood there in the darkness, saying to the audience, 'See what I mean? This is definitely not part of it!' Even then most of them still thought I was clowning.

"They are a very affectionate couple."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Speaking of stopping shows to talk to audiences," Danny told me, "I once stopped a show in San Francisco to chat with my daughter Dena, who was in the audience. She was five and a half, and she'd never seen me on a stage before, and I should have known better than to let her sit in the audience the first time. She should have been backstage, where she'd have felt more at ease and had people to whisper to if she felt like talking. She saw the first half of my show—the vaudeville acts which go on before I appear—and she had a ball. She loved the clowns, the jugglers—everybody. Then came the intermission; then I came on. Occasionally I stole a look at her and I saw her sinking lower and lower into her seat."

"Where was she sitting?" I asked.

"In the fourth row. Something told me that all was not well, so I paused and asked, 'Are you having a good time, Dena?' She said, 'Yes,' but there was a quaver in her voice when she said it. I figured she was so shocked at my talking to her before all those people it had made her nervous. Later I asked her, 'Having a good time, dear?' and once more she said, 'Ye-e-e-s,' but this time there was a more noticeable quaver.

"After the show I went into my dressing room. A few minutes later Dena came in, threw her arms around me and sobbed her heart out. 'What's the matter, sweetheart?' I asked. She looked at me, her eyes brimming, and said, 'I don't want anybody laughing at my da-a-a-a-dy!' I tried to explain that they weren't laughing at me, that they were laughing *with* me, but I'm not sure it got through to her."

"She thought they were ridiculing you," I said. "It's a pathetic story."

"It touched me too," he admitted. "When she finished crying, she asked if she could come to the show that night and watch from the wings. I said, 'Yes,' and that night there she was. At one point during each performance it was my custom to refresh myself with a glass of water. When I did it that night, I asked her, 'Would you like a sip?' She said, 'Yes,' and I said, 'Come on out and get it.' She came out, the spotlight hit her, the people sensed that she was my daughter and they gave a big, 'A-a-a-ah!' It didn't make her shy. She walked boldly over to me and I gave her a drink of water. When she was done, she stayed there looking at me and I asked her, 'Why don't you say how do you do to the ladies and gentlemen?' She didn't gasp a choked, 'How do you do, ladies and gentlemen.' She said it very clearly and added, 'I am very happy to have met you.' Then she walked off.

"As she did, she ran into Estelle, the girl who keeps an eye on her for her mother and me. 'Did you see me on the stage?' she asked Estelle. When Estelle said yes, Dena asked her, 'Did you applaud for me too?'" Danny shrugged and said, "That was our little shrinking violet who'd wept that afternoon because people had laughed at her daddy. Even when they're five, girls are different, aren't they?"

"Tell me," I inquired, "about some of the things which happened accidentally in your shows and you've kept them afterward as a part of your performance. When did you first turn on the house lights, sit down on the stage apron, bum a cigarette from the audience and have a quiet chat with the customers?"

"The first time I did that was the first year I did a show in London," Danny told me. "I'd been playing golf that morning; I was doing a dance routine; I felt a little beat, so I sat on the apron of the stage—that's the space on the audience side of the footlights—and I said to the

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crowd, 'I think I'll sit here and rest for a minute.' I bummed a cigarette from someone in the first row and I told them what had happened to me that day on the golf course."

"Exactly as it happened?" I asked.

"Exactly," he said. "So after sprawling there on the stage apron and having a little visit with the folks until I felt refreshed and relaxed, I stood up and went on with the performance. Since then I've always worked that intimate interlude into my shows.

"Speaking of the intimacy I establish with the people out front," he went on, "if I'm having a matinee, about five o'clock or five-fifteen I'll say, 'I know a lot of people have to catch a commutation train home, so I won't be offended if anyone gets up and leaves.' Then, when the commuters have cleared out, I do a few more numbers for those who stay. One afternoon when I'd finished a couple of those extra numbers, two elderly women got up and edged their way to the aisle. I thought, *When they reach the aisle, they'll head for the exit and that'll be that.* Not at all. They came down to the stage and said to me in conversational tones, 'We're terribly sorry, but we have to leave. We've had a wonderful afternoon, but we do have a train to catch. Thank you so much. Bye-bye!' Then they walked up the aisle and out of the door while I stood there speechless, watching them.

"Although my stage routines have evolved informally," he went on, "and I don't do things the same way night after night, I don't want to give you the impression that I just walk out on a stage not knowing what in blazes I'm going to do. I know very well what I'm going to do, but I won't tie myself down to a strict, unvarying routine. There are many different ways of working. Each has to do with a man's own particular emotional and physical make-up.

"Once when I was leaving for New York, Maurice Chevalier took me to the airport in Paris. We were sitting there, waiting for my plane, when I said, 'It's silly to leave now, when we could have a pleasant evening together.' So I asked the ticket seller, 'Have you any reservations for tomorrow?' Maurice went absolutely pale, because if you ask him, 'Where are you going to be on October twenty-third, 1958?' he takes out a little book and tells you exactly where he'll be.

"He is brilliantly gifted, but he has to know exactly what he'll be doing at a given time. When I attended the opening of my film, The Court Jester, in London, he flew over from Paris to spend a few days with me. After the showing, I made a personal appearance on stage. There were some heralds on hand, blowing trumpets, and men dressed as palace guards, and we did a lot of things that occurred to me on the spur of the moment. After it was over, Maurice asked me wonderingly, 'How do you improvise that way? If I didn't know what I was going to do each time I go on a stage, I'd be terrified.' Still, you don't feel that anything Maurice does is calculated or planned, because he's a pro. The air of spontaneity he gives out and the feeling that what's happening to him is happening for the first time is remarkable."

He thought for a while; then he said, "Something has happened that I don't like. Show business has become a series of fads. It wasn't that way when I first went into it."

"It's true now," I said. "There's the Western-TV fad, and the rock-'n'-roll fad."

"Any medium which has to use as much talent as TV does is cannibalistic," Danny observed.

"You mean it chews itself up?" I asked.

"In many ways," Danny said, "it's a wonderful medium, but it's always running out of food, and it can't get prime beef to chew all the time. You can't develop prime beef overnight."

"Do you think you'll ever try TV?" I asked.

"I'm sure I'm going to go on TV eventually," he told me. "It's silly to be mulish and close my eyes to it and say I'm never going to do it. I've never said that. What I've said was that I didn't want to go on at the moment I was asked. I haven't found out yet how I am going to work best on TV or how TV is going to work best for me. Even when I do, I'm afraid I'll be tied down by a script I'll have to follow fairly rigidly. As a result, I'll be able only to approximate what I do on the stage. I could do the stage show I've developed carefully over a period of years once or twice on TV, but after that I'd have to develop fresh, new material."

I didn't see any point in asking Danny to give me a play-by-play take-out on his life. He's no morning-glory; millions of people regard him with warm affection, and the fact that he was born in humble circumstances in Brooklyn and that his first real theatrical training came when he signed on as a tumler (pronounced "toomler") on the Catskills borsch summer-camp-and-hotel circuit is not exactly a scoop. A tumler is a person who "manufactures tumult," a professional fun-maker who diverts the paying guests, gets everybody steamed up, and sees to it that they have a good time.

Danny Kaye was born David Daniel Kaminski, in 1913. Both his father and his mother, Clara (Nemerovsky) Kaminski, immigrated to the United States from Russia. With such a background, Danny's environment was not exactly that of the country-club and summer-by-the-sea set. However, in his own crowd he was the center of whatever juvenile social life was going. At ten he was able to make such wonderful faces that his street-corner audiences called for more.

Entering Thomas Jefferson High School, he went in for sports—handball, swimming and pole vaulting. In spite of his physical proficiency, which might have built confidence, he was diffident. "I'm the guy who stood behind the guy who whistled at the girls," he told me.

"What has happened to me in my lifetime is hard to describe chronologically," he went on. "It's just as if I tried to list the persons who have been responsible for my success. It would be chaotic. Scores of people have helped me along the way by something they've done or said."

One summer Danny was taken on at the Camp Tamiment Summer Playhouse, a spot in the Pennsylvania mountains where hopeful and ambitious young professional folk could develop their talent under a youthful genius, Max Liebman. Each week during the summer, Liebman conceived and staged a new revue, and to Danny's joy Liebman asked him to help with his production chores. Assisting Liebman was a young woman named Sylvia Fine. With pianist-composer Fine, Danny rehearsed daily until exhaustion set in. The sophisticated comedy of Sylvia's satire blended happily with Danny's delivery, and they worked out several numbers which have become collectors' items. Sylvia supplied words and music for Danny's crackling, fast-talking songs.

At the end of the summer the cream of the Tamiment numbers was displayed in a show called The Straw Hat Revue. Somehow—perhaps by jungle tom-tom—the Brothers Shubert heard about it and put it on Broadway. The Straw Hat Revue was a smash, Danny and Sylvia

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kept on seeing each other, and in January, 1940, they eloped to Florida and were married at Fort Lauderdale.

"I gather that your wife has been a great help to you," I said.

"That," he said, "is a pale and watered-down way of putting it."

Marriage proved no handicap to Danny Kaminski. It seemed to speed him onward. He became an entertainer at a posh café, La Martinique, and he accomplished a four-way parlay. He became the fair-haired boy of Park Avenue, Broadway, Suburbia and Exurbia. He even convulsed the waiters at La Martinique, which was a much more challenging task than amusing the customers.

In 1941, Danny appeared in the musical, Lady in the Dark, and was on his way to becoming an entertainment genius. Later in 1941, when he played in Let's Face It, one of the features of that musical mélange was a number written by Sylvia Fine and Max Liebman. It described the life and times of a young man abruptly inducted into the Armed Forces. By means of pantomime, squeals, grunts and actions, Danny sang it in triple talk.

It was no far cry from Lady in the Dark and Let's Face It to the movies; and it's unlikely that even in a day of giveaway-boodle quiz shows and shoot-em-ups, American (or world, for that matter) audiences will forget such film classics as The Secret Life of Walter Mitty and Knock on Wood, to mention two Kaye films cherished by the *aficionados*. Nor is Danny's Hans Christian Andersen unremembered.

"Was your wife responsible for the songs called your git-gat-gittle numbers?" I asked.

"The first git-gat-gittle number I did was a song I made up one night after I'd watched a surgeon friend, Al Weller, perform an operation," he said. "When we came home, we attended a gathering of jazz musicians. Al loved to play guitar and to hold jam sessions in his home. Somebody said, 'What did you do today, Al?' and he said, 'I did an operation,' and he began to describe it. I stopped him and said, 'I'll tell you what it was like.' I told them how he made the incision and about the operation and about the sponges and everything, and how he sewed it up. I did it all in double talk, plus pantomime, which is what you call git-gat-gittle."

He thought of something else. "One of the basic maxims of show business is the rule of the anonymity of the audience. Traditionally the audience sits in complete darkness, unseen, unrecognized, watching and not being watched. You mustn't break this spell of audience anonymity. If you do, you will lose whatever magic your performance has wrought if you're lucky enough to have wrought some.

"The first time I violated that anonymity was in Chicago," he told me. "I had the audience snapping its fingers with me, when suddenly I stopped and said, 'Somebody isn't snapping! Turn on the house lights. I want to spot the culprit!' They turned the house lights on and the stage lights off, and the audience was transformed into performers. I looked at all those people and said, 'So this is whom I've been dealing with?' It drew one of the biggest laughs I've ever heard, although it was an embarrassed laugh, for suddenly I had contrived to put the audience on the stage."

"I suppose British audiences are tough," I said. "I mean they must be different from New York audiences or Chicago audiences, slower on the uptake; not as quick to see the point of a joke."

"That," he objected, "is a misconception I want to correct. People who don't know Englishmen think they possess a torpid sense of humor. That impression is a caricature. It's as much of a canard as the lie that the British are emotionally unresponsive. I know that's nonsense from my own personal experience. British audiences have an agile sense of humor and they love the theater more than Yankee audiences love it. I've never had to change any number I've done in the U.S.A. to make it suitable for English consumption. There has always been basic communication between me and those occupying seats in Britain's theaters."

Harking back to a subject he'd brought up previously, I said, "When I saw you with Gertrude Lawrence in Lady in the Dark, it was one of my big moments in the theater. I got a kick out of the way Gertie knocked the audience on their beam ends when she punctuated her Jenny song with uninhibited bumps and grinds."

He told me, "By the time you saw her in New York, the number was already a show stopper. When we opened in Boston, we thought we had an unusual show, but an unusual show can be an unusual flop too. As for me, I had only a small part, but I was delighted to be among those present."

"When I saw you in New York," I said, "I thought your part was a big one."

"I was on stage eleven minutes," he told me. "Maybe less."

"What happened that made the show a phenomenal hit in Boston?" I asked.

"On opening night, when I stepped down front to do my Tschaikovsky song, it went over so well it surprised me and everyone else. We had no idea it would do what it did. As a result I kept thinking, *If Gertie's next number doesn't do well, Lord help us.* (Her number came ten seconds after mine.) *If it doesn't go over she might not like it and, after all, she is the star, not I.* When I finished my song, I bowed to the audience and bowed to Gertie. It was the biggest moment in my show-business life. I was delirious with joy, but suddenly I wanted the audience to stop applauding. I said to them under my breath, 'Please stop, for Pete's sake! Let's get on with the show. That's enough.'

"To Gertie's everlasting credit, she smiled at me and applauded me too; then she hiked up her pants and stepped forward to do her Jenny number. She tore Jenny into small, bleeding bits. She had been doing the song well enough in rehearsal, although in a genteel way, but when she saw the reaction to my number, she ripped into Jenny like a buzz saw. Her material, which could have been just another song, was transformed into a tremendous personal triumph.

"It was thrilling to watch," Danny went on. "The upshot was that both our numbers became musical-comedy legend. I'm not sure whether two numbers, coming within ten seconds of each other, have ever stopped a show before or since."

He let himself sink down in his easy chair until he seemed to be sitting on his shoulder blades. "Incidentally," he said, "since she had actor's blood, Gertie knew what to do when things went the other way and the going was uphill. She knew that when you get an audience that's not responding as it should, it was up to her to make it respond the way she wanted it to respond. She didn't say to herself, *These people are no good, so why should I break my neck for them?* She knew that in the theater she was *supposed* to break her neck for them."

We sat there for a while, thinking about the trouper who had been Gertrude Lawrence.

"I've heard it was quite a performance when you led the Boston Symphony," I said. "Was it the first time you'd done a thing like that?"

He said, "I'd done it with the Los Angeles Symphony and with the Philadelphia Orchestra and with the Stockholm Symphony and with the Israeli Symphony. But with those groups, all I did was conduct a couple of numbers, then I finished with my own things. From time to time I attended the concerts of the Boston Symphony, and I'd gone backstage afterward to meet the musicians. One of them said, 'We hear you conducted in Philadelphia. Why don't you conduct one of our Pension Fund concerts for us?' I said, 'I'd be delighted. You set the time.' Until then I'd never done more than twenty-five minutes with an orchestra, but when I wandered past Boston's Symphony Hall I saw a sheet of paper pasted up. It said: SPECIAL PENSION FUND CONCERT. DANNY KAYE, GUEST CONDUCTOR. 7–8:30.

"*Seven to eight-thirty!* I said to myself, my blood running cold. *What am I going to do for an hour and a half? What I need is a guest star to spell me on the podium.* I talked Charles Munch into doing The Sorcerer's Apprentice as the opening number, but it ran only eleven minutes, which still left me an hour and nineteen minutes of conducting."

"What did you do?" I asked. "Send out for recordings of symphonic music and memorize them?"

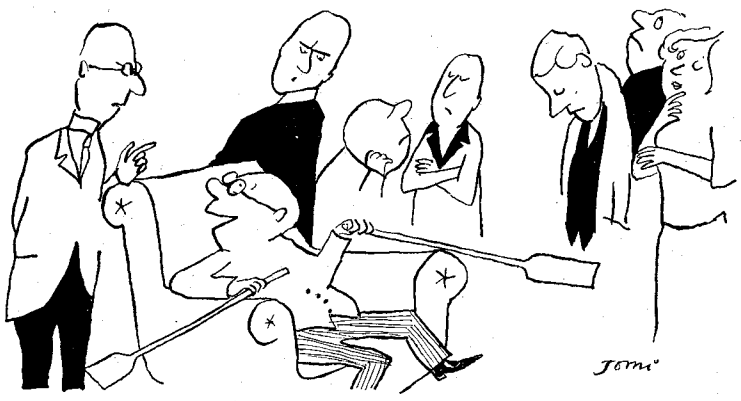
"Just that," Danny said. He paused, then went on: "I never keep notices. The only one I've ever kept is a notice in the Christian Science Monitor. The paper's music critic said I was a good conductor and that maybe—just maybe—I could have been a great one if I had specialized in it. It made me prouder than anything else I've read about me in my life. I whipped it out at a moment's notice until I wore it out. But perhaps the best way I can tell you how I coped with the Boston Symphony is by telling you something that happened at Brandeis University while I was giving a talk on Things That Have Influenced My Life. I delivered the remarks I'd planned; then there was a question-and-answer period. I loved that because the kids who asked the questions were alert, aware and as sharp as tacks.

"'Where did you get the *chutspa* to conduct the Boston Symphony?' one youngster asked. *Chutspa* is a Jewish word meaning 'effrontery raised to the nth degree.' A classic example of *chutspa* is a kid who kills his mother and father and then begs the court for leniency because he's an orphan.

"'I want to tell you something, young man,' I said to my questioner. 'I don't think it was *chutspa*. If I conducted a symphony for a fee or to prove I'm a master musician, I'd be beyond my depth, but if I can go into Symphony Hall and, as a lark, indulge in an exercise which gives me pleasure and at the same time provides entertainment—and what's even more important, swells the coffers of the symphony's pension fund—that's no *chutspa*.'"

I said, "Somehow you jumped the various language barriers which stood between you and the kids who appeared with you in the film, The Secret Life of Danny Kaye, which you made for the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. How many languages do you speak, anyhow?"

"Only one," he said, "and that badly. Yet somehow I did get through to those children. That's a secret I've learned. If an adult makes an idiot of himself with children, it establishes a basis of communication between them. How many times have you stood over a baby in a crib and made unintelligible sounds? If you could stand off and see yourself, you'd think you (*Continued on Page 56*)



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"Just name one popular resort on the water," he said finally, "where you wouldn't have a lot more fun with a boat."

In the bored silence that followed, you could have heard a barometer drop. Then a weary listener ventured, "Niagara Falls?"

K. M. Coggeshall

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(*Continued from Page 54*) were a lunatic. You can't say to an infant, 'How do you feel, old boy? Have you had your bottle? Did you sleep well?' when the only thing that baby understands is that you sound and look like a big pink rattle. If you hunker down on the floor and ride an older tot on your back, he'll understand too. He'll think you're a horse."

"Was that film shown in all countries?" I asked.

"It was shown in every country which has a projection machine, whether behind the Iron Curtain or not," he said. "I hope people were impressed by the fact that an organization like the UNICEF functions on the human level, not the political level. It offers technical assistance by sending groups of experts into countries to teach people how to set up their own health stations and make children healthier."

"How did you communicate with all those children in that film?" I asked.

"There was no communication between us in the sense that an adult understands it," he said. "But somehow we made it, if only by smiling, shaking hands, rubbing noses and making friendly sounds. If you can somehow teach kids of all nations and colors and creeds to realize that people of all nationalities, colors and creeds are working in their hearts toward a common goal, it will help them grow up and become mature, functioning, useful citizens of this world."

Danny has had no trouble communicating with those who speak the king's English. He has returned to Britain five times for triumphant visits. The royal family relaxed at his performances. He was invited to call upon George Bernard Shaw. He was praised by Sir Winston Churchill and was given a cane which had once belonged to Sir Harry Lauder. As a final tribute, he was modeled in wax for Tussaud's waxworks. No less authority than New York's columnist-TV star, Ed Sullivan, wrote of him: "Danny Kaye registered the greatest success any American or, for that matter, any British act ever scored at the Palladium."

"Speaking of the British Isles," I said to him, "how about telling me about the time the Scots sang a special song for you when you were in Glasgow?"

"When I finished my last performance," he said, "I walked to my hotel and went to my room. A huge crowd of thousands of people gathered in the little square before our inn and called out, 'We want to say good-by, Danny. Won't you come to the window?'

"I went to the window. Two policemen came and held my feet while I stood on the ledge, and the crowd chanted, 'Sing us a song.' I said, 'I don't think I can. I've just finished a long show and my throat is tired; also, I'm sad because I hate very much to leave here.'

"Someone shouted, 'Very well, we'll sing you a song instead!' Then, all those thousands of people sang, 'Will ya no come back again?' I stood there and listened; then I went into my room and dissolved into tears."

I said, "It seems to me that we ought to mention the picture you've just finished for Columbia, Me and the Colonel. I hear it's different from anything you've ever done."

"It's a radical departure for me," he told me. "I'm not me in this picture, and I've never played this kind of role before. I don't fly around the screen the way I usually do; yet, I'm all tuckered out every night when we're finished shooting."

"How do you describe Me and the Colonel?" I asked him.

"It's an adaptation of the play, Jacobowsky and the Colonel," he told me. "Louis Calhern and Oscar Karlweis appeared in it on Broadway. I'm Jacobowsky. That's why I have this mustache and why I have gray in my hair, especially at the temples. I'm supposed to be older. Jacobowsky is a Jew who was born in Poland, migrated to Berlin, has lived in Paris. Yet, with all those migrations—and some of them were extremely hazardous—and in spite of all the persecution he endured, he managed to stay alive."

"Was all this during the Nazi regime?" I asked.

"It was during the Second World War," Danny said. "Jacobowsky is a many-faceted man, but most of all he is a master of the art of survival under difficulties."

He studied the toes of his bedroom slippers, which seemed a long way from his eyes. "I'd like to think that I'm the kind of human being people think I am," he said. "For that matter, all of us like to think we're greater than we really are and endowed with more virtues than we possess. But eventually we realize we have all of the human frailties and faults everyone else is heir to. One basic fact confronts everybody. There comes a point when you have to face yourself and stop pretending to yourself what you are.

"You keep pushing that moment away, but some morning while you're shaving and facing yourself in the mirror, it comes to you. You're completely alone and you look at yourself. It's then that you evaluate yourself for what you are instead of what you'd like to be, or what you hope to be."

Danny went on reflectively, "Some people express themselves best by writing, some by painting. Some people do it best by composing music, and some by performing for audiences. Some have a talent for music, some a talent for making money, some a talent for living. My father was one of the most successful men I've ever known, because, although he never went to a university and was never rich, just living provided him with a satisfying means of expressing himself."

"What did he do for a living?" I asked.

Danny told me: "When he came to the U.S.A. from Russia, he worked in the ladies'-garment factories. Eventually he was allowed to design a few things himself, for in addition to being a workman, he was also a craftsman. But I think that most of the joy he got out of living came of being alive and not envying anyone. He explained to me that people who had big houses and big businesses and big automobiles and a great many servants were no happier than he, who had none of those things. Whatever need he had to give something to life or take something away from life was satisfied by being a productive human being. He instilled that kind of reasoning in me.

"My father was a great man," Danny concluded, "because he was able to live life peacefully and philosophically and accept what he was without rancor. This didn't mean that he didn't want better things for me, because if you love someone, you want that person to have better things than you've had."

"Did he slip money under your pillow occasionally when you were broke?" I asked. "I've heard he did."

"It's true," he said. "I stopped going to school early in life; I didn't know what to do with myself, so for a time I avoided facing life by sleeping a lot. My father's friends said, 'Don't you think it's time David found a job and went to work?' but my father said, 'Whatever I want him to do now may not make him happy, but when he does find out, that will be his happiness for the rest of his life.' So he'd shove a five or a ten under my pillow and tell his friends, 'I'm imagining I'm sending him through college.' Is it any wonder I tell you my father was a great man?"

• •

Extra Mileage

The longest road or trail or
track
Throughout life's daily
grind,
Is one on which I'm
trudging back
For something left behind.

William W. Pratt

• •

Convict's Secret (Continued from Page 20)

that betrayal. He made a fist of one big hand.

"Sam, you were all through. Your bill was paid up with plenty to spare. When I was lookin' for somebody and thought of you, I said, 'Old Sam? Hell, no! That old horse is out to pasture.' You were leadin' the good life, takin' your rest, goin' straight." The big fist pounded the desk. "Sam, you can't do this to me!"

Sam's face was pale. "I did it, Jake."

"Why didn't you kick me in the teeth?" Jake said. "I'd have liked it better."

Corbin said, "Take it easy, Jake."

"Keep outta this!" Jake yelled at him. "All right, Sam," he said heavily. "Sit down. Tell me about it."

The old man took a chair beside Jake's desk. "It was the garage on Tenth and Kerney, a week ago last Wednesday night. I opened that box, Jake. I'll sign a statement."

Jake stared at him. "I got a guy for that job—Willie Teeter! He's upstairs now, waiting for the grand jury. I got an eyewitness identification on him."

"That's why I'm here," the old man said. "The papers said you had him. But it was my job. So I—well, I'm a louse, but I don't want the kid taking a fall for me."

"This eyewitness ——"

"They can be wrong, Jake. You know that."

Jake knew it well. A cab driver had seen the suspect run from the garage late at night; the testimony might or might not stand up in court. But there was no doubt that Sam's confession would stand up in court. Jake's face held pain.

"Why, Sam?" he asked. "There wasn't but four hundred bucks in that safe. You must've known there couldn't be more. Why would an old pro like you go for such a cheap score?"

"Got tired of sitting around, I guess."

"Why didn't you go down the road?"

"What's down the road, Jake?" Sam asked tiredly. "Stop and think about it for a minute. What's down the road for any old con? They're nothin' but in the way."

"What's in the joint, for the luvva Mike?"

"Something to do," Sam said. "A year's good time and the warden'll put me back in the cabinet shop. They let me alone there; let me do what I want with the tools and wood." He opened his big hands. "I ain't good for much, Jake, but I'm a cabinetmaker. Remember that table I sent you?"

"I still got it," Jake growled. "Could've sold it ten times for fifty bucks."

"So don't worry about me, Jake."

"When did I ever worry about a man I put inside the walls?" Jake's cigar hit the wastebasket like a bullet. "You want in? O.K., you're in. Go upstairs. Mickey's still on the desk. Tell him to lock you up. You know the way."

"If anybody does," Sam said.

He left the room, and Jake sat swearing silently under his breath. Fred Corbin came to lean on the desk.

"You were rough on Sam, Jake."

Jake lifted his eyes, glaring. "I was sore," he said. "I'm still sore. I got a right to be. You know what's ahead of him? For a stinkin' four hundred bucks, he goes up for the rest of his life. That's what's ahead of him!"

"That bad?"

"With his record. Burglary with explosives?" Jake's scowl deepened. "Ten or fifteen years. I give you any bet he can't live 'em out behind the walls."

Corbin shook his head. "I won't bet."

Jake hit the desk with the flat of his hand. "Why?" he asked hoarsely. "Why would the old goat do it? He don't need the four hundred. He don't like to open safes so bad he can't stay away from it. And why does he come in and cop out?"

"He didn't want Teeter to take the fall."

"Feed that to the birds!" Jake said. "I been a cop more years than I like to remember, an' I never seen an old-timer yet worry about who picks up his tab!" Jake took his hat from the desk, jammed it on his head. "This I gotta look into!"

"Not without me," Corbin said. "When an old con turns himself in for the rest of the road—that's a story."

Jake snarled a wordless oath and turned away. Corbin followed him down to the basement, where Jake checked out a car. They drove west into the hills and beyond the hills. The street Jake wanted led into a district of brand-new homes. He got an address from his notebook and let the car drift to a stop before one of the better houses.

"This is where his kid lives," he said, looking at the place with the interest of a man seeing it for the first time. "She's a daughter, which she is married to a young fellow that does real well, I hear. I ain't never been out here before. I like to leave 'em alone when I can."

He led the way up the walk, rang the bell and waited. A woman opened the door. Jake had been expecting something fancy, a kind of female louse. This woman looked good and decent. Brown hair, brown eyes, a fresh yellow dress, crisp in heat that would wilt concrete. She looked at Jake's unsmiling face.

"It's about Sam Lundborg," Jake said.

Her lips moved, but no sound came. After a moment, she shook her head. "There must be some mistake," she said. "There is no one here by that name."

Jake showed her his shield. "Police," he said.

"Oh." She whispered it. "Come in—please."

They walked into a living room, big and well furnished. A dark, solidly made

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man of thirty was lying on a davenport. Close by, a little girl of five or six sat in a tiny chair, watching television. The son-in-law got up to see a couple of strangers, smiling.

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't hear you come in."

"My husband, Mr. McAdams," the woman said. "Mr. ——"

"Jake Sloan," Jake said. "This's Fred Corbin."

The man looked at Jake, looked at his wife. He saw the pallor in his wife's face, and his smile went out. "Wait a minute," he said. "What's this ——"

"Please," the woman said. "Little ears ——" She turned off the television set and went to the child. "Bed time, Lily," she said. "And we've got company."

"Do I have to?" the little girl said.

Her mother said she had to. The little girl got up; then picked up the chair to take it with her. It was a handmade chair, crude for the want of tools, but oddly beautiful. The dark wood glowed with a finish deep and clear.

"Bet your granddaddy made that," Jake said.

"I don't have a grandfather," the little girl told him. "Mr. Johnson made it. Mr. Johnson lives with us."

"Lily," the woman said, "run along now."

The little girl carried the chair away.

"Lily doesn't know," the woman said. "Thank you."

Jake's answer was a black scowl.

McAdams said, "Say! Just what is this?"

"They're police officers." The woman's voice was thin and shaken. "They're looking for my father."

"What d'you want with him?" McAdams asked angrily.

Bluntly, Jake said, "The old man blew a safe in a garage, a week ago Wednesday night. He took four hundred bucks. A while ago he came in and told me about it. He's locked up."

He couldn't have hurt them worse with a club. The woman wilted into a chair, her face drained of color, her mouth shaping a wordless sound of despair. McAdams whispered, "Oh, no," heartbrokenly, then looked at his wife, eyes aching. He went to stand beside her chair. He looked at Jake, pleading.

"Why?" the woman asked. "Why would he do it?"

"I'd like to know," Jake said. "With his record, this can cost him all he's got left—ten, maybe fifteen years. And he's askin' for it. You got any ideas?"

McAdams said, "We did everything we could for him. I liked the old man, ex-convict or not. He had a home with us for the rest of his life. I told him that. And I meant it."

"What kind of a home?" Jake asked.

"A room of his own," the woman said. "He liked it; he stayed in it most of the time. Pocket money, clothes, food. We let him use the car every Wednesday night; he liked to go to the local movie. Of course, there wasn't much for him to do. He didn't like to read. And our friends—well, an ex-convict—that's embarrassing for everyone. We weren't mean about it, but Bob has his work ——"

Jake sighed heavily. "Yeah. And an old-time thief ain't a good recommendation to your boss." He looked at both of them. "You had to tell the little girl he was Mr. Johnson?"

"I couldn't tell her her grandfather was in prison," the woman said. "So I told her he was dead, a long time ago. Then he came to live with us."

"Sure," Jake said tiredly. "What else?"

He motioned Fred Corbin toward the door and followed him. McAdams came to let them out. He said he wanted to help in any way he could. Jake said that with a plea of guilty there wasn't much that needed to be done.

"I'll be down," McAdams said. "He's my father-in-law."

In the car, driving back toward headquarters, Jake mopped sweat from his face and swore angrily.

"How do you like it now?" he asked Corbin.

Corbin's face was serious. "I know why Sam did it. He blew that safe and turned himself in so he'd be sent back to prison. He was nothing but trouble for the kids. He wanted them happy."

"It was tough on them," Jake admitted. "You got an ex-con for a father, you can't wave him around like a flag. The little girl didn't know he was her granddad."

"Can you blame them?"

"No," Jake said. "It ain't their fault he used to blow safes! It's just a tough situation, for them and for Sam."

"There must be something you can do," Corbin said.

Jake glared at him. "Me! All the time, me! Why don't you do something for a change?" He hit the wheel suddenly. "You're a brain. You figure a way Sam and the kids could get along, if Sam was back with them. An' don't come tanglin' my feet again till you got it."

"Jake! Sam's going to prison!"

"Look, sonny," Jake said with exhausted patience. "It ain't any easier to crash into the joint than it is to crash out. I'm takin' Sam's word now. But a man's word, a confession, ain't enough. Along with it, I gotta have proof. You can make like I ain't gonna get it, can't you? What've you got to lose?"

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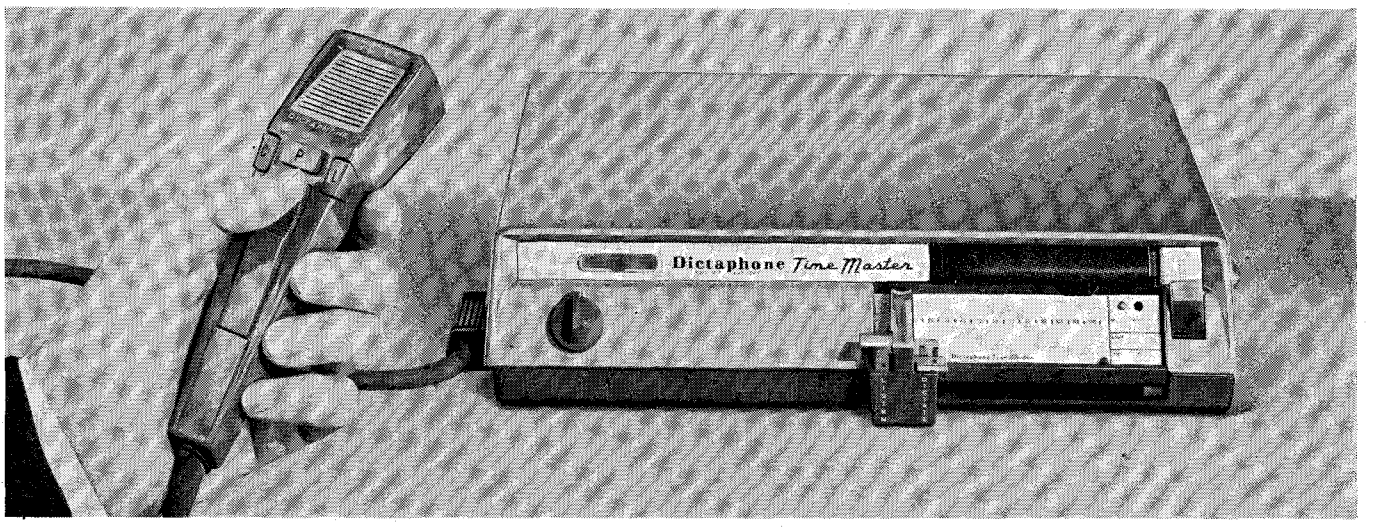

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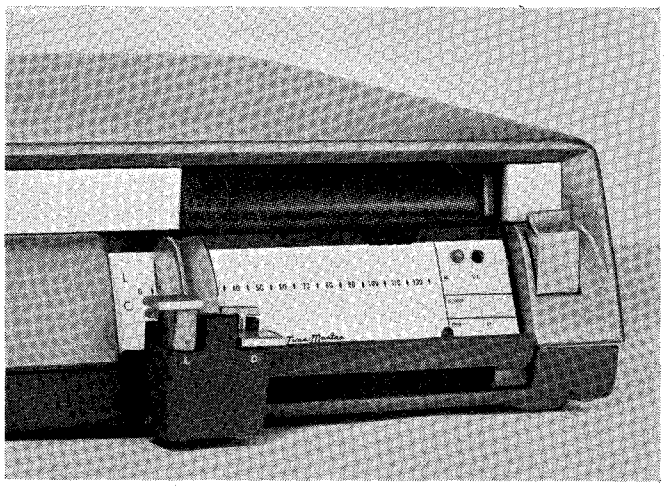

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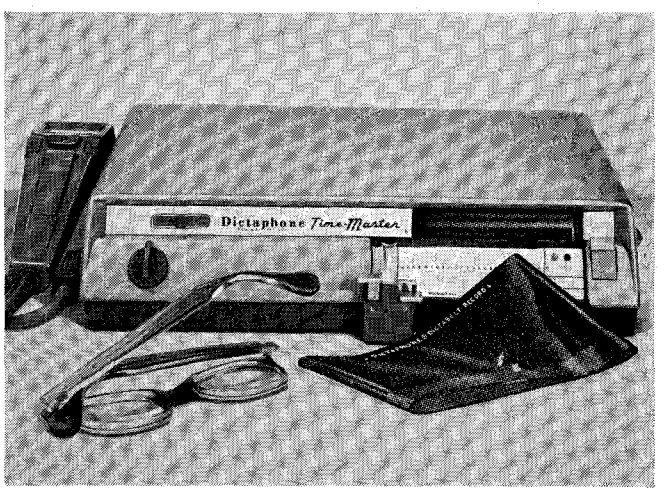

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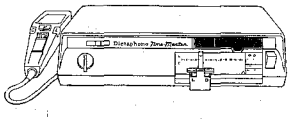
ALL NEW **DICTAPHONE**  **TIME-MASTER**

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Jake spent his duty hours, four to midnight, working on the trap he hoped to spring at the Meadowbrook Supermarket on Sunday night. Nothing could be allowed to spoil that. Duncan and Kirby were a pair of rough thieves. They would steal as long as they were loose, and either of them could end a life as quick as a pistol shot.

Before and after duty hours, he found time for another problem—the Kerney Street garage job. Jake had a long, hard look at it, not liking what he learned. At midnight, Sunday, Fred Corbin found him slouched at his desk, gray-faced, exhausted.

Corbin was honestly concerned. "You sick, Jake?"

"No, I ain't sick," Jake said. "I broke my pick."

"On the hush-hush deal I've been hearing whispers about?"

"Ears like radar," Jake said sourly. He looked at his watch. "The 'hush-hush could break in maybe an hour. I don't need you, but if you want to cover it y'better hang around."

"I hear Teeter's on the street, free as air."

"Yeah," Jake said heavily.

Corbin wanted the details, and Jake lacked the strength to argue. The garage-safe job, he said, stuck to Sam like the paper on the wall. He knew more about the job than had appeared in the paper—things only Jake and the thief could know. He had tools a microscope could tie to the tool marks on the door that had been jimmied. Add all that to a signed confession, and what did you have?

"A tight case," Corbin said.

Jake rubbed his face wearily. "How tight can it get?"

"I did my part," Corbin said. "I found a way Sam and the young people could get along in the world with Sam on the outside." He fished yellow copy paper from his pocket. "It's no big deal," he said, "but it'll work. See what you think?"

"And break my heart?" Jake said. "Nothin' doin'!"

Corbin put the copy paper back in his pocket. "What about his daughter and son-in-law? How are they taking it?"

"They been tryin' to get a-hold of me," Jake said. "But like you know, I been busy. Since I got to wait around here on the hush-hush tonight, I told them they could come in. They don't care it's late. They hired a baby sitter."

The McAdamses came in at a quarter of one. A good-looking young couple, worried and heart-sick. The pain in their faces did Jake no good. His brows came down in a dark scowl, his pale eyes were harassed, angry. He gave them chairs.

"I don't know why you're here," he said. "I can't help you. I did all I could. It adds up to nothin'."

"We think we can do something," McAdams said.

His wife put a hand on his arm. "Let me tell him," she said. She showed Jake a determined face. "I think I know why dad did it, after promising everyone, including himself, that he never would again. He wants to go back to prison."

To say that, had cost her plenty, Jake knew. Her voice had broken a little.

"So the blame is ours," the woman said. "We promised him a home, but we didn't give it to him. We—we treated him like a convict. We were ashamed of him. He lived with us, but he wasn't a part of our lives." Her eyes held hurt. "He thought it would be easier for us if he went back to prison."

Corbin said, "It wasn't all your fault."

"Enough of it was," McAdams said. He took an envelope from his pocket. "Here's some money we've saved. Six hundred and seventy-five dollars. We want to reimburse the garage owner for the money that was taken and the damage to his safe. If he'll drop the charges, we'll take dad home and try again. Harder, this time, and we'll make it go."

Jake scowled. "Why?" he said. "Why does it always happen to me?"

Before anyone could answer that, there was the sound of hurrying feet in the hallway, and Leo Goodnight, a swart and stocky plain-clothes man, his face alight with controlled excitement, opened the door.

"Jake! They went for it! Let's roll!"

Jake lunged up out of his chair. He fished keys from his pocket and opened a cabinet on a rack of sawed-off shotguns. He handed one to Goodnight, took another for himself. Corbin was on his feet, as eager as a bird dog. The young couple were frightened, their eyes questioned Jake.

"Blast it!" Jake said. "Don't look at me like that! I can't help you. You can't buy a man out of a felony rap. There ain't enough money in the world. Go home! Forget it!"

He was swearing when he went down in the elevator with Goodnight and Corbin. He was still swearing when they climbed into an unmarked car that was waiting at the curb. Mark Atwood, a safe-detail man, an old head, was at the wheel.

Family swimming pool: A small body of water completely surrounded by other people's children.

G. NORMAN COLLIE

They went west, across the river. A curving ramp took them to a broad freeway. Jake made rumbling noises in his chest all the way. Atwood halted the car a long block from the Meadowbrook Supermarket, a huge building that stood alone in acres of parking lot. The car radio said the suspects were in the building. Three men, instead of two.

"Who's the new hand?" Jake asked.

"Willie Teeter."

Jake's mouth shaped a cold grin. "Well whaddayuh know?" he said. "I get Willie, after all, an' nobody picks up this tab for him." His voice sharpened. "Let's hit 'em in the head!"

Police cars slammed into the parking lot from all directions, men with guns hit the pavement, running. They took up positions at the corners of the building, covering the entrances. A sound truck equipped with a big searchlight halted before the front entrance. Atwood put their car beside it. Jake opened the door and stepped out, the riot gun in his hand. He lifted the gun and pumped the slide and the racking crash of it was loud in the night. The sound was repeated from one corner of the building, then another—a chilling warning for the three inside.

"Let's have the lights!" Jake yelled.

Headlight and searchlight glare bathed the building, probed through the windows to light the vast interior. Something moved in one of the aisles, moved and was gone. Jake took a microphone from the driver of the sound car. He spoke into it and loud-speakers mounted on the fenders threw a giant shout into the night.

"We know you're in there!" the speakers roared. "Duncan, Kirby, Teeter! Come out with your hands up and empty!"

Silence came. A sweating moment of silence. Jake let it build, then used the microphone again, helping the three inside make up their minds. A stocky man stepped out from behind a tall display rack to face the glare of the lights. He put his hands up.

Duncan and Teeter appeared then, coming slowly down the stairs that led to the balcony, the manager's office and the safe. There was nothing square about these two, they had sideburns and hair long enough to braid. The loud-speaker commanded all three to stand in clear view, hands on heads. Mark Atwood went forward to unlock the plate-glass front door.

And then it went wrong. Duncan had a look at the years ahead, the walls, the bars—and blew his stack. He came through the door at a dead run, a gun suddenly in his hand. Atwood twisted away, stumbled. Duncan fired. Atwood went down and Duncan ran on.

"I got 'im!" Jake yelled.

The bulk of the sound truck protected Duncan for a little time. Jake was grimly patient. When the running man appeared, the sights of Jake's riot gun picked him up, followed him. Jake fired and Duncan's legs went out from under him as if struck by a giant hand. A uniformed patrolman was there at once to kick the pistol from Duncan's hand.

"Mark!" Jake yelled. "You hit?"

Mark Atwood didn't answer. He was sitting against the building, his hands against his chest. When Jake reached him, he looked up, his face numb with shock. He opened his hands to show his chest. Duncan's bullet had slashed the front of Atwood's coat like a knife. There was no blood. There was no wound.

"A new suit," Atwood said. "Sixty-five bucks only last week, Jake. Look at it! Tore all to pieces!"

"An' I had you dead!" Jake's voice shook. "You tramp!"

"A cop's life is a grim go," Jake always said. "It ain't a trade where you deal with sweetness and light." But once in a blue moon, things broke right for him and he could make people weep the right kind of tears. The happy kind. And he'd never had it so good as he had it when, an hour after he'd taken Duncan, Kirby and Teeter, he stopped by his office and found the McAdamses still waiting for him. Fred Corbin, his story filed, was waiting too. The young people were weary but determined.

"The money has to be returned to the garage owner," McAdams said, "and his safe must be repaired. It doesn't matter that it won't help dad. The debt is there!"

Jake looked at Corbin, grinning happily. "People like this. Why don't we have a world full of 'em?"

Corbin was not happy at all. "You'd be out of a job."

"Who'd complain?" Jake asked.

Now Corbin's eyes sharpened. "What goes on, Jake?"

"I got news," Jake said. "Before you hear it, you're gonna tell us what you figured out for Sam—how him and these kids could get along in the world without a lot of strain."

"Is Sam ——"

"Just give us the scoop," Jake said.

Corbin dug through his pockets, suddenly excited. He found the yellow copy paper. "Here's the address of a man who owns a small building—shop space and a small adjoining apartment. I talked to him; he'll rent it cheap. And here's the address of a widow whose husband left her a basement full of tools—lathe, bandsaw, planer, joiner—the works. I talked to her too. She'll rent them to Sam or sell them for a song. Sam could live by himself and have a business of his own."

"How d'you like that?" Jake asked the young people proudly. "This springer spaniel kid's got a head on his shoulders. You don't have to carry Sam. Invest your dough in him, and he can carry himself. Ain't that the right answer?"

The young people were stunned. "But he can't ——"

"Don't you think he can't!" Jake said. "There ain't a better cabinetmaker in the world than Sam."

"Quit stalling!" Corbin almost yelled it.

Jake grinned. "Sam's clean," he said. "I hung the garage-safe job back on Teeter. As soon as Sam gets dressed, he'll be down and you can take him home. It's all finished."

The young people were a moment believing it. Then the woman covered her face with her hands and began weeping. The good kind of tears. The happy kind. Jake looked at Corbin, pretending consternation.

"What's to cry about?" he asked.

Fred Corbin liked happy endings as well as the next one. But he was a newspaperman with an inquiring mind and a sense of responsibility. He trusted Jake, but only to a point. He had a question to ask after the young people had taken Sam home.

"Did Teeter really open that garage safe?"

Jake's thick brows went up in surprise, his pale eyes showed indignation. But only until he'd thought about it a moment. Then his brows came down and his mouth moved in a near-evil grin.

"What would be the matter with that?" he asked. "Teeter won't have to serve a day for the garage job. They'll figure he's hit hard enough for the supermarket. Why not deal with him?"

"One reason," Corbin said. "It's against the law."

Then Jake relented. "Willie wore his workin' clothes tonight. It was the first I knew he had any. I shook 'em down and the pants cuffs were loaded with fire clay, which it could only come from that old garage safe. The lab proved it. Teeter copped out clean when I told him."

"But, Jake! Sam had the tools! The marks matched. He knew the details of the job. Where'd he get them?"

"From Kirby and Duncan," Jake said. "Y'see, the supermarket safe is too tough for these two to crack alone. They need a top-flight safe mechanic for the job. They know about old Sam, they know about Willie Teeter. They want Sam, but Sam says no. Willie says yes, but Willie's locked up. How can he? So they make Sam take the garage-safe job to spring Willie. They give him Willie's tools, they give him the details."

"How could they make him?"

"They gave him a choice," Jake said. "He can work with them on the supermarket or he can take the garage-safe job. Or else. The 'or else' is too tough for Sam. Kirby and Duncan say they'll get rough with the little girl. Hit her with a car—something like that. Will they? Sam thinks so. And what's he got to lose by makin' sure they won't? A few years on the outside that ain't real happy for anybody, anyway."

"The poor devil," Corbin whispered.

"Don't tell the young people," Jake said, scowling. "They'd worry it could happen again. Not that it will. A squeeze like that couldn't get by us twice."

Corbin smiled then. "Lucky for you, wasn't it? Finding that fire clay at the last minute?"

Sourly, Jake said, "Like I keep tellin' you, if there's any luck in this business, it never happens to me. I been knockin' myself out for days, tryin' to get Sam loose. Am I goin' to quit tryin' just because it's the last minute?"

"Sorry!" Corbin said. He stood up and saluted. THE END

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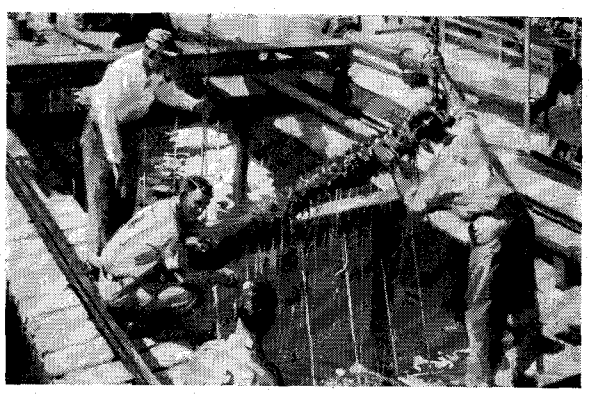

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Baltimore's Bonus-Baby Blues

(Continued from Page 30)

New York Yankees, lifted Oriole Gus Triandos and sent up his own Yogi Berra to hit instead. There was a deafening surge of boos. When the unfortunate Berra popped up on the first pitch, the park resounded with exultant jeers.

One local specialty is "the Baltimore farewell," in which the fans derisively wave their handkerchiefs at an opposing pitcher who has been knocked out of the box. Some people in and around the Oriole organization privately deplore this as "bush" stuff—but add that the home crowds are getting more sophisticated. For example, it no longer is unthinkable for a visiting player who does something outstanding to get a hand.

Another distinguishing feature of the Baltimore baseball scene also has undergone alterations. This is the fence situation at Memorial Stadium, the 47,778-seat municipal field which serves as the Orioles' home grounds. It's the reverse of the problem in the Los Angeles Coliseum, where the Dodgers have that notoriously close left-field screen starting at a point only 250 feet from home plate.

In Baltimore the trouble has been that the fences were too far away to give long-ball hitters a reasonable chance. When Memorial Stadium opened for big-league baseball, it had a symmetrical outfield wall that began a modest 309 feet down the foul lines, but circled back steeply to 447 feet in left center and right center, then arched out slightly to 450 feet in dead center.

This was the toughest all-round home-run park in the majors. It did much to shape the Birds—as Baltimoreans generally call the Orioles—into a good-pitch, no-hit team. In 1956, after two seasons of frustration for home and enemy batsmen, Paul Richards had those vast outer spaces pared down somewhat through the installation of a fence that ran from the 405-foot mark in left center to the corresponding spot in right center. The center-field depth came down to 425 feet.

This still left considerable room for outfielders to haul down long drives that would have been home runs in other parks. So this year Richards had the fence brought in still farther. The new dimensions are 382 feet in left and right center, and 410 feet in dead center.

The immediate effect on the Oriole offense this spring was something less than revolutionary. In fact, the Baltimore games were lower-scoring than ever, although home runs at Memorial Stadium did increase a bit. In their first sixty-three games at home and away, the Birds were involved in no fewer than nineteen shutouts, of which they won eight and lost eleven.

During the next few weeks the scoring picked up somewhat. However, in mid-July the Orioles still ranked high defensively and low on the attack. On defense they were doing their best over-all job yet, limiting opponents to an average of 3.51 runs per game—a record second to the Yankees'. At bat, on the other hand, the Orioles were at a new low in futility, averaging 3.21 runs with the league's feeblest offense. There was audible restlessness among the Baltimore fans, although not among the club's owners.

The large and eager band of investors which first brought the franchise to Baltimore in the fall of 1953 has shaken down to a smaller but still eager group. It can be stated that voting control of the ball club now rests with officials of the Gunther Brewing Company, sponsor of the Oriole telecasts. However, Gunther does not directly own and operate the Orioles, the way Anheuser-Busch does the St. Louis Cardinals, and most of the team's officers and directors are not affiliated with the brewery. This includes the congenial, unassuming president of the Orioles, James Keelty, Jr., head of a home-building firm founded by his father.

The Oriole owners have dutifully plowed all profits back into the club, and have spent rather liberally for playing talent. They even buy their way into the ball park—each man pays for his own box seats and for any he hands out to friends. It is pretty clear that the Baltimore backers didn't get into baseball in hopes of reaping tidy capital gains, as some of the operators in other cities have done. Like the local fans, they want a winning team most of all.

Going into this year, owners and fans alike were encouraged by the club's slow but steady climb under Paul Richards, who was hired at the end of the Orioles' first season in 1954. Unfortunately, as Richards himself would readily declare, the upswing was the result of short-run improvising, and did not necessarily reflect the establishment of any lasting foundation for success.

Richards has been wheeling and dealing at a pace to rival Frank Lane, his old boss on the Chicago White Sox. By a recent count, 132 different ballplayers have been on the Baltimore roster since Richards came in. While endeavoring to give the team an immediate lift through trades, he has labored equally hard to develop future talent through scouting and farm-team operations. At this writing, though, only three of his boys have graduated to the parent club—third baseman Brooks Robinson, pitcher Milt Pappas and reserve outfielder Lennie Green. The rest of the current Orioles—with the exception of left-handed pitcher Billy O'Dell, a standout in the recent All Star Game, who already was on the roster when Richards arrived—have been picked up from other organizations.

> The best time for parents to put the children to bed is while they still have the strength.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

Most baseball men think Richards has got commendable mileage out of an assortment of discards and retreads. However, retreads don't always work out, as in the case of Billy Loes, the one-time problem boy of the Dodgers.

A pitcher of great early promise, Loes was sold off to Baltimore after the Dodgers finally gave up on him in 1956. The next year he rebounded to become one of the American League pitchers in the All-Star Game, and compiled a twelve-and-seven record for the season.

This performance strengthened ex-catcher Richards' reputation as a skillful handler of pitchers. Even Loes, whose statements to the press have seldom been characterized by sweetness and light, allowed that Richards was the first manager he'd seen who knew what pitching was about.

That was last year. This spring Loes just couldn't win. On June first, en route to his fifth-straight loss, he tried to tag out a plate-bound Washington runner whom he had trapped off third base. When umpire Larry Napp ruled that Loes had missed, Billy flung away the ball and his glove—which allowed another runner to score—and charged and jostled the umpire. For the first action, he was fined $100 and suspended three days by Richards; for the second, he was fined $100 and suspended six days by the American League.

Talking to reporters in the clubhouse later, Billy was his old self. Gesturing toward the manager's office, he muttered, "I've been suspended for making 'god' in there look bad." Despite all this, a few days later Richards patiently began a new attempt at the reclamation of Billy Loes.

Although the Orioles haven't come up with any nationally famous stars yet, they have produced some local heroes. Crowd favorites have variously included flashy shortstop Willy Miranda, steady second baseman Bill Gardner and slugging catcher Gus Triandos, an American League starter in the All-Star Game. A new pet of the fans this spring was Brooks Robinson, the youthful third baseman.

Baltimore rooters also have given hard times to certain players. They were mightily disappointed in Vic Wertz, who couldn't hit in spacious Memorial Stadium during a brief stay in 1954. Gene Woodling had a similar experience in the spring of 1955. Both subsequently went to the Cleveland Indians and, on later visits to Baltimore, they used to make bets with each other as to which would receive the louder jeers when his name was announced in the line-up.

Now Woodling is back with the Orioles. As far as the fans were concerned, the slate seemed to be wiped clean when he put on the Baltimore uniform again. Gene won an early-season game against the Yankees with a ninth-inning double as a pinch hitter. "He could have been elected mayor of Baltimore that night," an observer says.

There was big-league baseball fever in Baltimore for years before the city finally made it. Voters had this possibility in mind shortly after World War II when they approved an initial $2,500,000 bond issue for construction of a new municipal stadium.

Although Baltimore and the state of Maryland have always been closely identified in sports circles with horse racing, the city also has a long tradition in baseball. It was represented in the first professional league, the National Association of the 1870's. During the 1880's Baltimore had a team in the American Association, then a major league. In the gay nineties there were the famous "old Orioles" of the National League—a hard-bitten crew featuring John McGraw, Willie Keeler, Hugh Jennings and others.

Baltimore entered the new American League in 1901 under John McGraw's managership. After McGraw pulled out during the 1902 season to go with the New York Giants, in the National League, Baltimore lost its franchise. It was to take more than half a century to get it back. Meanwhile the vacuum was filled by Jack Dunn's Baltimore Orioles, of the International League. Some great ballplayers prepped for the majors under Dunn in Baltimore. Among them was a local boy called Babe Ruth.

In 1944 Baltimore drew a record minor-league crowd of 52,833 to the city's old wooden municipal stadium for a Little World Series game with Louisville. This helped to stimulate an increasing amount of agitation and controversy in the Baltimore newspapers about getting a new stadium—and a major-league team to play in it. Baltimore's hustling mayor, Thomas D'Alesandro—a Democratic candidate for the United States Senate this fall—seized upon this as a favorite project.

For quite a while the hullabaloo seemed pretty pointless. No big-league franchise had been moved since Baltimore itself got squeezed out in 1902, and there was no real evidence that the picture ever would change. After the 1952 season, though, possibilities suddenly opened up. Construction magnate Lou Perini's Braves had fallen upon hard times in Boston, while in St. Louis, baseball operator Bill Veeck despaired of ever making a go of it with the Browns after the rival Cardinals were purchased over the winter by Gussie Busch's huge brewery enterprise.

Baltimore made overtures to both men. Perini, of course, wound up shifting the Braves to Milwaukee, where he already owned the minor-league franchise—and where Veeck first wanted to take his Browns. Meanwhile Veeck allied himself with the Baltimore boosters. On March 16, 1953, with Mayor D'Alesandro and other city officials giving him support, Veeck asked the American League's permission to move immediately to the Maryland metropolis. He was promptly slapped down. Reportedly only Cleveland and Chicago voted "yes."

There were agonized howls in Baltimore. However, nobody was giving up yet. A renewed campaign quickly got under way. This time the plan was to have local investors buy out a substantial part of the Veeck group's 79-per-cent stock interest in the Browns. The man who sparked the formation of a Baltimore syndicate was Clarence W. Miles, a prominent local attorney, who had explored this possibility earlier with a Chicago lawyer friend, Sidney Schiff. Schiff was one of Veeck's chief financial backers on the Browns, along with investment bankers Newton Frye and Arthur C. Allyn.

Under the new plan, Veeck was to continue as executive head of the ball club. Accompanied by Miles and the mayor, he submitted the revised Baltimore program to the league at the end of the 1953 season—and again failed to get enough favorable votes.

By now it was clear that no proposition which kept Bill Veeck in charge of the club ever would win approval. He is a highly engaging personality, but his irreverent and unpredictable ways had antagonized too many of the other club owners. Meanwhile there was competition for the franchise from other cities. So within a matter of forty-eight hours, Miles arranged to have the Baltimore syndicate buy out the entire holdings of Veeck and his associates. This time the league O.K.'d the move.

The final purchase price was $2,475,000—about $1,000,000 more than the syndicate had expected to pay under the original plan. Abraham Krieger, chairman of the board of the Gunther Brewing Company, was the key man in supplying the additional financing. Ironically, it wasn't until 1957 that his brewery was able to begin sponsoring Oriole broadcasts. Veeck had signed away the rights for three years to one of Gunther's competitors, the National Brewing Company.

Recently Bill Veeck was asked to single out the men he considers most responsible for bringing the Browns to Baltimore. Next to Mayor D'Alesandro—the long-time spearhead of the campaign—Veeck put Jerold Hoffberger, president of the National Brewing Company, which already was sponsoring games of the nearby Washington Senators. The Senators were fearful of being hurt financially if Baltimore came into the league; Hoffberger reassured them by stipulating that National Brewing would continue in Washington at increased fees whether or not it branched into Baltimore.

The next individuals on Veeck's list were James C. Anderson, head of the Baltimore Park Board, who co-operated wholeheartedly in making the municipal

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stadium available, and Jack Dunn, III, holder of Baltimore's International League franchise, who agreed to relinquish his territorial rights. He got $350,000 and a job in the new organization; his title today is assistant general manager and road secretary.

Finally, Veeck named Clarence Miles, organizer of the syndicate. Although Miles' personal investment was not large, he became the first president of the club, and served very actively for two years. After initially attempting to get Frank Lane away from the Chicago White Sox as general manager, Miles hired Arthur Ehlers from the fading Philadelphia Athletics. Ehlers in turn decided not to keep Marty Marion, who had managed the team in St. Louis, and installed as manager the veteran Jimmy Dykes, who had just been fired by the A's.

The new Oriole organization went into 1954 with bright visions of duplicating the "Milwaukee Miracle" of the year before, when the transplanted Braves set a new league attendance record of 1,826,000. In Baltimore things started off on the same exuberant note. On the home opening day in April, an estimated half-million people lined the sidewalks as the Orioles were paraded through the streets in open automobiles, escorted by some twenty bands. The players were showered with confetti and even orchids. That afternoon at Memorial Stadium—where a new upper deck had been completed just under the wire, but a lot of finishing work still remained—46,354 people cheered a 3–1 triumph by the Orioles over the White Sox.

Baltimore wasn't expecting its new team to climb as rapidly as the Braves—who had shot up from seventh place to second after moving—but fans did assume that the 1954 Orioles would at least improve on the last-place record of the 1953 Browns, who had 54 wins and 100 losses. Instead, the Orioles wound up with exactly the same won-and-lost record, although this proved sufficient to put them in seventh place, ahead of the Athletics. Attendance that first year was 1,060,000—far short of Milwaukee proportions but, under the circumstances, not too bad.

Well before the end of that first summer, Clarence Miles decided that the Orioles needed a new manager and a new general manager. Ultimately he gave both portfolios to the same man—Paul Richards, then managing the Chicago White Sox. Jimmy Dykes moved on to his present coaching berth at Cincinnati. Arthur Ehlers stayed in the Baltimore organization.

In Paul Richards' unique dual role at Baltimore, he wasn't expected to handle all the business matters that a general manager normally looks after. What he wanted—and got—was authority over the scouting and farm setups, so that he could direct talent-building activities.

Ex-president Miles—who insists that his resignation late in 1955 was voluntary, although others contend that he was pushed—gave strong support to Richards. So has Miles' successor, Jim Keelty.

Paul Rapier Richards, the central figure in the Baltimore baseball picture today, is an outwardly mild, inwardly intense Texan of forty-nine. A player of limited skills, he had a total of eight seasons as a major-league catcher. As a manager, he has come to be regarded as one of the "brains" of the business—a resourceful tactician and manipulator of players.

Within a couple of months after taking the job, Richards showed that he wasn't afraid to stick his neck out. He traded off three of the Orioles' most promising young men—Bob Turley, Don Larsen and Billy Hunter—in a controversial seventeen-man deal with the Yankees which brought Gus Triandos, Willie Miranda and Gene Woodling to Baltimore. Similarly, he didn't hesitate his first year to gamble substantial sums on bonus contracts with unproven youngsters.

Practically every major-league club by now has had some unhappy—and costly—experiences with bonus babies. Some have suffered on a larger scale than Baltimore—the Pittsburgh Pirates under Branch Rickey's administration between 1950 and 1955, and the Boston Red Sox during the same period. However, no club ever endured a more concentrated dose of bonus grief than the have-not Orioles of 1955. They got involved with a total of seven expensive youngsters, and in no case has there been a happy ending.

For example, there was Bruce Swango, a high-school pitcher from Welch, Oklahoma. Reportedly, all sixteen major-league clubs were interested in Swango. The Orioles landed him for a $36,000 bonus, payable over three years. When Swango reported, he informed the club that he couldn't pitch right away because of a sore arm. Later he said that he was too nervous to test his arm in front of a big-league crowd. When Richards gave up and released him—within a matter of weeks after the original signing—Swango still hadn't as much as warmed up in an Oriole uniform. Subsequently he got into the Yankee farm system.

Then there was Tom Borland, a college pitcher from Oklahoma A. & M., for whom the Orioles were bidding against the Chicago White Sox. When some of the Baltimore brass finally saw him in action for the first time in an exhibition game, they were all for getting out from under. Ultimately Commissioner Ford Frick ruled that because of "irregularities" in the Orioles' negotiations with Borland, they couldn't have him—but that they were obligated to pay him $40,000 anyway.

Borland never formally became the property of the Orioles, and neither did another pitcher, named Vincent Pignatello, in whose case Frick also found evidence of "irregularities."

There were five bonus boys who did get on the Baltimore roster that year. In addition to Bruce Swango, they were outfielder Jim Pyburn ($36,000), outfielder Bob Nelson ($40,000), infielder Wayne Causey ($30,000) and catcher Tommy Gastall ($40,000).

The bonus figures here are all unofficial estimates. Anyway, whatever the precise amount of their commitments in 1955, the Orioles may never get anything back from it. Tommy Gastall died in September, 1956, in a crash of his private plane. Pyburn, Nelson and Causey remain in the Baltimore farm system.

The Orioles signed no bonus boys in 1956—they just didn't have room to carry any more on their major-league roster, as regulations then required. However, they continued to show one of the league's highest net outlays for player purchases, shelling out a total of $160,000 more on assorted deals than they took in.

When Bill Walsingham, a former St. Louis Cardinal vice president, was hired by the Orioles late in 1956 with the title of executive vice president, some observers deduced that he had been brought in to curb Richards' spending. It hasn't worked out that way at all. Walsingham handles various business and administrative affairs, but Richards continues to call the tune on player deals.

In 1957 the Orioles were back in the bonus market again, signing catcher Frank Zupo ($24,000) and pitcher Jerry Walker ($8000). This year, with baseball's bonus rule repealed and huge payments to youngsters becoming commonplace, Baltimore by midseason had given bonus contracts to eighteen boys, including outfielder Dave Nicholson ($100,000) and pitcher John Papa ($50,000).

Nicholson, an eighteen-year-old star from St. Louis amateur leagues, received bids from every major-league team but Detroit. Before submitting Baltimore's successful offer, Paul Richards had seven different scouts look over the boy, and personally watched him work out. Yet at spring training this year it soon became evident that Nicholson was far from ready to supply the added batting punch the Orioles need. He eventually started the season in Class A ball at Knoxville, Tennessee, then dropped another notch to Class B at Wilson, North Carolina. He was batting only .234 there in midseason, although he had hit eight homers, one of them reputedly a 560-foot tape-measure job.

Richards and his organization are doing everything they can think of to reduce the amount of trial and error in the signing of young players. They've begun to experiment with having their scouts take movies of prospects for study back in the home office. Maybe Baltimore will have a better result story to tell in the future. For the present, though, the Orioles can point to only one bonus boy who made good. This was their first one, southpaw pitcher Billy O'Dell. He was signed during the Arthur Ehlers regime in 1954 for a comparatively modest figure—around $7500.

Despite the talent expenditures, there has been no financial strain in Baltimore so far. There were erroneous rumors to the contrary a few weeks ago when some stock in the ball club was put up for public sale. But these were just minority shares. The holdings of the controlling syndicate were not involved.

The Oriole ownership currently is dominated by five men: president Jim Keelty, Jr.; board chairman Joseph A. W. Iglehart, a broker; secretary Robert J. Gill, an attorney; board member William H. Callahan, Jr., a contractor; and last—and far from least—treasurer Zanvyl Krieger, counsel for the Gunther Brewing Company. They aren't going to run out of money, although it is always possible that they will run out of enthusiasm.

All things considered, the Orioles made out well during their first four years in the nation's sixth largest city:

	Attendance	Profit or Loss
1954 (7th)	1,060,000	$643,000
1955 (7th)	852,000	–$86,000
1956 (6th)	901,000	$69,000
1957 (5th)	1,029,000	$284,000

In this initial period the Orioles were able to reduce Federal income taxes to a minimum by writing off carryover losses from the St. Louis Browns. That's over now, and it also happens that the Orioles at present are contesting a $300,000 claim for back taxes. Moreover, gate receipts have been off this year as a result of the club's rather disappointing start and the lopsided American League race. If it takes the Orioles much longer to build a solid winner, the loyalty of the fans—some 2000 of whom went out to the airport to greet the team after a recent road trip—will be severely strained.

In the Baltimore farm system this year the watchword has been, "A homegrown team by 1960." However, as Paul Richards broodingly observed not long ago, when his 1958 Orioles were in the grip of an exasperating slump, "We're building for the future. But we can't afford to forget about the present either."

THE END

"Stanton, I want a divorce."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

in the same category. Girls apprehended in brothels were guilty of moral turpitude, but the label was not slapped on thugs who controlled the joints. Courts repeatedly ruled that carrying concealed weapons, gambling, extortion and malicious assault were not deportable offenses.

Such decisions put the top dogs beyond the jurisdiction of the INS. They pulled the wires behind the scenes; only underlings were caught with "fixes" of dope, money collected from prostitutes and guns used in murders. In 1952, Congress eliminated the one-year prison terms as a prerequisite for deportation. That plugged up some loopholes, but most of the big boys still were off the hook. They had got away with very light sentences as apprentices and had not seen the inside of a jail for twenty years.

Legal experts looking for a key to unlock the handcuffs restricting the INS found it in the Immigration and Nationality Act passed in 1952, at the height of the drive against subversives. It required all aliens to file their names and addresses with the Immigration Service every January. Failure to comply was punishable by deportation. Although designed primarily to flush out Communists who had gone underground, the law could be applied to hoodlums who were in the country illegally and those who were brought here as young children and were passing as native-born Americans.

It is a wry commentary on the safeguards for "the despicable" in our judicial system that flagrant enemies of society generally are prosecuted for their least heinous offenses. Al Capone and his henchmen of the prohibition era literally got away with murder until they fell into the income-tax trap that put them in prison. Today, the Department of Justice is nailing culprits on technical violations of the alien-registration law. Public opinion endorses any charge that will stand up in court against gangsters, but thoughtful lawyers and laymen argue that easy compromises with the law can lead to widespread abuses of civil rights.

"That's a valid criticism, but we're not guilty of it," General Swing says. "There are about three million aliens in the United States, and every year thousands neglect to register at our branch offices. Apart from making them register, we don't bother them unless they've done something detrimental to the public interest. In our files there are hundreds of reformed ex-convicts who could be deported, but their cards will stay at the bottom of the pile as long as they behave themselves."

Exposing phony claims of American birth to block deportation orders generally involves painstaking plowing through all sorts of records. Few hoods are as stupid as Sebastian Vermiglio, a dope peddler who submitted a Detroit baptismal certificate written with a ball-point pen invented thirty years after he was born. Joe Adonis, who had a certificate showing he was born at 26 State Street, in Passaic, New Jersey, in 1901, was done in by an agent who proved with old building permits that the address was a vacant lot at the time.

Paul DeLucia, business manager of the Capone mob in its heyday, changed his name, altered a church marriage record giving Ottaviano, Italy, as his birthplace, and had Mafia emissaries intimidate witnesses in the village when he learned the INS was on his trail. He covered up every clue but one—a forgotten account of $57.44 dormant since 1927 in the First National Bank of Chicago. An investigator dug up DeLucia's deposit card on which he gave Italy as his native country. He currently is appealing a deportation order. Big Bill Lias, owner of the Wheeling Downs race track in West Virginia and several unlicensed gambling deadfalls, had a fine contempt for the law. He casually paid fines totaling $239,306 between 1942 and 1946 for running bookie and slot-machine joints, but he began to sweat when the INS put the heat on him. He had a cousin in Gythion, Greece, obliterate his school record, but he was nailed with other official forms dating back to his birth in Greece in 1899. He, too, is appealing deportation.

The Russell Bufalino case is a good example of the INS's exhaustive detective work in blocking every escape hatch before closing in on the tarnished pride of Pittston. The service had a fairly complete dossier on Bufalino before Apalachin, but there was nothing to indicate he was an alien or a naturalized citizen, the only people in its province.

An urbane, well-spoken fellow, Bufalino always said he was born in Pittston on September 29, 1903, and he had a birth certificate to prove it. He was graduated from grammar school and attended high school in Buffalo, had voted in elections and gave the United States as his native country upon returning from two trips to the Caribbean. The dossier also showed he was arrested for several minor offenses between 1927 and 1935 in Buffalo, where he grew up, but no convictions resulted. In 1942, Bufalino went to Pittston and suddenly burgeoned as a civic leader and a partner in three prosperous firms making dresses and drapes.

The word was that he had been tapped to succeed old Santos Volpe, the Mafia chief in the Scranton area for half a century. Bufalino also became chummy with Johnny Dio, later convicted as a labor racketeer, sold friends expensive furs and jewelry at cut prices and was rumored to head up gambling operations in Eastern Pennsylvania. When questioned at his deportation hearing about the $150 weekly fee reputedly paid him by a Pittston manufacturer, Bufalino said he got the money for walking through the plant for "morale purposes." Bufalino was a no-good of the first water, all right, but he wasn't deportation bait.

After the Apalachin raid the INS ran another check on the entire Mafia crowd and again crossed Bufalino off its list when his American birthplace was noted. A week later a phone call from Wilkes-Barre abruptly focused attention on Bufalino. A clerk in the records bureau of Luzerne County, which embraces Pittston, confided that Bufalino's birth certificate looked like a crude attempt to copy the handwriting of the chief clerk in 1903. An investigator from Philadelphia met the clerk in the deserted Wilkes-Barre office on Thanksgiving Day and took pictures of Bufalino's certificate and several others filed in September, 1903. Laboratory examination confirmed suspicions that Bufalino's document was a possible forgery. That meant precisely nothing until the INS could track down Bufalino's birthplace.

The certificate showed Angelo and Cristina Bufalino, his parents, were natives of Montedoro, Sicily. An agent in Naples was told by transatlantic phone to get permission from the Italian police to examine records in Montedoro. The man called back the next day with interesting news. A son christened Rosario had been born to the Bufalinos in Montedoro on September 29, 1903, the same date entered on the spurious certificate.

Now the wheels went into high gear. Ten men were put on the laborious job of tracing the family's movements. The father came to America alone in 1903 and joined his brother Calogero in Pittston. He was killed there in a mine accident the following year. On January 13, 1906, Cristina Bufalino, her son Rosario and daughter Giuseppa arrived at Ellis Island. They lived in New York until 1910, when, after the death of the mother, Rosario and Giuseppa returned to Sicily. On February 14, 1914, the two children came back to America with their sister Cristina. Giuseppa was married in Buffalo a few months later, and Rosario went to live with her.

Despite incontrovertible evidence of Bufalino's foreign birth, the INS didn't have a case unless it could prove he had willfully failed to register as an alien. He could plead he left Sicily when he was so young he had no recollection of the old country. He might produce an army of relatives to testify that his mother had told him he was born in America, a mark of distinction among immigrant families of her generation.

Anticipating that line of defense, the INS prepared to knock it down with Bufalino's own acknowledgments of his Italian nationality. His registration cards at P. S. 1 and the Elm—now Burgard—Vocational High School in Buffalo showed Italy as his native country. Suppose he claimed he was enrolled by an aunt who, unknown to him, had given that information? Investigators found Miss L. N. Boland, a teacher at P. S. 1 in 1914, and William B. Kamprath, principal of the high school when Bufalino was a student. Both signed affidavits testifying that school regulations at the time required Bufalino to give the details of his background.

The clinchers were two declarations of American citizenship Bufalino made at Miami in 1956, when he returned from trips to Havana and Bimini. Those false statements also were deportable offenses. Bufalino compounded the felony at his hearing in January by submitting a notarized affidavit with 159 names attesting to his good character. It developed that the signatures had been affixed to blank sheets of paper and a number were forged. An order for Bufalino's deportation was issued on April second, but the Government will be fortunate if it sees and hears the last of him by 1961.

Like every well-heeled hood caught in the net, Bufalino will spend a fortune on legal fees in a desperate effort to reverse or delay his deportation, the rap gangsters fear most. As the boys say, they can do a five-year prison stretch on one leg and get back into circulation, but deportation is permanent exile to the bush leagues. They are out of the big money unless they carry enough weight to get into Luciano's narcotics setup. They are picked up for questioning by foreign police whenever a crime is committed. For many Mafia veterans, it means standing trial for old murders that sent them fleeing to America in the first place.

At the moment, crowded court calendars are cluttered up with many appeals of deportation orders going through slow processing. The Government eventually wins 95 per cent of the cases, but the hoods hope their lawyers will come up with the same sort of gimmicks that have given Frank Costello reprieves. On April seventh a suit which was started in 1952 to denaturalize Costello was dismissed by the Supreme Court because the proper affidavit was filed twenty-six days late by the Attorney General.

The basis of the action to strip Costello of his citizenship—a necessary preliminary to deportation—was that he had obtained it fraudulently by concealing his criminal record. Some 500 wiretaps of phone calls were introduced to support the charge, but one court ruled they were inadmissible evidence. Costello knew his line was monitored. Before making his first call of the day he rasped, "Good morning, you lousy unmentionables," then insolently discussed his dirty business with lieutenants.

Nine out of ten appeals are stalls for time while defendants continue to work the shady side of the street. Carlos Marcello was ordered out of the country as a convicted dope peddler on February 20, 1953, and he still is enjoying the pleasures of New Orleans. A summary of his delaying tactics shows that his case has been carried to the Supreme Court three times, to Courts of Appeals three times and to District Courts five times, with a variety of writs and injunctions. When time began to run out on Marcello last February, he came up with a new wrinkle that could keep him in America indefinitely. He petitioned the Tribunal of Rome to reject him as a deportee on the ground that he is not an Italian national by reason of his birth in Tunisia.

"It's an outrage that the Government is dragged through long and costly proceedings on trumped-up arguments," General Swing fumes. "Everybody is entitled to his day in court, but these series of appeals are designed to delay deportation for years. Legislation was introduced in both houses of Congress in 1957 which

"When I want your opinion I'll ask for it. . . . By the way, what is your opinion?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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would limit deportees to one judicial review of their cases, but the measure still is in committee."

After an alien is wrapped up and tagged for return shipment abroad, the INS may run into another headache. All governments maintaining diplomatic relations with the United States honor reciprocal agreements to accept deported nationals—with the exception of the Iron Curtain countries. As a consequence, we are stuck with 2700 undesirable characters, half of whom are criminals and moral offenders. The Russians and their satellites occasionally issue a visa to a native they have been refusing to take for several years. Although hoods hardly are secret-agent types, they get around strange places and are useful for strong-arm work. INS people suspect the visas are rewards for undercover activities.

Italy has objected frequently to the heavy load of bad eggs we have dumped on it in recent years, protesting that some of the lowest specimens are products of American society. It is a valid complaint; many deportees emigrated as young children and grew up in the slums that breed vice in our cities. Further, their respect for the law was debased by corrupt police of that era who did nothing to protect Italians, the largest foreign-born group in the country, from the systematic terrorism of the Mafia, the oldest and most powerful criminal conspiracy in the world.

The Mafia's origins go back to 1799, when wealthy landowners in Sicily hired local goon squads to guard their property during the upheaval that followed Napoleon's invasion of Italy. The gangs quickly turned on their masters and extracted huge tributes for protecting them, then formed a confederation that bled the peasants white. Within a quarter century the Mafia had Sicily under its thumb and began to branch out into the underworlds of Europe and North Africa.

The first American beachhead of the Mafia was at New Orleans in 1860. Thirty years later it tried to seize control of the town by murdering Police Chief David Hennessy. Eleven men were indicted, but an intimidated jury acquitted six. On March 14, 1891, an infuriated mob led by prominent citizens stormed a jail where nineteen Italians were held, and lynched eleven. The Mafia pulled in its horns and concentrated on gambling, prostitution and blackmail rackets among Italian immigrants, but prohibition brought an eruption of activity on a national scale.

Bootlegging was made to order for the Mafia's tight organization. Members owned businesses that were ideal blinds for stills. They had trucks for delivering the stuff. Above all, they had the trusted manpower for eliminating competition and hijacking rivals' shipments. Frank Costello is reputed to have made his first big score by stealing a $700,000 cache of booze he had been hired to guard for a Chicago mobster. In 1921 the New York police attributed 150 unsolved murders and disappearances during the two previous years to the Mafia. Professional killers carried out their orders without fear of betrayal, for the one inflexible Mafia rule that brings certain death to violators is the *omerta*, the code of silence. Members have committed intramural murder, adultery and rape, but there is not a single recorded instance of an authentic *Mafiosi* breaking the *omerta* as a stool pigeon.

The repeal of prohibition turned the wheel full circle for the Mafia, with modern refinements. Looking for a soft touch to replace bootlegging, the syndicate found it in the then-turbulent field of labor relations, a throwback to the good old days in Sicily. The boys played both ends against the middle by muscling into firms that had hired them to suppress organized labor and, at the same time, gaining control of key spots in unions. The Senate rackets committee's hearings last winter gave an indication of the enormous income this double squeeze has brought the Mafia. Through the years, though, its stock in trade has been the dope traffic, which returns fantastic profits upward of 2,200,000 per cent.

The retail price of opium today is fifteen dollars a kilogram in Turkey, the western world's chief source of narcotics for medicinal purposes since supplies were cut off from Communist China. The poppy plant is grown under the supervision of the Turkish Government for distribution to legitimate pharmaceutical outlets, but some raw opium inevitably is diverted to the black market. It is processed in Syria, then shipped to France, where a Corsican gang converts the stuff into heroin. Luciano then takes over and smuggles the dope into the United States through merchant seamen. Here the pure heroin is cut twenty to twenty-five times with milk and lactic sugar before the pushers sell it to addicts.

Now, then. There are 15,432 grains in a kilogram. After the heroin is cut—twenty-two times is a conservative figure—a kilogram produces approximately 340,000 grains, and the going price to addicts is one dollar a grain. Divide $340,000 by $15, the original cost, and you get a profit margin of more than 2,200,000 per cent.

The Mafia pays out about 10 per cent of the loot to intermediaries of other nationalities to avoid gang warfare, a policy adopted in the 1920's. In America, the Mafia has collaborated with Irish, Jewish, Polish, Greek and Mexican mobs, and it is currently lining up with Negro and Puerto Rican dope peddlers. These uneasy alliances are controlled by Sicilians who hold virtually all the seats on the grand council and consolidate their power through blood and business relationships. When I asked General Swing to trace some of these ties, he called in two veteran undercover agents to give me a firsthand briefing.

"I'll limit the list to a few conspicuous examples or you'll wind up with a roster an inch thick," one of them said. "For an opener, Lucky Luciano was the best man at Joe Adonis' wedding. You can't appreciate what a great honor that is unless you're a *paesáno* yourself." Frank Costello and Carlos Marcello own pieces of a gambling house in New Orleans. Joe Profaci, an elder statesman, is related by marriage to Joe Magliocco, also a big wheel in Brooklyn. Johnny Dio is a nephew of James Plumeri, a ranking power in the trucking racket in New York's garment district. One of the glittering social events of our time was the marriage of John Montana's nephew to the daughter of Steve Magaddino, who runs everything in Niagara Falls but the cascades.

"The Statler Hotel in Buffalo was taken over for the affair and was decked out more lavishly than Buckingham Palace," the other man recalled. He was there as an uninvited spectator. "The guests of honor were a hundred thugs from all over the country, and for each one there were two Federal agents and detectives casing the crowd. Even Costello was there, the last time he showed up at an open Mafia clambake. He held court in the best suite in the house, and when he went down to the lobby the underlings bowed and scraped as though he was giving Christmas baskets to the peasants."

After the wedding and the Apalachin convention eleven years later, commentators criticized law-enforcement agencies for failing to give foreign-born criminals the bum's rush. Actually, the INS had been investigating for possible deportation and denaturalization action fully 60 per cent of the thirty-four native Italians picked up at Apalachin, and it previously had exiled a score of Mafia ringleaders.

Officially there are 3,000,000 aliens in the United States, but no one knows how many more have come in illegally. Every day dozens of stowaways and merchant seamen try to sneak in through 116 salt-water ports. In 1957 more than 10,000 deserters from ships were caught, but many inevitably got away.

Difficult as it is, the job of patrolling the nation's boundaries is the least of the INS's headaches. After working for months to get an alien criminal dead to rights, it frequently sees cases thrown out of court on obscure technicalities and capricious rulings. Worse yet, hoods have succeeded in canceling deportation orders by getting state pardons for crimes. In recent years ex-convicts Sam Taran, Ike Saperstein and Dom Anzalone have been granted such pardons by Minnesota, Maryland and Pennsylvania, respectively.

Now and then, however, an INS agent gets a soul-satisfying lift that gives him the courage to carry on. An old-timer likes to recall the deportation order he slapped on Pete Lampeses, a Greek who had been forcing girls into prostitution for twenty years.

"We were walking through the Buffalo station to get a train for New York," he says, "when Pete, a fat, repulsive hulk, suddenly dropped to his knees and began to blubber like a baby. 'You're sending me to death,' he bawled. 'I'll die in Greece.' The best part of the whole thing was that Pete still was young and he had a long time to suffer." THE END

NEXT WEEK

TV'S MIDNIGHT MADNESS

Boom in Horror Shows

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND • 9

THE COMING EXPLORATION IN SPACE

By Fred L. Whipple

Luis Aparicio

of the Chicago White Sox

THE SURGEON WHO HATED THE KNIFE

Daring Operations of a Surgical Pioneer

IN COLOR:

THE LADIES GO CAMPING

How to Rough it in Comfort

MINNESOTA'S NORWEGIANS

The Doctor Didn't Understand

A New Story by William Saroyan

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Forbidden Fancy (Continued from Page 31)

camel had savaged him as a young man, forty years before, smashing the elbow joint in its fearsome yellow teeth. There hadn't been a Flying Doctor Service then. Men in the Australian outback were their own doctors. Consequently, Alick Martin had a stiff left arm, fixed out from his body like a wallaby's forepaw, and over the years the black men began to call him "wallaby man," and finally the white men used the name too. He didn't mind. There were worse nicknames in the north.

"I'm no riddle man, either, son," he said quietly. "I'm talkin' fact. This road we jest finished. Where does it go? From a copper mine down here to Dead Chinaman to join up with another headin' south. This next one? Sixty miles from some cattle station to another, and then forty to another, and then fifty to a railhead. Then we start all over again someplace else." He aimed a knuckle-busted finger. "Our roads don't take us anywhere, son. That's what's wrong with 'em."

They were resting in the shade of a big blue gum rearing up out of the dry bottom of Chinaman Creek. Or rather, they wrestled words, for Wallaby Martin had stopped only to speak his piece. The creek swung northward there to make an elbow. Their camp was in its crook, on the higher northern bank, just behind them. It comprised five tents grouped around the trucks and earth-moving equipment of their road plant. Four men were up there; three drivers and a cook. The men shared tents; Wallaby and Pete had one apiece.

On the southern bank, before them and almost at the elbow's point, the town of Dead Chinaman drowsed in the sticky heat of afternoon. A general store conducted by an old man and his daughter. That was all. It wasn't really a town; just a dot on the map. But it was as big as the other dots, and the name printed beside it was Dead Chinaman. The Chinaman, a trader, was lying somewhere near the store. No one knew quite where. He had been dead for eighty years or more. He had tried to sell lucky charms to some wild blacks. They hadn't been proof against a flight of shovel-nosed spears.

"You've saved enough money to take up some land and buy a small mob of cattle," Wallaby said quietly. He lifted his eyes to the squat stone building of the store. "We jest had dinner with a man who would let you have the land, and a fine girl that smiles at you out of her eyes like she fancies your last name. But you ——" He snorted, dry and hard, like a camel coughing. "You don't want a homestead of your own. All you want is to grub around the bush makin' dirt roads."

Pete set his jaw. An unusual stubbornness glinted in his eyes, masking their brown friendliness. Ever since they had arrived at Dead Chinaman six days before, Wallaby had been pecking away at him, seeking to undermine his love for the bush, and sketching a picture of domestic happiness for him with Kendall Ridley. Now that they were close to leaving for their next contract, four hundred miles to the northwest in the Kimberleys, the old man's pressure was increasing. It had become intolerable to Pete, for the girl had already caused a desperate tug-of-war within him. She was in her middle twenties, tall, slender, and with dark eyes as sensitive as mirrors. A man could see himself in them.

"Wallaby," Pete said harshly, "why don't you mind your own business?"

"It is my business," Wallaby said evenly. "It's every old man's business to try an' give a kid the right steer."

Pete flushed brick red. He wished that they had never come near Dead Chinaman.

Wallaby Martin and the storekeeper were friends from way back. One of those strange attachments between opposites. Jonas Ridley was in his early seventies, like Wallaby, but there all similarity ended. Wallaby was tall and alert, Jonas was chunky and stolid. Wallaby was a nomad, Jonas a sheet anchor. But they were friends, and when Wallaby, unasked, had raised the subject of grazing land, Jonas had been happy to do business. He had a large tract under government lease south and west of the store. Good cattle land for a man who wanted it. But Pete knew he was not that man.

"Now listen, Wallaby," he said. "Get this straight. Shut up about the girl or I'll walk out on you."

It hurt him to say that. It hurt deeply, because they weren't boss and hired man, more like father and son, and this was the first time they had quarreled. They had been building dirt roads together for five years as a team.

They didn't build any fancy roads. The bulldozers pushed the scrub aside, the grader smoothed the earth. There were few hills; none that couldn't be skirted. There was no need for bridges. The creeks were dry for most of the year. The rains, for the main part, soaked through their porous beds into the vast artesian basin which, when tapped with bores, transformed thousands of square miles of desert into cattle land.

"Cattle," Pete thought resentfully. "Who'd want to spend a lifetime in one place, playing nursemaid to a herd of wet-nosed, bawling cattle?"

Then he saw Wallaby using his knuckles to press a pattern of cattle tracks around the two sets of toe-to-toe footprints made earlier. He studied them for a moment, but was unable to read their story. It irritated him, because all tracks had a story.

"Well," he said at last, "what do they mean?"

Wallaby gave him a grin, faintly derisive, and kind of satisfied. It deepened the wrinkles on each side of his thin mouth and stoked his eyes.

"Interested in tracks, ain't you?" he said. "Few more years an' you'll be like some fellers I know who do most their talkin' in tracks. Like blackfellers. They want to tell you they saw some wild horses, they draw the tracks. Or a goanna or a bush turkey."

"All right," Pete said shortly. "What are they supposed to be?"

"Big ones are a man, the small ones a woman," Wallaby said slowly. "They're kissin'. The cattle are lookin' on. Approvin'. It's sort of symbolic."

Pete leaned forward quickly and scrabbled his hand angrily through the tracks. He could feel Wallaby's eyes mocking him as he did it, and that made him worse. He leaped quickly to his feet and marched away up the creek bank to his tent. But it was oppressively hot in there, and he went out again, through the camp, out past the newly serviced trucks and 'dozers, to a quiet place upstream where a fallen gum tree stretched along the bank. It was a young tree, not half grown, but eroding floods had toppled it by stripping the earth from around the roots. Most of its branches had gone, and a scatter of native cooking holes showed what had happened to them.

Pete didn't know what had driven him to seek out the tree. Few men would have. All he knew was that he needed someplace away from Wallaby Martin and the others, where he could take out his thoughts and look at them. He sat on the smooth trunk, rolled a cigarette and, looking down to light it, sensed for the first time something of the impulsion. The earth beside him was scuffled as from sitting feet, and two lines of footprints came in and went away. One large set and one small. The mute reminders of a girl who had sat there with him two afternoons before and talked of loneliness.

He stirred uncomfortably, as though the smooth tree had suddenly sprouted thorns. The thoughts he had come to examine gushed out, and he had no means of arranging them. He pitched the cigarette away violently, and immediately wanted another one. Kendall Ridley's lips smiled gravely at him, her dark eyes looked through him, and the desperation of that other afternoon battered him until all he wanted was to get out into the back country where there were no perplexities. Only bush and spinifex and space.

"Uncle Alick tells us you're leaving soon," she had said, almost as soon as they were seated, as though it were something that had been pressing on her mind.

"Uncle Alick?"

"A title of affection." She picked up a water-smoothed stone and clattered it across the creek. "He's our oldest friend. Father and he worked together for years, before father married and settled down here at the store."

Her voice was musical and soft. It touched subtle chords in Pete; deep within him, so deep he was conscious only of their effect, a stirring warmth like the winter's sun or a campfire on a frosty night. He turned his head to look at her. She was in profile, and the tender line from short, dark hair to slender neck made him miss a breath.

He was unfamiliar with such beauty. He had caught his breath before, but at some glimpse of distant hills, at red dust devils waltzing crazily across a plain or at the tracery of boughs and leaves against a high blue sky. This was so different it made him feel like a gangling boy. He fought down a wild desire to touch her hair.

"You like it at the store?" He wondered if she noticed the unevenness in his voice. But she gave no sign.

"It's lonely," she said. "It's so lonely sometimes I could scream."

"Why stay?" he said. "You could get a job in (Continued on Page 67)

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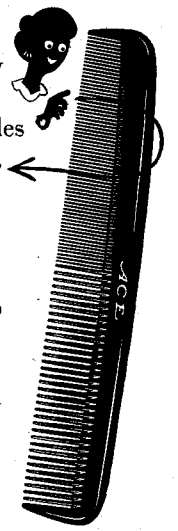

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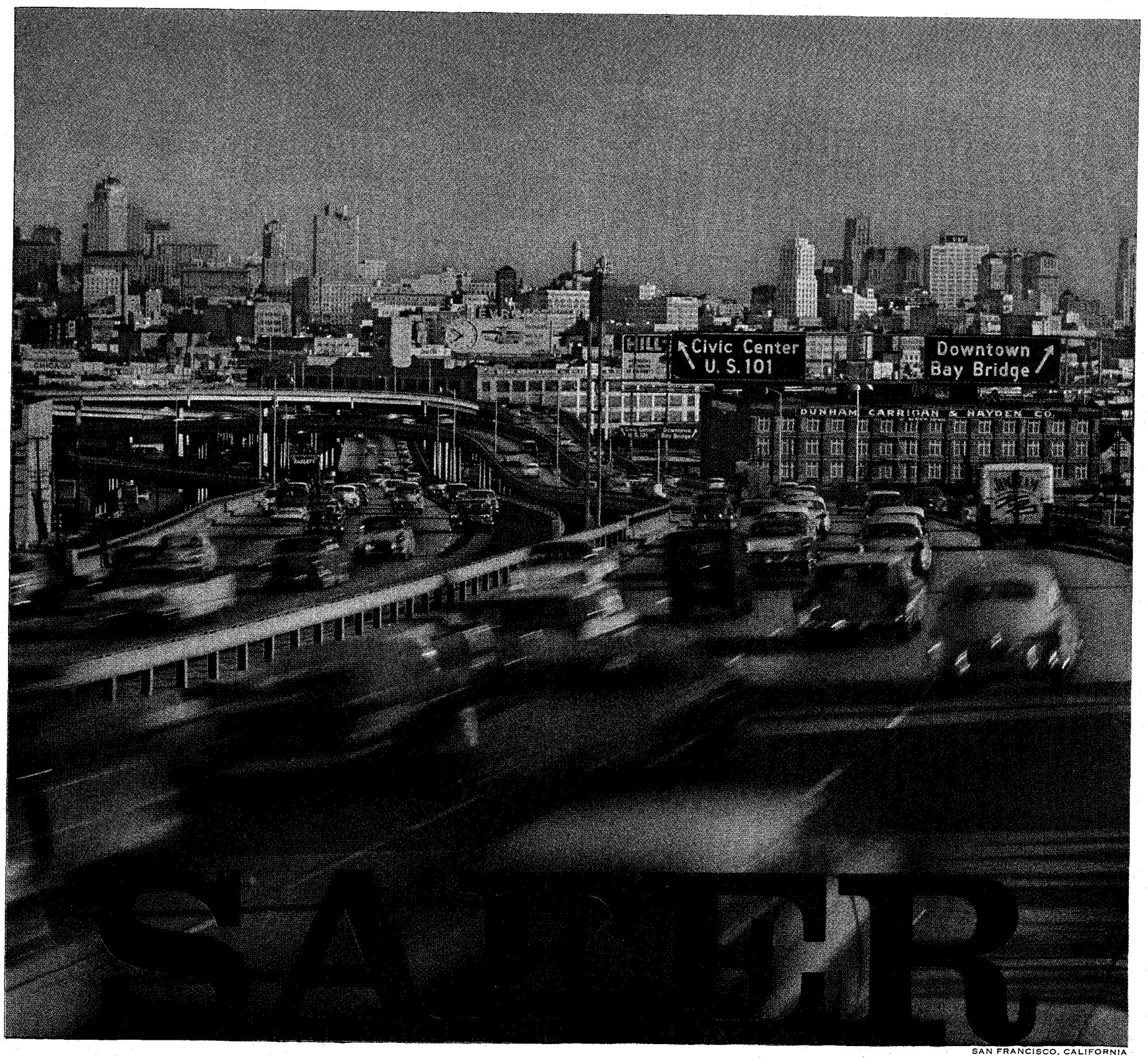

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(*Continued from Page 65*) Darwin or Alice Springs. Even go south to the cities."

"Father's old," she said simply. "He wants to stay near mother's grave." Then she turned and smiled. "Besides, I don't like towns and cities. It's only sometimes that I want to scream."

The smile danced in her eyes. Not just on the surface, but right down through them. And watching her, seeing the way her soft lips curled, the way her skin appeared to glow, Pete knew that smiling was a part of her, not just a gesture in the art of conversation.

"I think we'd better go," he said.

They walked along the sand and pebbles of the creek bed, side by side, not talking. She was a tall girl, the top of her head past Pete's shoulder, and he was over six feet. At intervals, as their feet slipped on stones, their bodies touched and Pete became almost painfully aware of her softness. He was relieved when they came opposite the store, and yet, when she turned away, he was reluctant to let her go.

"We won't be back this way for a year or more," he said tentatively, awkwardly. "Perhaps, by then, you will have gone."

"A lot can happen in a year or more," she said softly. "Our trade is falling off. This was the roadhead, the only road, when father built the store. But now there are others, and many of the cattlemen have planes. They fly in their own supplies."

She left him then, and watching her swing up the road cutting in the bank, Pete had suddenly to crush an urge to run after her. He was assailed by a fear that had no sense. He feared that she was walking away from him, not fifty yards but an eternity of years. He watched until she had disappeared into the cool shadow of the store. Then he drove his legs back to camp, walking in a vacuum, telling himself over and over again that it was the way he wanted things, a life without ties. And by the time he had got back, he had persuaded himself he was suffering from a slight infatuation, natural enough in a man meeting a pretty girl after months in the bush, and curable simply by moving out of range.

He was saying it all again now, fiercely, insistently, sitting above the small footprints beside his own, when a footfall, whisper-quiet, fell on his ears. He turned quickly, shedding his preoccupation. Then he relaxed. Wallaby Martin was standing six feet away, watching him out of still eyes.

"There's trouble clouds out over the hills," Wallaby said. "Bust clouds. So we're pullin' out tomorrow, in the pickaninny dawn."

"It's all right with me," Pete said.

"I want to know what you're aimin' to do."

"I'm going," Pete said tersely. "I told you that before."

He didn't want to talk with Wallaby again, not so close on the heels of his thinking. He felt edgy and strangely insecure.

"The trouble with bein' young," Wallaby said slowly, "is you can never look back at anythin', an' you never have enough sense to look forward."

"Drop it," Pete snapped.

Wallaby watched him carefully, eyes narrowed and mouth pursed, like a man at a yearling sale. Then he shrugged. "There's jest one thing I want to say, then I'll shut up."

"Go on," Pete said stiffly. "Anything to stop you talking."

"It's jest this," Wallaby said: "There's nothin' poorer in this country than a footloose white man. You think those naked blacks are poor, wanderin' about eatin' lizards and grindin' grass seeds into flour for food. But at least they've got their families—their lubras and their kids—like a man oughta have. They've got a home. Even if it's only a few sticks and some spinifex to keep off the wind, it's more'n I've got. More'n you will ever have if you go north again."

The words hit Pete like spears, pricking the sore spots he had been so busy covering. He flared with anger. Bitter, hurtful phrases came to his lips, retaliatory phrases, but something in Alick Martin's eyes stopped them. Something Pete had never seen in them before. A sadness and disillusion, a tiredness that had nothing to do with age. It staggered him, throwing him off balance. His anger disappeared.

"Maybe after this job I'll settle down somewhere," he said lamely. "I just want to do this one."

"I told myself that once," Wallaby said. "She wasn't waitin' when I come back."

He turned and stalked away, upright as a sapling still, but brittle, like one that had been toughened by a sweeping fire. Pete watched him all the way to camp, his mind in tumult, for in all their time together Wallaby had never so much as hinted at another life. He had thought until this camp that Wallaby was a man without a care, a bushman from way back. Which showed, he thought now, how little one man knew about another—his hopes, his dreams, his tragedies.

He sat and smoked a cigarette, not tasting it, blankly watching its blue-gray puffs of cloud. He felt churned up inside. He was concerned for Wallaby and uncertain for himself. He began to understand the old man's efforts to make him settle down, and was ashamed of his own belligerence.

But when at last he sauntered back to camp—a camp packed to move, with the bulldozers and grader lashed down on the trucks and the tents all stowed away—he felt the old excitement coming back. They were on the move again. Yet it was not quite the same excitement. It was deadened by the look in an old man's eyes, and a voice saying quietly, "She wasn't waitin' when I come back."

It was somewhere after midnight when he heard the thunder—a vast cannonade of it to the westward, above the hills where Wallaby had seen his trouble clouds. Pete opened his eyes and saw the sky was clear above. Vivid lightning paled the stars, but the storm was miles away. A routine summer blowout. He closed his eyes again and went to sleep.

Then someone was shaking him awake. "Pete, Pete!" Wallaby's voice, cold and sharp as a skinning knife. "Pete! Come on! The creek's flooding!"

Pete got up with one lithe movement. Everything was hidden in the blackness of predawn, but he didn't need to see. He could hear the roaring, sliding rush of water in Chinaman Creek. He sat down quickly and dragged on his boots.

"All out! All out!" Wallaby kept shouting, and, one by one, the dark shapes lifted off the ground, grumbling and cursing. Then someone started up a truck. Headlights leaped out and the truck swung around to face the creek. The water was right to the top of the bank, raging along with all the fury of a cloudburst at its back. And all at once Pete was gripped by a fear for Kendall Ridley and her father. The bank was lower on their side.

"Get that blasted truck turned around!" Wallaby yelled. "We're movin' out!"

Pete whirled and grabbed him by an arm. "You can't leave now! The Ridleys might need help!"

The old man stiffened. "I don't rat on friends! We're pullin' back to higher ground to wait for daylight! That's all!"

They drew up on a sandy knoll some two hundred yards away. There was half an hour to dawn, and Pete had never known time to take so long in passing. He paced around the trucks, unable to keep still, unable to think clearly. The roaring menace of the flood was drowning him. Wallaby and the men had climbed into the truck cabins, taking it easy, and he hated them. He wanted to drag them out. For what purpose, he did not know. But it seemed wrong, callous and unthinking, to be drowsing there.

Dawn came. Smudged gray at first, then bright. Two people waved to him from the flat roof of the store. All about it was a sea of muddy overflow, lapping the window sills. In the foreground, the creek bored violently along, and seeing its headlong fury, Pete felt his fear increase.

"Kendall!" He ground out her name between clenched teeth. "Kendall!"

"They seem all right," Wallaby said. "We'll have breakfast and clear out."

Pete stood perfectly still for a frozen space of seconds, shocked and disbelieving. Then he turned slowly, his face granite-hard, eyes blazing with contempt.

"So you're the man who doesn't rat on his friends?" His voice rasped from being dragged out of a corded throat. "You'd leave them there, maybe to drown, so you can start your road on time."

Wallaby's mouth jerked open, then snapped shut again. So tightly that it dragged all the lines of his face down toward it, like drawstrings on a purse. He peered out from slitted eyes, flat gray in the dawn light.

"You got it bad now, ain't you, son?" He lifted his stiffened arm and rubbed his left ear. "What you fixin' to do? You can't swim over to her."

Pete glared. "With a rope I could."

"You wouldn't get halfway."

"I could try," Pete snapped. "We have to do something."

"Sure," Wallaby said. "Sure. But the rope's out. Even if you made it, you'd never get Jonas and the girl back."

Pete knew that was the truth, and it goaded his fear into desperation. There just had to be some way. He looked around at the road gang, standing or squatting by their trucks, hoping that one of them might be able to advance a plan. But their faces were indifferent. They chewed gum or smoked. Pete swung back to Wallaby.

"There's six of us!" he cried harshly. "Don't tell me there's nothing we can do!"

Wallaby looked at him carefully, slid his eyes around the waiting trucks, then back to Pete again. His thin, hard face was troubled. It seemed older. Then it cleared.

"There's somethin' I saw done up on the Diamantina once," he said. "It oughta work. These two fellers tied a rope around a fallen tree. One of 'em rode it across the river and picked up a coupla blackies. The other one used their horses to drag 'em all in." He paused. "We've got a 'dozer with a power winch."

Pete gripped him by the shoulders excitedly. "I take back everything. Let's go."

"You're sure about this?" Wallaby lifted his right arm and covered Pete's hand on his left shoulder. "You want to go over there?"

Pete looked again at the two people perched on the roof. Old Jonas, square and chunky, and Kendall, beside him, more slender than she had seemed to him before—as though helplessness had battered and compressed her. She seemed terribly alone, and lonely, perched above that wilderness of flood. He knew there was only one place in the world where he should be. The thing now to do was get there.

Before them, he could see the flooded creek tearing through the spreading waters of the overflow. It boiled fearfully at the bend just past the store, fighting to make the turn and get away. The water banked up solidly and a strong current eddied back from the bend to pour through the road cutting, losing much of its momentum as it hit the cushion of the vast lagoon. This, he realized, was the way in. The wet road that would take him somewhere. If they launched their tree upstream and the winch held it near the cutting, the back current would pick

"Now get out there and smile!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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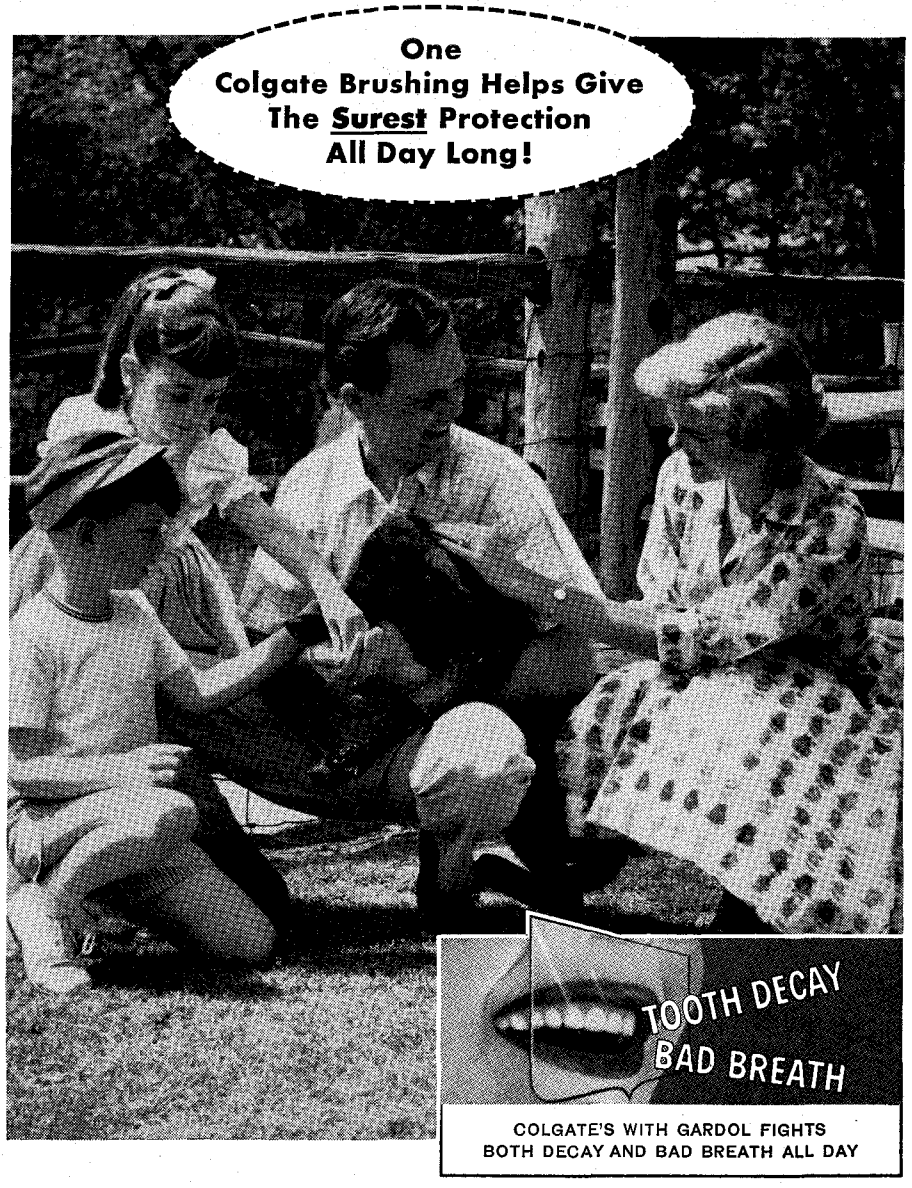

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it up and drift it near the store. It was so simple certain that he nearly loosed a cheer.

"Uncork that winch," he said, "and I'll have them here for breakfast. We'll use the fallen gum."

Wallaby grunted. "I'll drive the winch myself. This is somethin' needs to be done right." He swung on the work gang. "Get aboard an' hold on."

The men swarmed on the truck to which the winch 'dozer was lashed. Pete jumped behind the wheel. They bounced and jolted fast upstream, Pete pushing the limit of his second gear. He braked hard near the fallen gum, and by the time he and Wallaby had left the cabin, the men had got the skidway in position and had all but freed the 'dozer. They ran it down the skids and Wallaby took over.

He looped a wire rope from the winch drum around the tree, near the roots so it wouldn't slip. Then he climbed up on the 'dozer, gunned the motor and pushed the tree into the rampaging creek, holding it tight against the bank. Pete clambered aboard and sat astride, gripping with his knees, wrapping his arms around an upright branch.

"Good luck," Wallaby Martin said, and let the winch drum roll. His face was grim. His eyes were strangely soft.

But Pete could neither see nor hear. He was swinging out, the gum plunging madly on its rope. He felt the power, the insensate fury, of the flood. It pushed and clutched and tore at him. The surface of the water was like a rutted road, furrowed and smooth and furrowed again. Little whirlpools started among the branches, digging their funnels into the water, then spinning away into nothing as the tree swung. The bodies of drowned animals swept past—a steer, a couple of kangaroos—for the tree was moving slower than the stream, held by the winch so the current would force it over to the southern bank.

The sun came up, and a wind that brought a touch of fantasy. A red dust devil danced across the plain right up to the creek, then collapsed and spilled its dust into the flood. It caked his face and shirt with mud, but left no mark on the turbulent yellow water, disappearing on the instant it touched down.

And then, with the dust cloud thinning, he was opposite the cutting, stationary, bobbing and swinging on the rope. He looked up at the store. Its windows, catching the sun bounce from the water, almost blinded him. But above their flashing heliographs he could see Kendall and Jonas, craned over a low stone parapet, staring as though he had dropped from Mars, as though they hadn't seen him embark. He almost laughed aloud. He grinned at them; then turned back to his task.

The tree swung slowly, almost sluggishly, just outside that back eddy he had reckoned on to take him through the cutting. He was in neutral water. But Wallaby wound him in, let him go with a fast rush like playing a game fish, and slapped on the brakes right opposite the cutting. The tree swung in.

The current eased quickly, once through the cutting mouth. It drifted him along above the road. As he came opposite the store, Jonas Ridley threw a rope, and he started warping in to the front veranda. Then he slipped the rope around his holding branch and climbed quickly to the roof, grasping the rope's end in one hand.

There was no one on the roof for him but Kendall. She was standing back from the parapet, stiffly erect, her face so white it merged with the white blouse she was wearing. Her eyes were big, and darker than he remembered. Pete met them for a breath-holding moment, then had to look away. He saw her arms, stretched rigidly down her sides, hands clenched, as though she were holding to some anchor.

"Pete," she whispered. "Oh, Pete. Why did you do it?"

He wanted then to take her in his arms, to tell her all the things her eyes were telling him she knew. But this was not the time. Later, perhaps, in the safety of the road camp. He did not trust himself to touch her now, while there was still work to do. He turned to her father, sitting patiently on the parapet.

"Get a few things together," he said quietly, "and we'll take off again."

Jonas Ridley scratched his head. His homely face was solemn, his faded blue eyes faintly puzzled. "Right here's good enough for us."

"Maybe for now," Pete said. "But what if there's more rain in the hills and the water rises?"

"What if it does?" Jonas Ridley said. He had big, square hands. He based them on his knees and leaned stiffly forward, as solid as a block of stone. "I've been living here the better part of forty years. I built right here on the creek so I could dig for water, and get it, in the worst of droughts. I knew there'd be floods. We got a stone house under us, with foundations danged near through to Europe. And if too much water comes, I've got a boat tied out there on my back porch."

Pete stared, bewildered. This was unreal, and through the unreality he began to feel the first awful sag of deflation. Jonas Ridley was watching him with his head on one side, in quiet, contemplative curiosity. It made Pete feel uncomfortable. He shifted his gaze to Kendall. The color was back in her face and there was a slight, soft smile on her lips.

"That Wallaby's a strange man," Jonas said. "He knows this house. He helped me build it. He knows about the boat." He scratched his head again. "And still he let you ride a flood. It don't make sense."

Kendall moved in close to Pete. "Do you think that?" Her voice was quiet, yet somehow tense. "Does it make any sense to you?"

Pete looked at her for a long moment, until somehow the rhythm of her mind and body began to flow in him, and his bewilderment cleared away. The deflation too. He remembered Wallaby's toe-to-toe footprints of two people kissing, and the empty sadness of his voice saying, "She wasn't waiting when I come back." He reached out for Kendall's hands, and as he did, the tree's mooring rope slid from his grasp. He didn't even look.

"Wonderful sense," he said. "Just wonderful."

Jonas Ridley noisily cleared his throat. "Seems like they're leaving you behind."

Pete turned to see the tree moving back toward the creek, the wire rope taut and long ripples spreading as it bucked the current. Across the roaring creek he could see Wallaby Martin sitting at the winch, as proudly erect as ever. Then Wallaby saw Pete watching. He lifted his good arm and swept it broadly to the northwest, and Pete knew at the end of the movement he had snapped his thumb and forefinger. It was the Wonkajera tribesmen's sign talk for a journey to a far-off place. It was also a farewell.

"Wallaby's in a hurry," Pete said quietly. "He's got a job waiting in the Kimberleys."

Jonas Ridley nodded. "Alick Martin always was in a hurry to take off for someplace else." He looked at Kendall and a faint, reminiscent smile touched his mouth. "Reckon your mother would've married him instead of me if he hadn't been like that." THE END

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A Day in Monte Carlo (Continued from Page 33)

His voice was a strange mixture of anger, disappointment and sadness. Mark looked at him in surprise. "You warned me of her. You didn't trust her. I didn't think you liked her."

The inspector laughed dryly. "My friend, what has that got to do with it? If I trusted all the people I like, the world would be a wonderful place. As it is, I would be the loneliest man on earth if I liked only those I can trust." He stared past Mark, patting his dog absent-mindedly.

"I don't know much about her," said Mark.

Perrier sighed. "She was only seventeen when the Germans occupied France. She lost everything: her home, her parents, her fiancé. She worked for the resistance, was caught, managed to get free and went right back to it again. Later she was linked up with persons influential in political and financial circles. What made her unreliable was that she drank." He took a worn tobacco pouch from his pocket and slowly, methodically, began to refill his pipe. Then he added, in the same conversational tone, "Now, as a matter of fact, I feel pretty sure that she got drunk and talked."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Logic. That is, my own brand of logic. If she had not talked, she would not have aroused suspicion. If she had not given herself away, they would not have murdered her. Obviously they had to prevent her from seeing you. She must have known too much." He thumped on a stone with his closed fist. "What wouldn't I give to know what she found out! To think that none of us could find a trace, and she ——"

Suddenly Mark remembered the note, the threat to his life. He handed it to Perrier. "I received this when I woke up."

Perrier pulled out a pair of old-fashioned, rimless spectacles, glanced at the piece of paper, then folded it and put it in his wallet. "We'll see if the typewriter can be checked." He sighed. "This confirms my belief. She talked, or nobody but me would have known where to find you."

"Yes," said Mark. "But since Corinne was prevented from telling me what she knew, there will be no reason now to kill me."

Perrier looked up. He shook his head. "If I were you, I wouldn't be so sure. But if you don't heed their warning, if you make yourself conspicuous, they'll make good their threat. They mean what they say. Luckily, you have behaved until now as if the note had had the desired effect. Number one"—he began to count on his fingers—"you went for a swim with a girl in whom you obviously became interested enough to be twenty minutes late for your appointment with Corinne. And when you realized that the dead woman in the car was Corinne, you acted as though it didn't concern you and came up here to play golf."

Mark's eyes narrowed. "Was it by any chance you who searched my room?"

Perrier shrugged. "A matter of routine. I wanted to see if you'd left any notes about—names, mine for instance, or telephone numbers. You didn't."

"I'm not a fool," said Mark.

"Well, then don't be one now."

"Are you suggesting that I take the next train or plane and forget about Timgad, just because of a threatening note?"

"You saw what happened to Corinne."

"One reason more to stay."

"But it is futile," Perrier sighed; "utterly futile, to die like Philippe Langlé, shot down like a dog, or like Corinne, in so cleverly arranged an accident that nobody will suspect it was a murder. And that is what will happen to you."

"I might outwit them."

"I doubt it." Perrier's voice was sharp now. "But even if you did, even if by some lucky chance you were to discover who hides behind the name of Timgad, who has the power, the brains and the means to influence the Algerian rebels, what would it help in the end? There will be others to take his place. You cannot fight them all."

"I'll be satisfied to find Timgad, and until I find him ——"

"But don't you realize, Travers, that with Corinne's death you've lost the only link to Timgad? You'll have to ——"

"Not if I find the murderer."

"I am sorry," said Perrier, "but to find the man who killed Corinne is a matter which you will have to leave strictly to me and to the police here. You must agree," he added soothingly, when he saw Mark's face, "that we are better equipped to handle a case like this than an amateur. Any interference on your part could only spoil our chances. We cannot afford to have you, an American, running around making inquiries on your own. It would only tip off people who might otherwise not become suspicious. You seem to forget again that any move you make will be watched. Not only are you in danger but you would be endangering our task."

Mark did not answer. Of course, what Perrier said made sense. He could not deny it. And without Perrier's approval he would not even have a chance to interview the personnel at the hotel where Corinne had stayed, to search her room. Plain-clothes men would be swarming all over, blocking his way at every step.

Perrier was getting up, whistling a little tune Mark had heard him whistle before, always when something bothered him. Then, picking up his dog, he turned to Mark. "If I were you," he said, "I would play a few more holes, then go back to my hotel, pack my things and take off; for Italy, or any place you like. But in any case, leave Monte Carlo. The sooner, the better."

Mark pulled out a blade of grass and blew on it until it broke. "No," he said. "That's precisely what I won't do. You'd better resign yourself to my presence here. I shall stay at least long enough to hear the results of your inquiries. If Timgad has been seen on the Riviera, Corinne cannot be the only one who saw him or knew who he was. And if you can't find out anything, I will."

Perrier shook his head. "Well, if you won't listen, then at least take this number." He tore a page from a small notebook, unscrewed his old-fashioned fountain pen and wrote something on it. "Just in case you should find yourself in a spot and need help, or"—he smiled dryly—"if you should bump into something that might be important for me to know. But remember that anyone you contact will immediately be suspicious to Timgad or his men. And I don't want any more murders." He paused, then added bitingly, "Corinne would be alive today if you had not involved her in the search for Timgad."

A good hour later, Gustave Perrier, sitting in an old-fashioned leather armchair at police headquarters, looked pensively at the three officers closeted with him in the room. All of them were convinced that Corinne Javal's death was due to an accident. One after the other had assured him that nothing had been found which justified another opinion. There had even been an interview with a middle-aged couple who had overtaken Corinne's car at a time established now as six minutes before she had died. She had been alone, a fact which canceled any possibility of her having been strangled first, then put into the car and driven to the spot where she had been found. No point in checking finger prints. Too many people had touched her and the car before his call from the club had come in. But her handbag had not been touched, nor had anything been disturbed in her suite at the hotel. Furthermore, she had told the desk clerk that she intended to stay for at least three weeks, which seemed to prove that she was not in the least concerned about her life. She had left the hotel in her usual good spirits.

"Gentlemen," he said, "thank you for your co-operation. Still, we must consider the possibility that it was not an accident."

It was only a short distance to the Hotel Paris, where Corinne had stayed for the last ten days, and Perrier entered it through the service entrance. The house detective was waiting for him. He was a young man whose appearance did not betray his profession. He could have been a pro in any sport or been mistaken for a lifeguard. He didn't speak while they went up in the service elevator nor did he say anything before he opened the door to Corinne's room with a pass key. Then, with an apologetic gesture, he turned to face Perrier.

"I'm sorry, but I have nothing to add to what I have already told the police. She spent very little time at the hotel, just slept here, I'd say, and just as often as not she didn't even have breakfast here. I have no idea how she spent her days. She left early in the morning and came back to change her outfits frequently. She made no telephone calls that we know of except those to the garage, the hairdresser and the masseuse, nor have there been any calls for her we could check. She used to come in late at night, and twice, according to the chambermaid, she stayed away altogether. Would you like to talk to the maid?"

"Not right now." Perrier shook his head. "For the time being I just want to stay in this room and do a little thinking. To absorb a person's atmosphere always helps me to form a picture of what could have happened."

"She was not an obvious beauty," said the detective. "More the kind you take a look at and pass by, only to kick yourself a minute later for not having taken a better look." He grinned.

"Really?" said Perrier.

When the detective had left, the inspector walked around the room, which betrayed nothing of Corinne's personality. No personal items. Anybody might have lived here. All it told was that she could afford a suite at the height of the summer season in one of the world's best hotels. He opened the door to the bedroom. It, too, was empty of all personal belongings except for a large photograph of Corinne herself. Perrier could not help smiling, as anything typical of women always made him smile. What man would think of exhibiting a portrait of himself?

Systematically Perrier began opening the closets. When he had finished with them, he searched the drawers. Then he collected every handbag he could find and put them on the bed. They were surprisingly neat. Each contained a lipstick, a compact, a comb, a clean handkerchief, matches and a card, giving her name and address. Nothing more, nothing less. She had learned, working for the resistance, never to leave anything lying about that could give a clue, thought Perrier. He took a look at the bathroom and didn't see anything worth his attention, then went back into the salon and opened the writing desk. Nothing there except hotel stationery and a few colored post cards.

He decided to talk to the maid. But neither she nor the floor waiter had anything to add to what they had already told the police. In the beauty parlor on the first floor, it was the same. Yes, Corinne had been there twice, that was all. The masseuse was equally uninformed. She hadn't heard even a word of gossip about Corinne, not this season, anyhow.

When Perrier went back to Corinne's room, he carried with him the contents of the safe she had taken in the hotel. He opened her passport. A slip of paper fell out of it, fluttered to the floor. He picked it up and read, "In case of death notify no one." It came as a surprise to him that she had been so lonely. He then examined her jewel box. It held quite a few valuable pieces. He put them aside, for, underneath them, neatly held together with a ribbon, lay a bundle of letters. Love letters. Unfortunately, each had the letterhead and signature clipped away. He had sized up Corinne as a much less discreet person. There were always things one found out about people only after they were dead. But the things he wanted to know, those Corinne had hidden.

Mark arrived at the Mulot at twelve o'clock sharp. There were four tables with red-checked tablecloths on the sidewalk in front of the small restaurant. Hibiscus bushes in green wooden barrels stood between them, to give the illusion of privacy. None of the tables were taken, and Mark sat down at one next to the entrance where (*Continued on Page 71*)

Child on a Beach

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

They said, "Leave your castle
in the sand. No matter;
Tomorrow you'll build another,
just as fine."
Wide-eyed and solemn, he
listened to their chatter,
Longing for some brave miracle,
some sign. . . .
If only he might stay and watch
them going,
Forgetting and forgotten, while
the tide
Crept round the castle and with
its silent flowing
Made a small world where he
could go inside,
Then he might hold the shell
that he had hidden
Close to his ear. Its secret pulse
would beat.
Instead of walking forever as he
was bidden,
He would explore this wonder
at his feet.

With a dusty sandal he kicked
the castle down,
Straggling behind them toward
the noisy town.

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(*Continued from Page 69*) a faded blue awning provided a bit of shade against the hot sun. He ordered a vermouth cassis, an *apéritif* of which he had grown fond several years ago and, when it came, he tossed it down in one gulp.

At first, after Perrier had left him, he had racked his brains to find a way which would allow him to disregard what the inspector had said, on the one hand, yet, on the other, not be completely senseless. He had found none. For the moment, there was nothing he could do that the police could not do a thousand times better. And Perrier's last words, pointing sharply to the fact that Corinne might have been alive today if Mark had not involved her, had hit their target. He had no right to endanger other people. All that was left for him to do was to stay alive and to be patient, and to wait for a chance to act. Only then had he thought of Fleur. Now he had time to spend any way he liked.

So he had taken Perrier's advice, played six more holes, pretending he was interested only in his game, not in the people following or passing him. Twice on his way back he had been signaled to by people wanting to hitch a ride, one an old man, the other a middle-aged fellow. He had not stopped. Then a young man on a motorcycle had started to follow him, overtaking him at one point, only to fall back again the next, as if in a game. Mark had lost sight of him in Monte Carlo proper where the traffic was heavy. He was almost certain that the boy had been shadowing him.

Now, waiting for Fleur, he remembered having read somewhere that, during the war, one or two successful agents had saved their lives by pretending not only to their capturers but to themselves that they were completely ordinary people. All right then. If he could think of his enemies, he could also not think of them. It was only a question of will power. For a day, at least, he would pretend that he had never heard the name, Timgad, never known Gustave Perrier or made an appointment with a silver-haired beauty who had been murdered. Or he would go crazy with the idleness imposed on him.

But where was Fleur?

Then, with a shock, he remembered that she had not been sure she could come. And the possibility that she had been unable to leave the house, that he might wait for her in vain, made him frown. After all, this was the twentieth century, in which one did not keep a young girl locked up. A slight touch on his shoulder made him jump, but it was only the waiter. "Would the gentleman mind having his lunch inside?"

Stepping out of the heat into the dark, cool room, he was almost blinded by the difference in light. "We fixed up a table in the back." A hand took him gently by the arm and led him through the restaurant into what seemed to Mark even deeper shadow. When he could see clearly again, he found himself opposite a man he had never seen before, a small, thin man who carried himself with dignity and now introduced himself.

"Marcel Bransky."

He seemed to take for granted that Mark would know his name, for he smiled the benign smile with which famous people respond to the acknowledgment they think the world owes them. Bransky, the former ballet master, the man who had taught Fleur everything she knew about dancing, the man who lived with the Constants. Had Fleur sent him instead of coming herself?

Bransky answered the question before Mark could phrase it, "Mademoiselle will be here in a moment. Do sit down."

With utmost politeness, as if he were the host, he pushed a chair around for Mark, then seated himself at the table, which, Mark saw with annoyance, was set for three. "Would you like another drink, Monsieur Travers? I think, if I remember correctly, you were having a cassis when Mademoiselle pointed you out as the man who was to meet her here." Again he answered the unformed question on Mark's lips. "You couldn't see us. We were waiting for you inside. Only when we were sure you had come did Mademoiselle go upstairs to speak to the dressmaker."

All at once Mark could grasp the incongruity of the situation. Here he was, eager to meet Fleur and enjoy the day with her, and she had brought a chaperon. "I thought we might have champagne," he said.

"Of course. If you desire."

The little man's voice was so ridiculously polite, his gestures were so affected, that the artist in Mark had trouble restraining himself from turning over the menu to sketch him on the back.

"Mademoiselle, of course, should touch no alcohol."

"Of course not," agreed Mark, then could not help grinning. "Tell me, Bransky—I beg your pardon—Monsieur Bransky. Since you are apparently on our side, don't you think all this is—well——"

He couldn't find the right word, but Bransky had understood him perfectly. "Crazy, you mean? From our point of view, perhaps. The Constants are a little crazy, all of them."

"Are they?"

"Many old people live in the past because the reality of the present frightens them," said Bransky, with an even gentler voice than he had used before. "But that is not the case with the Constants. They want to recreate the splendor of the past in Fleur, and all their efforts are bent toward that end."

Mark again saw the four women on the flowered terrace. "Her brother did not strike me as a man who doesn't face reality."

Bransky sighed. "He is like them, only in a different way. But his heart, too, is centered around Mademoiselle." The champagne had come and Bransky twirled it mechanically in the cooler. "You see, when she was ten years old, she was in a car accident which killed their parents. The doctors said she would never walk again, but Guy swore that she would not only walk but dance. Through life. He meant it allegorically, of course. Until it became apparent that she could really dance. But that came later. During those years when she could hardly move, it was he, he alone, who imbued her with the energy not to give up, who spent endless hours with her, day after day, year after year. No wonder he looks upon her as his creation. He got the right people to teach her languages, determined that, if he could not make her walk again, she would at least be able to participate in life with her mind. She is very well educated. And he supervised every aspect of it. Now he takes for granted that the seed he has sown will produce the flower he expected, and forgets that she is a human being too."

Mark Travers remembered the narrow, determined shape of Guy Constant's mouth, and that he had thought it bitter and mean.

"All of them are headstrong," Bransky went on. "All of them know what they want and go after it as if nothing else existed. And wouldn't you call it crazy to believe that life must give you exactly what you demand of it?"

He was almost bouncing in his chair with indignation, like a child; a little old man in a dark, shabby suit with an old-fashioned, high, stiff collar. But Mark could see him as a young man. "And you?"

"Oh, who is normal?" Bransky laughed. It sounded like a horse neighing. "But as far as Mademoiselle is concerned, I expect the world to recognize her one day as a truly great dancer."

Mark understood suddenly that Bransky spoke of Fleur as "Mademoiselle," not for reasons of formality, but because he felt he owed her that kind of respect. And recalling his own enchantment earlier this morning, he asked himself, when had he forgotten to think of her as a dancer?

"She is a great artist," said Bransky, "and I have known many of them. I can judge, believe me. But what she needs right now is ensemble work, to learn to relate herself to a group, to work with a partner. And how am I to get them to see the need for that? No wonder she is sometimes willful and moody. Who wouldn't get tired of such rigid, unalleviated discipline as she has to endure?"

"I couldn't help his coming along," said Fleur's voice, close to him. Mark had been listening with such fascination that he had not noticed her coming into the room. "When I told them I had an appointment with the dressmaker, grandmaman insisted that Bransky should come with me. I think she's afraid I might do just what she did—run away, elope with somebody." She shrugged. "And Guy is always scared that something might happen to me. I might fall or get run over. What could I do but tell Bransky the truth?"

"It isn't polite to conduct a conversation in a language one of the company can follow only with difficulty."

"I told you I would." Fleur made a face at him. "And if you don't leave us alone, I will continue to speak English so fast you won't understand a thing." But in spite of her words, she bent and kissed the old man on his sparse white hair.

Bransky rose and moved to a table inside the restaurant, but he didn't sit down until he had made sure he could see them through the open door.

"There," said Fleur. "I hope you don't mind this, but it's the best I could do. At least we can talk undisturbed." She put both elbows on the table, rested her face on the palms of her hands and looked at him triumphantly.

Mark opened the bottle of champagne, filled her glass as well as his, then asked the waiter to carry the third over to Bransky.

"I've learned quite a lot about you."

"I'm sorry," said Fleur. "I'd much rather have told you about myself than have Bransky give you his version." She put down the menu.

"Don't you want anything?"

"Not right now. You go ahead and eat. Please do. The seafood here is excellent."

She lifted her glass and toasted her old teacher, beaming at him like an urchin. Watching her, Mark had the feeling that she was more of a child than he had thought. He waved the waiter away. "How old are you?"

"I'll be twenty-one next month."

Seven years younger than he. Sophisticated and naïve at the same time. "I met your brother today."

She looked at him unbelievingly. Obviously she had not been told about his visit. "How? Why?"

"I remembered suddenly that he is a quite famous man in his field. I wanted to interview him for my paper in Paris. And——No, I didn't give away that you and I had met. But, you see, something came up and I was not sure if I could meet you today, so I thought I might have an opportunity to see you and tell you."

Was it really only two hours since Corinne had been murdered? Since his high hopes of finally finding Timgad had been crushed? He pushed the thoughts away and looked at Fleur. Her eyes had narrowed. "Then you came just because you could not cancel it? Out of mere politeness?"

"No," he said. "One day I'll tell you. But why did you come?"

"You invited me, didn't you?"

Mark put down his glass and forced her to meet his glance. "Don't be glib, now, Fleur. Be honest. Just because it breaks the routine of your day? In a mood of rebellion or a spirit of adventure?"

Her hands on the table trembled a little, then lay quiet again; long-fingered, strong, graceful hands. "I came," she said, her voice flat, "because it seemed the most important thing to see you again."

They looked at each other, searching each other's faces. "Then you were not joking this morning, when you said you thought I was going to ask you to run away with me?"

"Not any more than you were. We fell in love, didn't we? And we're trying to find out about each other."

"Dear . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"We fell in love." Love at first sight. This morning he had wondered if she would have touched him so deeply had he not been living under such tension. Now he knew that a heightened sense of awareness had let him recognize her as the one person in the world who could give him happiness again.

"You don't know me."

Fleur shrugged. "Is that absolutely necessary? Nobody is loved because of his good qualities. Respected, admired—yes; but not loved. Besides, you don't know me either."

"I think you are right," he said. "True love means condoning the other's faults."

"I have many," said Fleur. "I'm moody. I get seasick. I'm untidy. I'm lazy. I am stubborn and I am weak."

"I'm egocentric," said Mark. "There are times when my work is all important to me, then nothing else matters. I'm easily impatient. I'm demanding. I'm greedy for life. Will you marry me, Fleur?"

The little line he had watched earlier this morning showed again, marring the youthfulness of her face, pulling at the corners of her mouth. "I just told you that I am weak. Grandmaman and Guy—I could not let them down. Bransky has told you how much they did for me, hasn't he? I could never shatter all their hopes unless you help me to ——"

The desperation in her eyes made him put his hand over hers. "It's such an old conflict," he said, "the battle between love and duty. But would you shatter their hopes if you married me? You could still have a career. Come, let's get out of here. Let's go for a drive. We have a whole afternoon and evening ahead of us."

"I'm expected home."

"Then tell Bransky that you won't be. Or phone."

Fleur shook her head. "Guy—he has such a violent temper. He'll be furious. I'll be afraid for you."

"I'm not afraid of anybody," Mark told her. "If you want me to, we will go and see your grandmother right now and I shall ask for your hand formally."

"Oh, no, no," said Fleur. "They'll never accept you. An American. An artist. A newspaperman. Oh, don't you understand?"

Instead of answering, Mark pulled her up from her chair. "We are going to get to know each other a little better. And I don't like back rooms that smell of food to do it in, with Bransky sitting at the door, watching us.

"It was a pleasure meeting you," he said, as they passed Bransky's table. "Mademoiselle will be home later, sometime after midnight. Would you be good enough to tell Madame Constant not to worry?"

The little old man was apparently robbed of speech. All he could do was open and close his mouth in quick succession, his hands fluttering like a bird that can't fly.

"You see how simple it is," said Mark, closing the door behind them. "Not a word out of him. I have my car parked further up. Do you mind walking a couple of blocks?"

With all decisions taken out of her hands, Fleur's mood had changed completely. "This, of course, is what I would hate about Americans if I didn't happen to be in love with one—their way of settling matters for others as if they had no say. Do you think I could possibly learn to be like that too?"

"You stay exactly as you are," Mark said.

They had reached the spot where he had parked the car, and he held the door open for her. They took the road that curved along the shore. Traffic was heavy—buses, trucks and private cars, motorcycles and bicycles on the two lanes demanded his entire concentration, but he was content not to speak, to have her sitting next to him, quietly, trustingly, the blue sea to his left, the mountains to his right. Beaulieu, Villefranche, Cap Ferrat.

But now Fleur was full of questions, wanting to know all about him. And Mark told her of his grandparents' vineyards near San Francisco, where he had spent the first years of his life, so long ago, yet very clear still in his memory. Of his strange and wonderful childhood in Nanking, where his father had been stationed. Of his mother, who had been beautiful and courageous and gay and who had died when he was eight years old, quite unexpectedly, from the consequences of a cold nobody, she least of all, had taken seriously. And how he had discovered, after her death, what a wonderful man his father was—a dedicated man, completely without fear, with a marvelous sense of humor, a good shot, an experienced sailor, who had taught him how to face life. But in spite of their closeness, he had insisted that Mark have the best opportunities for learning, for developing his talents—already at an early age he had begun to draw—and had sent him back to the United States for a proper education.

No—his father had died after enduring nearly three years of incarceration in a Chinese prison camp. Did Mark live in Paris or was he just temporarily working there? Mark sighed. He went wherever assignments took him, but, until lately, he had had a home with a friend, Monique's brother. Yes, Monique and he had been engaged. She and her brother, Philippe, had meant everything to him.

Fleur fell silent then and did not speak until she asked, "Where are you taking me?"

Hearing her voice, Mark found it easier than he had thought to push all memories from him. He could joke again. "To Nice," he said. "The sixth largest town in France. Very few famous people have not been there and unfortunately most of them have a monument erected in their honor, or houses that carry their nameplates. There are also museums, galleries, churches and historical places, but I think we'll skip them all. You'd get tired sightseeing. I think we'll find the best restaurant and really have something to eat, maybe at the old harbor, and then nap on the beach. We can rent an umbrella. Then we'll pick out a dress for you to wear tonight. After that we'll have something to drink on a hotel terrace and watch the people strolling by. Later I shall wine and dine you and, of course, we will dance."

"An American fairy tale," she said. "Go on."

"You'll see. It will all come true."

But the restaurant at the old harbor did not look inviting and they drove past the castle, down the Quai des États-Unis and onto the Promenade des Anglais. From the terrace of one of the big old hotels drifted the gay tunes of an orchestra, and Mark stopped the car. "Maybe there's dancing."

Fleur laughed. "At this time?"

Nowadays the man who worries too much about pushing sixty is passed by somebody at seventy.

HOMER PHILLIPS

"Oh, this is France," Mark answered. "One never knows what people will do here."

They entered an enormous lobby, studded with the showcases of elegant shops from the city. "If I were rich," Mark told her, "I would buy you everything. Just everything. But things being as they are, I hope you will be content with some flowers."

The flower stand was almost directly opposite the desk. He picked out a delicate orchid spray. While they were waiting for it to be made into a corsage, they walked idly a few steps closer to the desk, where the attractions of Nice were posted on a bulletin board. Next to it, in front of a small camera shop, a photographer had set up a stand. About fifty snapshots, each numbered with white ink, hung from a wooden frame. A sign above them said that copies could be ordered inside. The top one in the first row showed Corinne in her car. Next to her sat a man.

And at that moment Mark forgot all he was supposed to remember—the threat to his life, that he might be watched, and that Perrier had implored him not to make himself conspicuous. "Wait here," he told Fleur, stepping into the shop.

A middle-aged man, holding a camera, came forward. "The young lady and you?"

"No," said Mark. "I'd like to have number twenty-five. When did you take it?"

"Oh, sometime yesterday." The photographer took it off the hook and handed it to Mark.

Mark stared at the photograph. There was Corinne, as he remembered her, the lovely face with the bored eyes and the charming smile. It seemed incredible to think of her as dead. Murdered. But what mattered now was the man. A broad-shouldered, heavily built man, whose face was not clearly recognizable.

"I'm proud of it," said the photographer, just as Mark was wondering if he could risk asking who the man was. "It's not easy to catch Mr. Raffaeli. But I'm afraid he's a little blurred. You see, the car was going quite fast when I took it. It's surprising the lady came out so well."

Raffaeli? He couldn't place the name. But Perrier would know. Perrier, who had to be told at once of this discovery.

"Ties?" said a voice next to him. "Or a chain of pearls for the young lady?"

An Arab vender, holding out his wares. Mark turned his back on the man. "May I use your phone?" he asked.

Before the photographer had nodded his consent, Mark had already picked up the receiver. A moment later he heard the inspector's voice. "What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," said Mark. "I just bumped into something which will interest you. I'm calling from Nice."

"Nice?" said Perrier. "Well, don't bother to come back here. I have to be there presently myself. Meet me in the entrance of the Casino, on the Place Masséna. I'll be there in half an hour, latest."

Fleur was standing at the board outside the shop when Mark came out. "I forgot to tell you one of my worst faults," she said. "I'm jealous." She pointed to the spot on the board from which the photo had been removed. "What does she mean to you?"

Mark had trouble finding an answer that would satisfy her without revealing the truth. "Of no interest any longer. Come, let's pick up your flower."

She smiled at him when he pinned the orchid on her. "Aren't you glad I'm not curious?"

"I hope you will be patient too."

"Why?"

"Because I have an errand to do which may take only a little while, but then it may take longer."

"I shall try to be patient." But she wouldn't hear of waiting for him on the crowded terrace. "I'll be much more comfortable in your car."

From where he had parked the car, near the hotel, it was only a short walk, past the park, to the Place Masséna, the big square named after one of Napoleon's most trusted generals. The sun was beating down on it, and for a moment Mark wondered if he should walk under the arcades, which offered shade; then, driven by impatience, he cut across to the opposite side.

Before he had reached the sidewalk, he saw Perrier. He was carrying his dachshund. Now he moved at a leisurely pace, away from the entrance of the building which housed the gambling rooms, and turned into a side street. Following him, Mark slowed his steps, and, while watching Perrier out of the corner of his eye, he stopped at a newsstand to buy a paper, then strolled casually past the bus terminal. A few houses farther on, he saw the inspector enter a café.

Mark waited a few minutes before following him inside. Perrier was sitting in the farthest corner, as always with his back to a wall, the dog on his knees. Most of the tables were taken. Mark wound his way unhurriedly through the large, crowded restaurant until he reached the inspector.

Perrier bowed politely, as if to a stranger. "Yes, this chair is free," he said loudly. Then, as Mark sat down, he added in a lower voice, "I'm glad you caught on. We have to be cautious. You may have been shadowed. Seeing you with me might arouse suspicion."

"Any news?" asked Mark. "Have you found anything?"

"Not yet. Nothing for the moment. But you? Why did you want to see me?"

The look in his soft brown eyes was a mixture of doubt and worry. Mark could not help feeling satisfaction. Of course, he had been lucky.

He slid the snapshot under the newspaper and gave his order to the waiter. When he picked up the paper a moment later, the photo was gone, and Perrier said under his breath, "This is important. Cesare di Raffaeli. Did Corinne ever mention his name to you?"

Mark shook his head. "Who is Raffaeli? The photographer seemed to take for granted that I would know who he was."

But the inspector did not answer. The round brown eyes had narrowed and, following their glance, Mark saw that Perrier was staring at a man, standing in the open entrance doorway, the whole length of the restaurant away, a man of medium height, dressed in a white shirt and light gray trousers, who wore on his head a dark red fez. Over his arm hung several small silk rugs; and a great many chains—imitation pearl, colored glass and coral—dangled from his wrist. An Arab vender, as there were hundreds on the Riviera, reminding Mark of the one who had offered his wares in the photographer's shop.

The man seemed uncertain whether he should enter the restaurant or not. His eyes seemed to be scanning the place for possible customers until, suddenly, he made a step forward, in their direction. Only then did Mark notice a second Arab, following him. The next moment he saw Perrier's hand shoot up as if warding off a blow. Then all life seemed to come to an end with the thunderous noise of a bomb exploding.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Mr. Unpredictable (Continued from Page 14)

highly unsecret ambition to impress the next Democratic national convention with his qualifications for the presidency.

All in all, Governor Furcolo, who is an ingratiating and rather good-looking man with a law degree from Yale, qualifies as one of the sturdier political anomalies now extant. At Yale he fought for three years on the boxing team without losing a bout, and some scholars of his career profess to detect in this victorious record the embryonic pattern of his subsequent jousting for votes. A natural righthander, boxer Furcolo chose to fight as a lefthander—which, confusingly, means that he led with his right.

Lefthanded boxers are rarities and many of their opponents, especially in collegiate circles, never learn to cope with their unorthodoxy. In his modest but determined way Foster Furcolo was a scourge of the Ivy League. "You never knew what to expect," was the unclear diagnosis offered a few weeks ago by an Ivy League contemporary of his. Furcolo's footwork in the ring was unusually deft, as is silently testified to today by the straightness of his nose. It is large and it must have been a tempting target. At all times he was a hard man to lay a glove on with effectiveness. He was, as he is today, a master of the art of surprise.

This was discovered the hard way by the state division of Americans for Democratic Action, the ultraliberal wing of the party, when in 1953 it chose Furcolo as guest of honor at its annual banquet. At the time, Furcolo was holding down a minor state job, but it was well known that he was being groomed for the governorship. He got an ovation when the chairman introduced him as a friend of labor and a champion of "the little man" and recalled that the A.D.A. had supported him in two congressional elections.

Furcolo's response was brief and cutting. After uttering a few words in acknowledgment of the applause, he advised the A.D.A. to disband because, he said, it had lost the confidence of the people and was becoming a liability to the Democratic Party.

The affronted A.D.A. delegates swallowed hard, and the organization never again gave its collective blessing to Furcolo. But prominent members of it made a point of giving him their own individual backing. To the latter, apparently, the only alternatives were silence, which was unthinkable, and support of his Republican opponents, which would have been tantamount to the euthanasia suggested by the brusque onetime guest of honor.

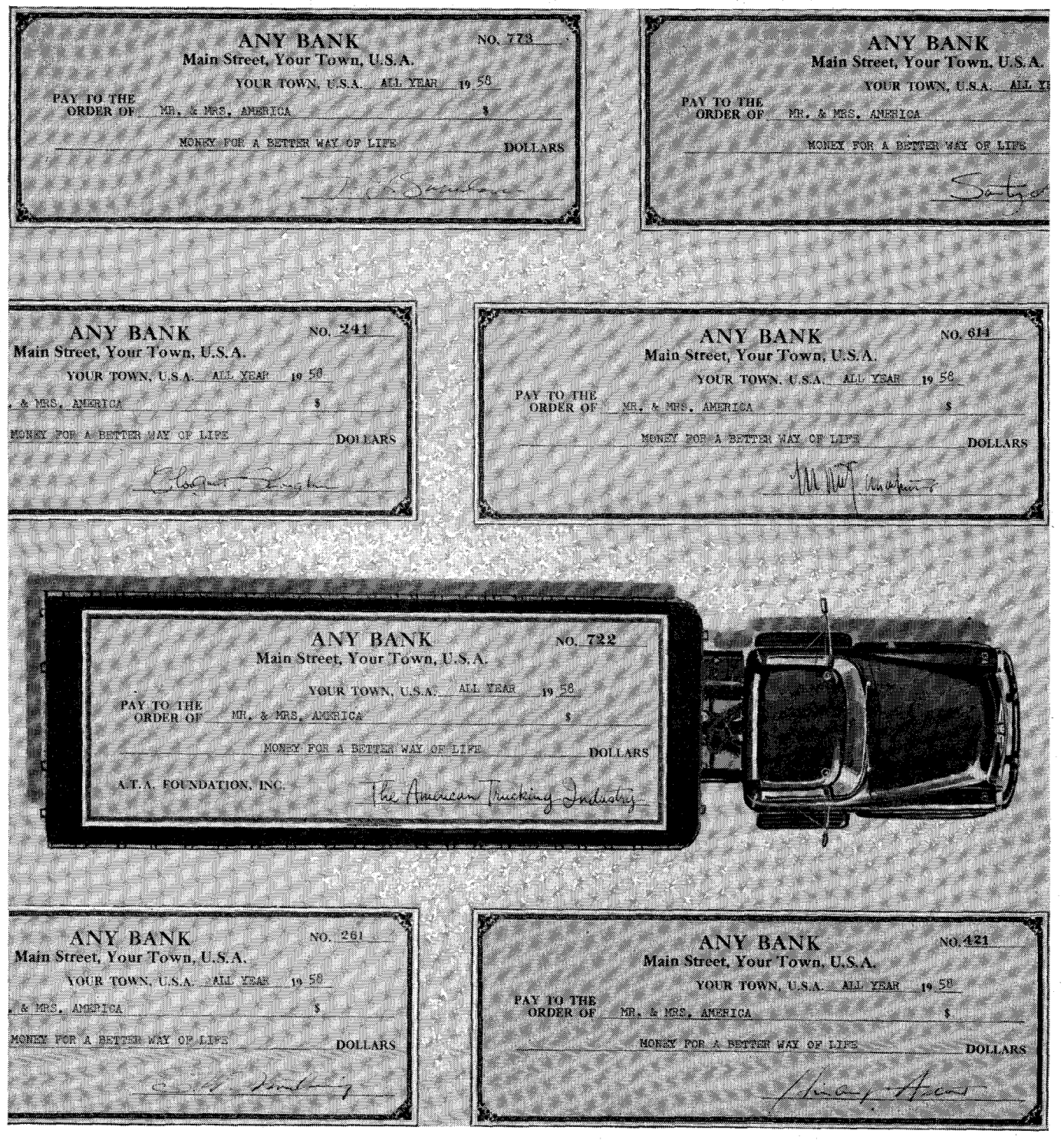
Furcolo's motive for his gratuitous slapping of the A.D.A. has long been a subject of local speculation. The best guess seems to be that Furcolo may have achieved a minor breakthrough in the bastard science of politics as it is commonly practiced in Massachusetts and elsewhere. The presumed breakthrough consists of calculated irritation of voting blocs whose support he could expect to receive, normally, as a matter of conditioned reflexes.

It worked well in the instance of the haymaker he threw at his A.D.A. hosts, but it is too early to assess the results of an even more painful blow received from his hands, and plainly not through inadvertence, by the very substantial Irish portion of the electorate. The blow took the form of a book he published last year under a pseudonym. It bore the title of Let George Do It! and was described on the jacket as "a comedy about American politics." In an epilogue the author explained, not entirely convincingly, why he had written such a book. The reason, in sum, was a hope that the book would inspire good but lazy citizens to take a more active part in politics and prevent "George" from getting away with his sins against the public weal.

Actually, the book is a clever satirical novel about ward politics at its worst. The "George" of the tale is one George Clancy. He is a conniving bum who uses the shabbiest tricks of the trade to engineer the election to the legislature of a dim-witted young punk named Martin. The other principal characters include a stupid, brutelike bartender named Grogan, who has a record of arrests for assault, perjury and drunkenness; and a garrulous tosspot named Flanagan, who has an engaging mannerism of punctuating his barroom orations with an irrelevant remark, "'God save Ireland,' said Kelly, Burke and Shea."

In its merciless dissection of Irish character Let George Do It! approaches the cynical standards set in the Abbey Theatre plays of J. M. Synge and Sean O'Casey. Perhaps the reason for this is that Irish writers tend to do their most vitriolic jobs on their own people, and Furcolo is half Irish.

One day last year the ineffable James Michael Curley called on the governor to make him a present of his autobiography, I'd Do It Again. It is a frank, boisterous account of one of the most spectacularly freebooting careers in the history of American politics. Furcolo thanked his visitor and handed him an advance copy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of Let George Do It! He asked Curley to read it and state frankly what he thought of it.

Curley was back the next morning with bloodshot eyes and a word of advice. "Deny you wrote it," he said.

Furcolo was amused, but no more than that, by Curley's fatherly advice. It is unlikely, in fact, that he thought for a moment that the pen name he used—John Foster—would for very long conceal the authorship of Let George Do It!—John Foster being the given names he received in baptism. Other clues to the author's identity were supplied in the publisher's blurb. He was described as a "brilliant lawyer" who had held several "highly responsible" public positions and was now "governor of a strategic New England state." A New York Herald Tribune reporter put the clues together and telephoned the governor of the most strategic of the six New England states. Without any telephonic arm-twisting he got Furcolo to corroborate his suspicion. This happened a week before the book was issued by the publisher.

The thinly disguised authorship may have been meant as a mere gag or as a publicity stunt. But the consensus of Furcolo's friends is that he was publicly expressing his contempt for political cultivation of the vote of the so-called "ethnic blocs," which the novel's George Clancy cultivated with crude cunning.

If the consensus is correct, Furcolo's basic unpredictability was on a gala display last June when with much fanfare he made six simultaneous appointments to Superior Court judgeships. No two of the appointees shared the same ethnic background. Three of them—a Portuguese, a Negro and a Pole—were the first of their groups ever to receive a Superior Court judgeship. The other three appointments went to men of Irish, French and Italian blood. (The Chinese have never been a strong factor in Massachusetts politics.)

Foster Furcolo's advancement in politics reflects a family tradition of achievement which was established, with almost unseemly haste, by his immigrant father, Charles Lawrence Furcolo. The elder Furcolo was ten years old when his widowed mother brought him to this country in 1899 from Sant'Angelo, a village not far from Naples. She took him directly to New Haven. Here her three older sons had located some years before and all were doing well in businesses of various kinds. The reunion with their mother was a joyous one and they became unofficial guardians of young Charles.

The boy had had all of the education afforded by Sant'Angelo—three grades of primary school—and he didn't know a word of English. Yet a scant six years later he was able to pass the examination which was then required for entrance into the Yale University medical school. Within four more years, at twenty-one, he had his M.D. degree.

He could not have performed this feat of intellect had the New Haven public-school officials been hidebound. Even at that early date they had the wit to recognize in Furcolo what is now called "the gifted child." With special permission the boy attended grade school by day and high school at night. He learned English as he went along, not through formal instruction, but by simple absorption.

"During my pre-Yale days my brothers were very strict with me and I missed out on the fun normally associated with boyhood," Doctor Furcolo said recently in a session of reminiscence. "But that was good for me. I had discipline." His lack of boyhood fun doesn't seem to have hurt him. Today, at seventy, he has a vigorous stride and handclasp. He is a cheerful man with courtly manners and personal magnetism, and his voice has the commanding timbre of a plucked bull fiddle. At any kind of social affair he quickly becomes the center of attention.

When their ward was well into medical school his triumvirate of guardians, who were footing the bill, generously offered to go deeper into the red if he married at any time during his student days or internship. The medical student had already been working on this kind of project in an offhand way. He had become interested in a girl who was taking a secretarial course in a nearby business school.

Their paths often crossed, and, when they did, he would say, "Hello, Miss Blue Eyes." The girl thought him fresh, as the contemporary expression had it, and she never responded to his greeting. By part-time sleuthing, the student learned that her name was Alberta Marie Foster;

... ...

The Wheel of My Life

By Laurence Eisenlohr

This is my wheel: the rim
that bounds
The whole is my commuting
rounds,
And, though it seems to
turn forever,
Moves farther from my
center never,
Which is my home, the seat
of life;
The spokes—my children
and my wife—
Enforce with sure and
strengthening joints
My circle at a thousand
points,
And brace me from the
buckling thrust
Of cares, and make my
orbit just.

... ...

that her father was John Henry Foster, a native of Ireland and a skilled machinist; that her mother came of the prominent and numerous Gaffney tribe; that the Gaffneys were related to the Tiernans, the Finnegans and the Bradys; and that a brother named Jack was a pupil in a New Haven high school.

Considering the antipathy with which the New England Irish regarded the Italians—and, to a certain extent, still do—the medical student from Sant'-Angelo faced a potentially formidable tribal situation. He met it at an angle by striking up an acquaintance with Jack Foster and, in the course of time, wangling an invitation to dinner.

One humid summer evening Alberta Foster came home to a scene that made her gasp. Her whole family, agitating the sticky air with palm-leaf fans, was seated on the front porch listening in enchantment to the medical student's fluent, resonant voice. Alberta bolted upstairs to her room with her mother in pursuit.

At dinner Alberta's chair was vacant. Mrs. Foster apologized for her daughter's absence, saying that she had a headache.

"Alberta hasn't got a headache," the guest boomed authoritatively. "She knows I'm going to marry her, and she doesn't like me." All of this was true, and so, in the peculiar logic of love, they were married.

The bride has since explained the inevitability of the event by saying, "He was an exceedingly brilliant and persistent young man and, I don't know, he kind of hypnotized me."

The fledgling doctor took his internship at Mercy Hospital in Springfield, Massachusetts. He liked the town and decided to stay, hanging out his shingle as a physician and surgeon in a tough district where rents were low. The district was infested with gangsters who, as gangsters will, frequently shot or stabbed one another and usually with stern finality. As Doctor Furcolo was conveniently located, the police got into the habit of bringing the victims to him. If they were still breathing he treated them, and if they had stopped breathing he signed their death certificates. This led to a side career of testifying at murder trials as to the cause of death. As he got better known around the courts he also became an expert medical witness in all kinds of death and injury cases. This led, in turn, to frequent contact with judges, lawyers and politicians, all of whom he found congenial, professionally and socially.

As his fortunes improved, aided by some happy investments in real estate, Doctor Furcolo left the tough district, and moved his office several more times, each time to a better location. Having early in his career perceived the benefits to be derived from group practice, he finally went in with a handful of local specialists and set up the Furcolo Clinic. It is still in operation.

Among the unpublicized events of the summer of 1911 was the birth on July 29th of the future governor of Massachusetts. It took place back in New Haven, where the surgeon's wife as her hour approached had gone to be near her mother. John Foster Furcolo was a healthy, yapping baby. Years later when he was becoming interested in politics he dropped the name of John and became, simply, Foster Furcolo, a combination that fell pleasantly upon the ear. He felt, too, that its brevity and alliteration would help the voters to remember it.

The tendency to fight for what he believed to be his own rights, which first publicly manifested itself in his shrill protest against the length of the monsignor's sermon, became stronger as he grew older. When he had progressed to junior high school he was brash and lippy on the subject. Once a male instructor who had left the classroom for a few minutes returned to find Foster Furcolo delivering a whispered monologue to his neighbors.

He asked the offender, point blank, "Don't you think your conduct is sneaky and dishonorable?"

"No, sir," was the point-blank reply. "You yourself sneak around trying to catch us off base, as you've just done, and my conduct was no more sneaky and dishonorable than yours."

The instructor held him after class and they argued the matter out privately. The discussion ended with both of them giving ground. They shook hands and got along better after that.

Along with Foster's zeal for protecting his rights grew an equal zeal for the rights of the underdog, a parallelism not uncommon in the political realm toward which he was heading. He showed this in pretty well-developed form in Saturday baseball games. The Furcolos lived in Longmeadow, an attractive suburb of Springfield. Sometimes the Longmeadow team's opponents came from the slums or near-slums of the city, and it was easy to tell, from their inferior equipment and the way they looked in the pregame warm-up, what their chances of victory were. If the chances seemed almost nonexistent, Foster, who was even then a talented athlete, would play on the visitors' side to redress the balance.

The parallelism was painfully apparent in the early days of Furcolo's law practice when he was defending an impoverished client against a criminal charge. The judge, a close friend of Doctor Furcolo, telephoned him one afternoon. He sounded outraged, and he was.

"What the hell has gotten into that —— son of yours?" he said, sputtering his words.

Doctor Furcolo asked what he meant.

"Today, in court," came the indignant reply, "he demanded that I disqualify myself and let some other judge hear the case. Said that I distinctly showed by my comments from the bench that I was prejudiced and couldn't be depended upon to give his client a fair trial. If he weren't your son I would have cited him for contempt."

Doctor Furcolo, chuckling to himself, explained that his son was strong-minded and, when convinced that he was right, immovable.

"By the way," the surgeon asked, "what did you do about it?"

"Disqualified myself," the judge replied. "How about coming over this evening for a card game?"

The Furcolos had another son, Charles, who was two years Foster's senior. The brothers were unusually close companions. Noting the companionship and also taking into consideration Foster's good marks, the Springfield school authorities twice allowed him to skip a grade and the brothers went through junior high together. Hoping to make doctors of them, Doctor Furcolo sent them to Yale for pre-medical training. After the first year both temporarily disappointed him by shifting to the pre-legal course. Neither student could abide mathematics, physics and chemistry, which were pre-medical essentials.

They got their law degrees together, in 1936, and then, for the first time, their paths parted. Charles, who had had some success at acting in college, made for Broadway immediately. He did well in supporting roles in a number of plays, but, looking at his stage record frankly, decided that he would never reach the heights in that calling, and got a job on the editorial staff of Forbes, a business and financial magazine. He did reach the heights in this field, becoming managing editor, a post he held for five years. At that point, bitten hard by the writing bug, he quit his editorship and got a job with a Manhattan publicity firm which gave him a little time for the enervating task of writing on the side. None of his books has hit the best-seller lists, but he is a serious man with talent and high hopes. He is married and has several children and he lives in White Plains near the apartment of his mother, who has been separated from Doctor Furcolo for many years. For some reason she has lengthened the name to Furcolowe, and Charles uses the same spelling.

Foster's path after graduation led first to the altar, where he was married to Miss Kathryn Foran, a New Haven girl, then back home to Springfield, where he began building up a law practice. He prospered, partly because of his skill as an advocate and partly because of his father's political friendships. In 1942 he teethed politically by running for district attorney of Hampden County and losing.

During the latter part of World War II, Furcolo served with the Navy in the Pacific as a gunnery officer on an assault transport, the USS Kershaw (APA 176),

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and he saw his chief action at the invasion of Okinawa. When the war ended, the Kershaw got fouled up in the slow business of ferrying troops home. In characteristic fashion, Furcolo, a lieutenant (jg), found a dragon to square off against—the wastage of manpower as he saw it aboard his own ship. In January of 1946 he handed his skipper a fat document titled Report on Overmanning of USS Kershaw (APA 176).

The skipper, an Annapolis man, accepted it without blinking and promised to read it. The substance of the manifesto was capsuled in this passage: "We have a ship's company of about 300 men and 28 officers. Most of them know that our ship can do its job [ferrying troops home] with no strain, with 150 men and 15 officers; and with a little strain . . . with a company of 110 men and 12 officers." True to his promise, the skipper read the document and wrote a reply in longhand. The burden of it was that in his opinion every man aboard was needed.

"We discussed the entire situation together at great length," Furcolo said later on in describing the dispute. "However, he remained firm in the belief that the ship could not be run with less men. In fact, he thought even more were needed."

Discharged from the Navy in the summer of 1946, Furcolo plunged back into politics by running for Congress from the Second District of Massachusetts, the hub of which is Springfield. The plunge was premature. The district is normally Republican and Furcolo, who had only a few months in which to campaign, was defeated. But in 1948 he won easily and in 1950 he was re-elected.

As a freshman congressman, Furcolo ran rough-shod over House customs, one of which is that new members keep their lips well buttoned up during their first terms. Furcolo sounded off whenever he felt like sounding off. He took on some big opponents. One was Congressman Carl Vinson, of Georgia, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, whose findings are rarely attacked. Vinson's committee reported out a military court-martial bill. Furcolo offered three amendments and the House, to its own surprise, adopted one of them. A few weeks later Furcolo tangled with Vinson about his committee's military pay-rise bill. Aided by a couple of other young insurgents, Furcolo ridiculed the bill as giving the high officers a banquet and tossing crumbs to the enlisted men. The chagrined Vinson sat red-faced as the House voted to return his bill to the Armed Services Committee for major repairs.

It was the late Paul A. Dever who switched the course of Furcolo's political voyaging into its present channels. A certain amount of accident was involved. When Furcolo's second term in Congress was nearing its end, Dever, who was then governor, happened to be casting about for a suitable young Democrat to strengthen the party's ballot-box appeal in the non-Boston areas of the state.

"I specifically wanted to get away from the traditional green ticket and give the voters in the Connecticut Valley someone they could vote for," Dever said in an interview a few days before his death last April. "I didn't know until much later that Furcolo was half-Irish. All I knew about him was that he had a good reputation, political imagination and lots of drive and vigor. I have never regretted shoving him along. He will make a fine United States senator. As a matter of fact, he is a better legislator than he is an administrator."

Dever made room for Furcolo in the State House by persuading his treasurer and receiver general to resign and accept another job and appointing Furcolo to fill the unexpired term. Furcolo was elected to a second term as treasurer and receiver general, and on the heels of this success made his close race against Senator Saltonstall in 1954 and his victorious campaign for governor in 1956.

Dever's estimate of Governor Furcolo as an administrator is shared by friends as well as enemies. In his defense, the friends point out, accurately, that it is next to impossible, under the two-year-term system, for anyone to administer the governorship of Massachusetts successfully. It takes that long to formulate a coherent policy and the incumbent, naturally, has to devote a lot of his official time to running for re-election.

To these inherent difficulties are added the temperamental deficiencies of the incumbent, and Governor Furcolo has an ample supply of these. He still has the hatred for mathematics which he first manifested at Yale—an unhappy trait to have when budget time rears its unlovely head. Finance, generally, bores him. He is slow in reaching decisions on vital matters—a headlong procrastinator, one of his enemies has called him. Something of a feudist at heart, he seems to enjoy irritating the legislature. In this he is impartial, stirring up the emotions of the Democratic House of Representatives as well as those of the Senate, which is Republican. Ordinarily, he refuses to accept advice from his own party stalwarts. He is a lone wolf in an occupation which calls for compromise.

Furcolo has a long, flowing, catlike stride and he wears his staff to a frazzle. Unlike most of the people around him he has an athlete's genius for relaxing, with a glass of milk when at his desk and with a highball when the day is over. Throughout the day he writes reminders to himself, on scratch pads, on the margins of newspapers, on paper napkins, and stuffs them into his pants pockets. At night, draping his frame loosely into a chair, he disentangles the memoranda from currency, coinage and keys with which they have become entwined and tries to sort them out in an intelligible way. (The really hot ones go into the breast pocket of his shirt.) His one concession to keeping his pockets shipshape is to segregate his driver's license and other identification cards in an envelope—any old envelope that's handy—and to carry it in the inside pocket of his coat.

He hasn't owned a wallet for many years. "You tend to make a filing case out of a wallet," he explains. "You promise yourself that some day you will go through it and weed out the dead stuff, but you never get around to doing it."

Some Massachusetts people shudder when they think of the probability that within a few years Furcolo will be one of their senators in Washington. They brand him as a dreamer and visionary. It is true that when he was a congressman his imagination often outran his common sense, but as early as 1950 he was advocating a complete overhaul of American education with special emphasis on the sciences, and long-range planning to avoid military crises such as the Korean War, which was then raging. "We have had," he said, "an essentially negative policy of waiting for an emergency, then rushing to patch up the situation, then sitting back and hoping that no future emergencies would arise. . . . Two weeks later we resumed normal living. Another crisis, more jitters, then normalcy again."

A congressman of 1950 who gave voice to thoughts like these might a decade later make a useful senator. The era of crises is still with us and we are still short of scientists. THE END

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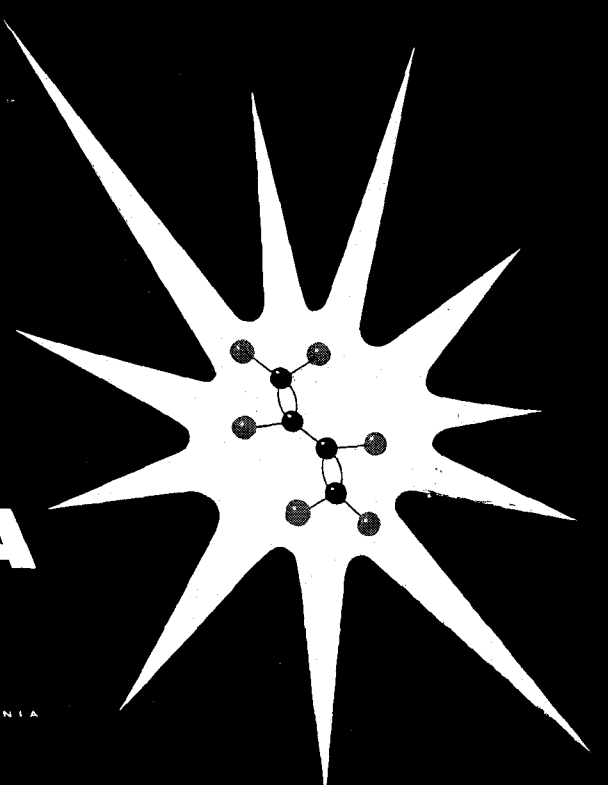

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I Married Murder (Continued from Page 39)

"It wasn't mild in Jim's case," he said. "She had it magnified all out of proportion. Why, because he brushed her off she even got hysterical and threatened to turn on the gas, clutching in her hand a little gold mouse he gave her for her charm bracelet. It was just high-school dramatics, but it gave him a scare."

"I wish you'd talk to her, George," I said. "She's threatening to call that district attorney over in Jersey."

"She can't do that!" he said explosively. "Let me talk to her!"

I stepped out of the booth and handed Mousie the receiver.

"George wants to talk to you," I told her.

It was more serious than I had thought; there was a hard-shelled grain of truth in what she had said; George conceded that there had been something between Mousie and Jim Prescott, even though the emotion was all on her side. As I stood waiting I looked at her rounded forehead and her sulky lips, and at that moment I despised Mousie. All my problems seemed focused in her. She had raised the first doubts in my mind and very probably she had given "Murder Will Out" to Stella on the night of our homecoming. She had turned my mother against Stella somehow—God knows what she had told my mother. She had tried vengefully to break up my marriage; I was sure of that. Now, of course, I knew the reason. I knew what fantasy had driven her.

She opened the door of the booth and mutely passed the receiver to me. I put it to my ear and said, "Yes?"

"Unfortunately, I'm tied up in court today," George said. "I won't be free until late, but I'm meeting her at half past six. Now don't worry about it. I think I can handle Mousie, and if I can't, I'll get some help. I'll get a good psychiatrist. I'll have her committed if I have to. I'll ——"

"George, calm down," I said. "She's not insane."

"She took a shot at you last night! Is that an act of sanity?"

"The evidence that she did it is pretty flimsy," I said. "I'm not at all convinced she did it, George. As she put it, only someone who didn't know the facts would have put that corsage in the refrigerator."

"What facts?" he said. "Good Lord, you don't think that garbage she told you was fact?"

"I meant the fact that there was no other man in Stella's life."

"I see," he said. "I get your point. Well, it can all be checked. Mike, I've got to run now. I'll call this evening and report."

"I let you have your way," Mousie said when I stepped out of the booth, "but I don't see what talking to George will accomplish. He's as blind as you are."

"Mousie, couldn't it be you're the one who's blind?"

The look she gave me was one of contempt. She said in an odd monotone, like a rehearsed recitation, "When Jim came home from Chicago that night, I met him at the airport. He said he was on his way home to have it out with Stella and he'd call me later. I sat waiting for the call, and I was waiting when George came in and told me Jim was dead. He was shot with his own gun, Mike. How would a burglar get hold of that gun?"

"There's no proof he was shot with his own gun."

"His gun was missing, and still is," she said. "So what happened to it? That's what the district attorney wanted to know, and so do I."

We were on the sidewalk in the sunlight, walking slowly along Park Avenue. She was entirely in command of herself. She was calm, even cold. Her voice had a sting in it and she kept giving me quick, stony glances.

"You went abroad with Stella, Mousie," I said. "You went to Europe together. You've been coming to Menasset every weekend and often during the week, popping in and out. How could you do that, thinking what you think?"

"I wanted to be sure," Mousie said. "Of course I went with her. I watched everything she did. I listened to everything she said."

"But you never discussed it with her," I said. "Was that fair, Mousie?"

"What has fairness got to do with it?" she demanded.

"I think you're afraid to discuss it with her, Mousie," I said quietly, "because she knows very well that Jim Prescott wasn't in love with you."

She stopped short, swung about to face me.

"You were threatening all kinds of dire things because he wouldn't give Stella up," I said. "You told him you were going to turn on the gas, with a little gold mouse in your hand."

"That's a lie!" she cried, and her cheeks flamed with angry color. "Did Stella tell you that?"

"No, Stella didn't tell me that," I said. "Jim Prescott told George that."

"It isn't true!" she cried. "He wouldn't have! He couldn't have! He loved me and we were going away together!"

I saw tears in her eyes as she whirled away from me and waved to a cruising cab. I reached her in time to open the door of the cab for her. She was breathing hard and her eyes were brilliant and moist in the sunlight as she looked at me.

"I want to say one thing, Mike," she said in a voice now under control. "I'm very sorry for you. I wish it could be different."

"But it can be, Mousie, if you'll just ——"

"Because, you see, I love you," she said, and stepped into the cab.

I was taken aback. I was more than ever puzzled. I did not think that Mousie loved me or anyone, and her dramatics gave me a feeling of disgust. She was living a pose, I thought; she had always lived the tragic pose of the bereaved lover, with herself alone as audience; she had fed on it neurotically, savored it masochistically. And now she wanted to go to the district attorney because a shot had been fired at me in my home last night, but I was sure that all she really wanted was to hurt Stella.

But would she go to the district attorney and expose the contradictions of her private world to the scrutiny of the objective world around her? I thought not. I thought now that she wanted to be talked out of it, creating high dramatics along the way. It had been only a threat, carrying on a pose with added savor because now she had an audience; she had me and she had George, and in the background was her true victim, Stella, the object of it all. She had never had a pet, but her doll had had a dead mouse for a dog. She had never had a husband, but now she claimed Stella's dead husband as hers. And myself, I thought with a little shock—she also claimed me now!

I drove home to Stella, pressing hard. I was the sort of driver who customarily observed speed limits, but not this afternoon. I raced to Menasset.

Stella was in a reclining chair on the lawn, exposed to the sun as she read a book. As I approached, she marked her place in the book with a finger and said, "You're home early, Mike."

I bent over, and the kiss I gave her was tender and prolonged, then I said, "I haven't been to the office yet. I went to New York and talked to Mousie."

She sat up straight, putting the book down on the grass. "About last night?"

"Yes. I wanted to find out if she fired that shot last night. I talked to the florist at the Westbrook and he said that corsage appeared to be one he had sold Saturday night, and he thought that Mousie might be the girl who bought that corsage, so I asked her about it. She denied it pretty emotionally and I must say, rather convincingly."

"Oh, dear," Stella said. "I wish you'd talked to me first. An accusation like that must have been pretty devastating, coming from you. Don't you have any idea at all how Mousie feels about you?"

"Stella, I was the one who was devastated," I said. "Mousie lost control. She made a lot of hysterical charges. She said Jim Prescott had been in love with her and used to come to see her at college, used to take her skiing."

Stella nodded. "Jim was nice to her, just as you've been nice to her, Mike. You've noticed, of course, how she's flung herself at you. It was the same with Jim, and it amused him. He used to talk about it to me and he called her *la jeune fille fatale*."

"It doesn't amuse me," I said. "Behind that *jeune fille* innocence she's been plotting to break up our marriage."

"That's been obvious," Stella said, "and, as you imply, childish. I imagined that we had the security to ignore it. We do, don't we?"

"Indeed we do," I said. "But did Jim Prescott ignore it? He told George that Mousie had been threatening to commit suicide unless he broke with you."

"I never heard that," she said. "I didn't know she had gone that far."

"Mousie denied it rather vehemently," I said. "Mousie's story was that when Jim came home from Chicago that night he was planning to have a showdown with you, to tell you that he was leaving you to marry Mousie. Honey, this is going to shock you. She even accused you of killing him because of it."

She stared at me and her face had gone very white in the sunlight. "She said that, Mike?"

"She did, and she accused you of taking that shot at me last night. She accused you of putting that orchid corsage in the refrigerator yourself, last night and the other time too."

"But that's fantastic," Stella said.

"Do orchids have any special meaning for you?"

Her voice was very low. "After all that happened, of course."

"I meant before that. Mousie went on about an orchid corsage your father sent Mousie's mother, and you thought he had sent them to you and you tore them to shreds because you were jealous of Mousie's mother."

"Oh, heavens," Stella said. "I remember that. Yes, that's true. I had forgotten all about it, but it's true. I did tear those orchids up and I was jealous when my father remarried. But that was years ago; I had completely forgotten."

"Mousie never forgets," I said. "Listen, honey, I haven't told you the worst of it. She's threatening to go to the district attorney and tell him all she knows."

She gave her head a puzzled shake. "But there's nothing for her to know, Mike. Let her go to the district attorney. This is all incredible. She must be sick."

"That's what I think," I said. "As a matter of fact, that's what George thinks too. He's arranged to talk it over with her at six-thirty tonight."

"Why didn't she come out with all this before?" Stella said. "Why didn't she talk to me? Mike, I'm as perceptive as any other woman. If Jim had been planning to leave me, wouldn't I have known?"

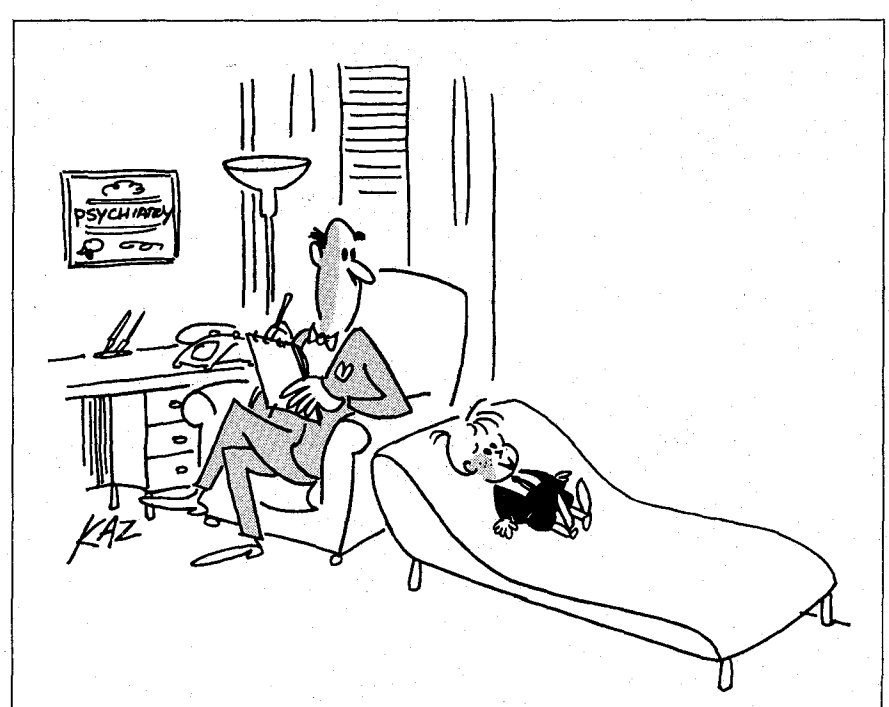
"But he wasn't planning to leave you," I said. "According to George, he refused and she made wild threats to turn on the gas. When I mentioned that to her today it was as if I'd struck her in the face. She said it was a lie. She was furious, because it undermined this whole fantasy that she's built up."

"If she had known that Jim made jokes about her, it would have floored her," Stella said.

I nodded. "After George talks to her I don't think she'll have much desire to go to the district attorney."

"I'm sure she never intended to," Stella said. "Any more than she would have turned on the gas. You know how Mousie is. She's high-strung and emotional and she likes to make a big scene and be the center of attention." She reached calmly for the book and opened it on her lap. "Until we hear from George let's just forget it," she said.

Her confidence was transmitted to me, and I thought (*Continued on Page 78*)



"I'm nuts about broccoli!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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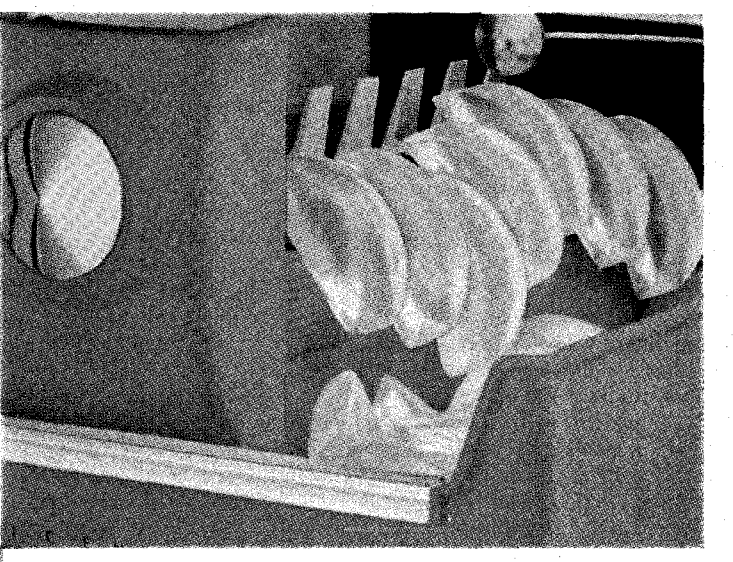

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(*Continued from Page 76*) that while waiting for word from George I could make use of the time and also get my mind off the matter altogether. I drove to my office.

There was a great deal of work to be done. There were problems that would have been taken care of by Joe Downs if he had not been off cruising, and I had a pile of correspondence to be answered. I was hard pressed to finish up in time to hurry home by half past six and await word from George.

We dined at seven, and were still at the table when my mother came over.

"Oh, I'm interrupting," she said at the door. "But I came over to tell you that the boats are coming in. I thought you'd want to watch it."

The cruise was over. White sails of sloop and yawl and ketch and schooner stirred in the harbor as the boats came one by one to the anchorage. We watched the parade in the failing light, watched the yachts drop sail and pick up their individual moorings, watched the club launch scuttle from one craft to the next, taking the crews ashore.

"Where is that sweet little mouse?" my mother asked. "I haven't heard a word from her and she was supposed to come out tonight."

"Mike saw Mousie in town today," Stella said. "Did she say what time she was coming out, darling?"

"Her plans seemed rather indefinite," I said.

The telephone rang and I was out of my chair at once. I went to the extension instrument in the library and picked up the receiver.

George's quick voice asked, "Mousie there, Mike?"

"No, not here," I said. "What happened?"

"Have you heard from her at all?"

"No; and neither has my mother. Didn't you talk to her?"

"She hasn't showed up, Mike, and here it is half past seven."

I felt alarm. I should not have left her this afternoon, I thought. I should have stayed with her until time for her meeting with George. But I said, "I expect she'll show up. She never was very punctual. And she promised she'd talk it over with you before she did anything."

"Maybe there's been a mix-up about where we were to meet," he said. "Did she mention to you where we were meeting?"

"No."

"At a little French restaurant I like," he said. "You remember it, the Boule de Suif—you and Stella were here with me once. I've been waiting since half past six. I called her hotel a couple of times to check, but no answer, so finally I decided I'd better call you. I'll wait awhile. Call you back."

I was worried now; it looked as if Mousie had actually gone to New Jersey. But if it was she who had shot at me last night, I was sure that the threat to go to the district attorney was only a threat. I had no background in psychology to guide me, but I felt it; I knew it. Mousie had tried to take me away from Stella. On the cruise, when I had changed my manner toward her to that of an affectionate, rather dominating comradeship, she must have thought that she was making progress, and she might well have conceived of the shot in the night to provoke a break between me and Stella. When it had not worked, she had gone a little farther—she had made an outright and outrageous charge against Stella.

But if it was Mousie who had fired the shot, how had she got out here in the middle of the night and back to her hotel again? There was no late train back to New York until the early hours of the morning and she had no car. How had she got here and back? She would have been seen at the railroad station, and although there was no stationmaster late at night, Al Hall's taxi service met all trains and had desk space and a telephone in the waiting room; Al Hall would know.

I was too restless to sit with Stella and my mother on the porch. I wandered about the house, never very far from the library, and I was sitting at the desk there, reading a technical report, when the telephone rang at last a few minutes before nine o'clock. It was George calling.

"Mike, she wouldn't be this late for an appointment," he said. "It's close to nine. Either she was mixed up about the meeting place or —— I called her hotel again. Still no answer."

"She hasn't called here, either," I said.

"I'm coming out there," he said. "I'll start right away."

I walked out to the porch and said to Stella, "I'm going out for a few minutes, honey. I'll stop by the station and see if Mousie is on the nine-ten."

The station was a quarter of a mile from the town, reached by a narrow road that crossed a swampy, unsettled area. I found Al Hall at his desk behind a railed enclosure in the waiting room and said, "Al, I seem to have missed the nine-ten. I wonder if you noticed whether my sister-in-law got off?"

"Miss Wheeler?" he said. "No, I didn't see her."

"You were working last night, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was."

"I was wondering if Miss Wheeler made that late train O.K. last night."

"I didn't see her board it, Mr. Stewart."

Then it had not been Mousie, I thought as I returned to my car. I remembered how upset she had been in the grill of the Westbrook when she had said with deep hurt, "Mike, I never expected this of you." I had been convinced then that I had accused her falsely, and now I realized that I wanted it to be Mousie. I wanted evidence that she had behaved abnormally. I wanted every scrap of evidence, emotional or otherwise, to disprove what she had told me. I wanted it desperately.

I saw the lights of the yacht club glistening across the dark water. It would be an hour before George reached Menasset, so I crossed the bridge and drove to the club. I had some questions to ask about that black yawl. If it had not been Mousie who had crept into my home and fired the shot, it must have been another vindictive, neurotic woman whose heel prints I had found in the flower bed. Roberta Allison was a firecracker of a woman and I felt that she would stop at nothing to which hatred might drive her. Had the black yawl reached Menasset ahead of me and, if so, how long ahead? The steward would know.

The yacht club was quiet and the steward's office was closed. I moved out onto the veranda. On this hot summer night a group of three had carried drinks out to a table on the veranda, and it was only when I passed close by on my way to the bar that I recognized them as Norman and Roberta Allison, sitting with Phil Hunter. The Allisons did not glance up as I passed the table, but Phil said, "Hi, Mike."

I was the only customer in the bar, and Henry, the barman, said, as he mixed me a Scotch-and-water, "Quieter than it was when they were all off cruising. I guess everybody wanted to get home to a hot shower."

Hearing a slow step behind me, I turned. Phil Hunter's head was tilted on his long neck and an odd, embarrassed smile showed on his face. "Mike, I want to clear something up with you," he said.

"It's mutual," I said. "I understand you suggested those people look me up in Menasset and I'm curious what precisely was in your mind, Phil."

"I didn't suggest it, Mike," he said. "Norm was asking what I did with myself summers and I told him I spent most of my time in Menasset, and he asked me if that wasn't where Mike Stewart lived, and I said it was. That's all that happened. I never knew they planned to come here." He looked at me gravely. "Look, Mike, I'm sorry about what happened, and so is she. Roberta isn't a bad sort, actually. It's just that she's got hypertension and flies off the handle. She has a terrible temper to go with that red hair. She wants to apologize, Mike."

"To Stella?"

He shrugged. "Would Stella even speak to her now, after what happened at Block Island?" He moved up beside me, elbows on the bar. "Look, this leaves me in a spot. I don't want them around here, under the circumstances, any more than you do. The only reason they put into Menasset is Norm was having trouble with his motor and he wanted a mechanic."

"There's a commercial marina upriver," I said. "Don't you think possibly they've overstayed their welcome here?"

"Look, Mike, Roberta has always been a nut on the subject of her brother," he said in a low voice. "She was crazy about him. I remember once I said something about that shady deal he was mixed up in and I thought she'd tear my hair out. She lost control."

"Shady deal?" I said.

He shrugged his thin shoulders. "Maybe I shouldn't have called it that, but there was plenty of talk about it at the time, and Norman and Jim both came in for plenty of criticism."

Alert now, I faced him. "For what?"

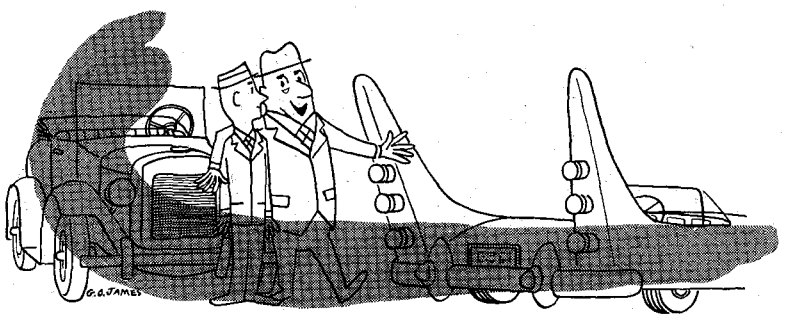
"That Cobb Oil Company deal," Phil said. "Norman was treasurer of the company and Prescott was pushing the stock, unloading plenty of it. But you must know all about that deal."

"Not the details," I said. I had never heard of the Cobb Oil Company, but anything relating to Jim Prescott interested me; I wanted to know all I could about Prescott. He meant nothing to me except for the effect the circumstances of his death had had on Stella; but after what had happened today I was interested in his every act.

"It was treasury stock, authorized but never put on sale before," Phil said. "A lot of dough got siphoned off somewhere by somebody and there was talk that Prescott got his. Having a brother-in-law as treasurer of the company didn't help him any. Of course he tried to save face. He fixed up a stockholders' committee and talked about a proxy fight to get control of the company, but right in the middle of it turned up shot. Norm Allison got out from under too. He resigned as treasurer and went to work in the Street, in Jim's firm. I'm pretty sure they were in cahoots."

"Where was the shady deal, Phil?"

"I'm only telling you what was said around Wall Street," Phil said. "I don't



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The overstocked car dealer advertised: "Don't wait for next year's models. Buy a new car today and trade it in for the next model later at no extra cost." Joe bought the current model, getting a whopping trade-in allowance on his old car. He said not a word about the ad. Two months later, when he went to trade his purchase for a brand-new model, the dealer turned him away. Joe sued.

"Joe did not come right out and say that he was buying in response to our ad," the dealer argued. "Because of that, we gave him a much bigger trade-in allowance on his old jalopy than we might otherwise have done. We closed the deal, and that was that."

"I bought the older model only because of the ad," Joe countered. "Maybe I didn't remind them that I'd be back for a new model as soon as it appeared, but they should have known it. It was their special offer, as advertised, that led me to buy when I did."

If you were the judge, would you give Joe a new-model car?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe got the new model. The court said that if the advertisement, instead of being a bona-fide offer, was merely intended to "lure customers" to the car lot, it was too bad for the dealer, as he could not get away with it.

Based upon a 1956 Louisiana decision.

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know that there's a word of truth in it, and, as I told you, Roberta almost snatched me baldheaded. But I do know that Cobb Oil pushed over a big sale of stock and they used the money—three or four million bucks—to buy out a little company named the Sundown Petroleum Company that had some producing wells down in Texas. They paid about ten times what the property was worth, by all accounts, but a lot of it was unproved reserves—you know, an unknown quantity until you sink an oil well. The story was that Roscoe Cobb, the president of Cobb Oil had secret information that there was an oil-bearing formation, but Cobb is a sharpshooter, I hear."

"Was there a formation?"

"If there was, I never heard that anybody tapped it," he said. "The big question is who owned that Sundown Petroleum stock, because that's where the money went. It was a family corporation with offices in Chicago, but the suspicion was that some operators bought it out and I've heard it said that Prescott was one of them. The company was liquidated. She ain't no more."

"But the stockholders must be on record."

"Sure," he said. "Dummies, probably. Office boys. Maiden aunts. Who knows?"

"But what happened about it?" I persisted.

"Nothing happened," he said. "Cobb Oil is still doing business and Norman Allison has a good job and plenty of dough. You know who was left holding the wrong end of the stick in that deal? Your friend, George Duncan. Prescott made his bundle, but George was left out in the cold. I happen to know. George had some stock in Sundown Petroleum and sold it out not long before the deal went through. As a matter of fact, it went through our firm and Charlie Wharton handled it—bid-and-asked stuff; not on the big board. If George had waited, he'd have cleaned up. Sundown liquidated at better than a hundred dollars a share, and George let two thousand shares go for something like six dollars a share."

"I imagine that was enough to put a strain on the friendship," I said. "Is that what you mean?"

"Does Macy's tell Gimbels?" Phil asked. "Does a fisherman tell where the big ones are biting? It's all in the game, Mike. George was probably sore as hell at first, and then he laughed it off."

"Yes, that's what he'd do," I agreed. "But how about Allison? Did he clean up?"

"That's a pretty little yawl he's got," Phil said with a wise smile. "Must have cost him plenty."

Some instinctive distrust of Phil Hunter made me wonder what ax of his own he was grinding by sponsoring the Allisons, by talking to me about shady deals. Possibly it was only that he was intrigued by shady deals, and piqued because he hadn't had a finger in this one. I knew that money was the staff of life to Phil.

"Good night, Phil," I said, and lightly slapped his shoulder. "Keep your eyes out for those shady deals."

I walked out of the bar, out past the table where the Allisons sat, without glancing their way. It was a clear, cool night, but moonless. Marshland came to the southern end of the yacht club, separated from the club property by a tidal estuary known as Oyster Creek, and from the marsh came the sweet, dank smell of salty decay and the full-throated clamor of the frogs. I sighed deeply as I went to my car, and on the drive home the sense of depression settled more heavily than before.

As I parked my car I noticed with surprise that Stella's convertible was not in the garage. I was moving toward the house when I saw lights among the trees and I waited on the driveway as a car turned in from the road that meandered through the estate. It was Stella's convertible, and as she braked I called out, "Where have you been? Any word?"

"No, no word," she said. "I simply invented an excuse to go out to get rid of your mother. I'm sorry, but she was getting on my nerves tonight. I passed by the station and you weren't there, and then I tried the yacht club, but I didn't see your car, so I came on home."

The headlights of another car were flashing on the tree trunks. I said, "I was at the yacht club until a few minutes ago."

"Mike, I think that's George," she said.

I glanced at my watch; it was only two minutes after ten. It was not much more than an hour since he had called me, but it was George.

I called out, "You must have burned up the road."

"I did," he said.

Stella asked anxiously, "Heard anything, George?"

"No," he said. "I hoped you had."

We went into the house and in response to my pantomime inquiry George nodded and I mixed him a drink. He sat on the very edge of his chair, with his feet drawn in under him. His face looked white and strained and his eyes were deep shadows. He looked from Stella to me, and at last he said, "I'm afraid she must have gone to New Jersey."

"Oh, why wouldn't she come and talk to me?" Stella moaned. "That's what hurts more than anything."

"She failed to meet me and she didn't call here and she didn't call Mike's mother," George said. "I'm afraid that's significant. She didn't want to be reasoned with. She didn't want to be talked to."

"But her story is so obviously false," I said. "Jim Prescott himself told you that she had threatened suicide because he refused to break with Stella."

"She threatened suicide, yes," he said. "But that was a couple of weeks before Jim was killed, and what worries me is that Jim must have calmed her down and as time went by she probably thought that everything was going her way. She may even believe her own story. In fact, I think she must." He looked at Stella with compassion. "Stell, you'll have to be prepared to take it. I know how much it's asking, after all you've been through already, but I'm afraid you'll have to face it all again."

"I can take it if I must, George," she said. "But I feel so awful about Mousie. That's what knocks the bottom out of everything. If I could only talk to her, reason with her. I've always loved her. I've tried to be a real sister to her."

I put my arm around her. "Honey, why don't you go on up to bed? Get a good night's rest."

"I wish you would, Stella," George said. "It's liable to be a long day tomorrow."

She nodded mutely and kissed me good night, her hand clinging to mine. George went to refill his glass and I waited until she had passed from sight up the stairs before I said, "George, I doubt that Mousie even saw Jim Prescott that night. Look, if she was staying with a college classmate in New York, how did she know he was coming? She said she went to the airport to meet him."

"My guess is that she intercepted a telephone call from Jim to Stella and didn't give Stella the message," he said. "Then she arranged to stay with her classmate so that she could get away to meet him."

"Then she would have been the last one to see him alive," I said. "She can say anything she pleases and we can't disprove it."

"Exactly," George said. He swallowed whisky, almost gulping it, and went on, "Jim Prescott was a susceptible man, and the very fact that their relationship had reached the point of a suicide threat indicates that he really was playing around with her. I imagine she misunderstood the whole situation. Didn't it happen somewhat the same way with you? I mean there was some encouragement, wasn't there?"

"How do you mean?"

"Out there on the sea wall at the yacht club," he said. "You didn't think you were invisible, did you?"

"That didn't mean anything," I said.

"Maybe not to you," he said. "But what did it mean to Mousie? I have an idea she thinks she's in love with you, just as she thought she was in love with Jim."

"It isn't love," I said. "It's only a way of hating Stella."

"True," he said. "But it's real to her. Probably her whole fantasy is real to her. But maybe she herself gave us our trump card. When she gets on the witness stand and ——" He saw my face and held up his hand. "Now relax, I don't think it will ever be a question of courtrooms and witness stands, but if it does come to that and she tells her story, I can break it down. I can prove she came out here last night and took a shot at you. That will destroy her as a witness, Mike. No jury would convict."

"But the point is I'm afraid it wasn't Mousie," I said. "Nobody saw her. She didn't take the train."

"But we know it was Mousie," he said. "Didn't I tell you? I followed up your suggestion about a private detective and I put a man I know to work on it. The first thing he did was to call the drive-it-yourself automobile agencies. You have to show your driver's license when you rent a car, and he found that Mousie took a car out at three o'clock Sunday afternoon and didn't check it in at the garage until the early hours of the morning. So we know for a fact that it was Mousie who fired that shot. She bought a corsage and rented a car and drove out here Sunday night."

I felt a wave of relief and cried out, "Man, why didn't you tell me? What are we worrying about? If Mousie fired that shot she won't go to the district attorney."

"No?" he said. "Why not?"

"All those wild charges she made against Stella were just a counteroffensive because I had caught up with her," I said. "She was trying to wriggle out of her own guilt, and now that I look back on it I can see that it was an obvious, childish performance. She was making it up as she went along. Don't you see it, George? On that cruise with Stella and Mousie I changed my attitude toward Mousie quite deliberately. I tried being sort of affectionately paternal. At least that's what I thought I was being, but I see now it was a clumsy blunder. It gave her the wrong idea. She decided that she was winning me away from Stella, which was her real objective, and she thought that if she put those orchids in the icebox and fired a shot in the dark, it would be the clincher; it would finish me with Stella."

"That was a crazy maneuver," he said, and looked up at me. "It shows she has crossed the threshold, Mike, and we can't predict what her actions will be. She's not motivated by rational impulses." He got suddenly to his feet and said, "My heaven!"

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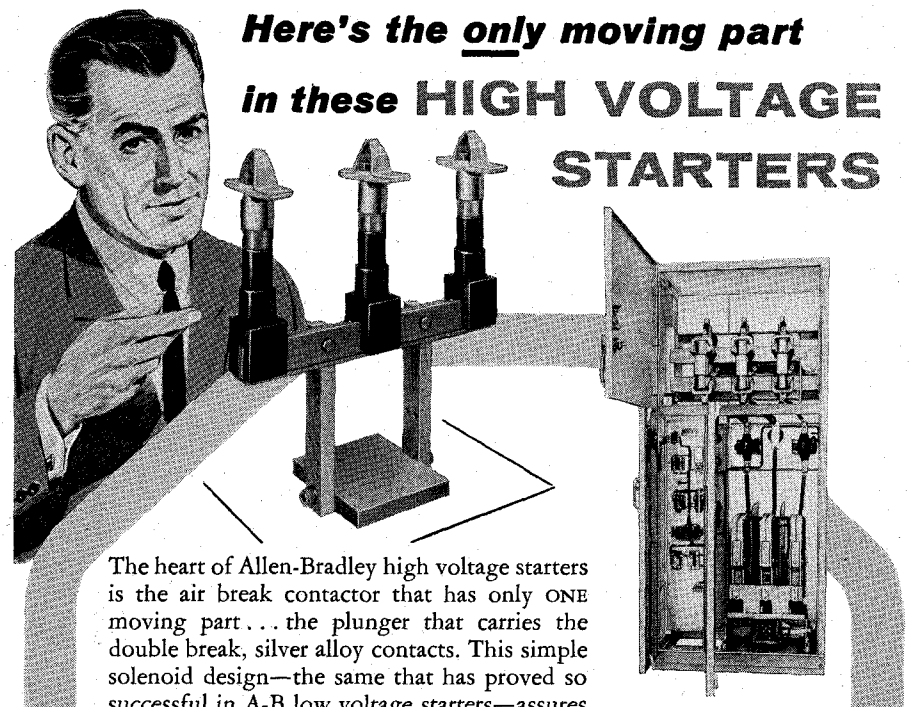

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"We've been incredibly stupid," he said. "She was the last person to see Jim alive, you just said. Mike, she told you she met Jim at the airport that night. Maybe she did, and maybe she drove out to New Jersey with him. Maybe they had a hell of a big scene and when they got to the house—she knew where he kept his gun, remember—in a big armoire in the living room where he also stored his liquor. Mike, we've been damned stupid."

I stared at him. "You think Mousie killed Jim?"

"She had already made plans to spend that night with a classmate," he said. "She could have shot him and disposed of the gun on the way back to New York. She was there, in her classmate's apartment, when I went to see her. Remember what her first words were, Mike? She asked me if Stella had killed Jim. That was the key to the whole pattern of her behavior—getting at her real enemy, Stella."

"She did shoot at me last night," I said thoughtfully. "Yes, I suppose she was capable of shooting Jim Prescott because he spurned her."

"Mike," George said in a quick, low voice, "did she mean to miss you last night or did she mean to kill you? That's the question."

He turned abruptly away, crossed to the wall in three long strides, and pressed the switch that turned out every light in the room. Out of the darkness came his tense voice saying, "Now listen, we can't be too careful. That kid may be dangerous. I want you to lock the doors and windows tonight. I want you to take every precaution until we find her. She might be out there in the trees now, waiting until I leave here."

I asked incredulously, "With a corsage of orchids?"

"That would figure," he said.

His manner unnerved me. If these facts convinced his objective legal brain, if these facts broke his calm discipline —— But I shook my head and said, "No, George. I talked to her this afternoon. She may be emotionally off base, but she's not a homicidal maniac."

"If she'd gone to New Jersey we would have had some word by now," he said. "So where is she?"

I heard a noise in the darkness and asked, "What was that?"

"I'm locking windows," he said.

I could not think of Mousie as a dreadful mindless monster out there in the night, and I said, "George, I just can't accept it. She probably went to a movie. I'll call her hotel again."

"You do that," he said. "But I'm locking up."

I called from the library, flicking on the desk lamp to see the dial. Her room did not answer, and after I had hung up I turned the light off again.

From the living room George's voice said, "We'll look for her tomorrow in the daylight. Meanwhile, Mike, play it safe. I've got the house locked up tight. Keep it that way."

I had known for some time that Mousie was emotionally unbalanced, but I could not believe that she would hide out there in the trees, waiting for a chance to kill me or Stella. Yet would a sane person have put the orchids in Stella's refrigerator and shot at me? Would a sane person have planned to denounce her sister to the police on hysterical impulse? Yes, I thought, it could be that Mousie was completely mad.

"But she has no gun, George," I said. "She's harmless."

"Where's your gun?"

"Here in this desk drawer."

"Better take it upstairs with you tonight."

I unlocked the drawer and put the gun in my pocket, and with that act I abandoned all hope for Mousie.

We sat at the dining-room table in the darkness and talked in low voices for a long time. George had the attitude, I thought, of an attendant in a white coat. He had no doubts; he had the coldly impersonal eye of a therapist. Tomorrow we must find her, he said. He would get the private detective working on it if she didn't return to her hotel or if we heard no word from her. He would arrange for an appointment with a top psychiatrist and with as little fuss as possible we would whisk her off to a private sanitarium. It was surprising, he said, how easy it was to have a person committed.

I was very much depressed, and even though I did not agree with George that there was any real danger, I bolted the door after him when he left, and on going upstairs I locked the bedroom door behind me and put the gun on the night table at my side.

Stella was asleep, breathing regularly, and I undressed and crept silently into bed beside her. I lay on my pillow remembering Mousie aboard the Kiewieden, Mousie sailing on the little sloop in the harbor; remembering her quick and eager grace, her childlike smile, her vulnerable transparencies, her hurt and shock that afternoon when I had accused her of firing the shot. I opened my eyes in the darkness. But she had fired the shot, I thought, and her denial had fooled me completely. George was right. She needed medical help, and she needed it badly.

I slept fitfully that night and in the early morning I opened my eyes to the gun on the bedside table. I blinked at it, then quickly tucked it out of sight under my pillow. I was ashamed, in the bright morning light, of having put the gun at my bedside and I was glad Stella had not seen it. She still slept deeply.

It was a bright and tranquil August morning and sunlight fell on the trees that had been in sinister shadow in the night. As I shaved I noticed that the black yawl still lay at her guest mooring across the way at the yacht club, and beyond, on the bank of Oyster Creek, I saw a cluster of early-morning risers out after blue crabs; the season was on.

When I was dressed I slipped the gun into my pocket and went downstairs. I put it back in the drawer of my desk, and as I was turning the key in the lock the telephone rang. I picked up the receiver and a man's voice asked, "Mr. Stewart?"

The voice was unfamiliar. I said, "Yes."

"Your wife has a sister, I understand—a Miss Wheeler?"

I felt a chill of alarm as I said, "That's right."

"I wonder if you could come over here to the yacht club," the man said. "This is Chief Ned Peck, of the Menasset Police, and I'm afraid I have bad news. We fished her out of the water here in Oyster Creek. Drowned, it looks like."

I cried out, "You don't mean Mousie!"

"Who?" the chief said. "There's a fellow here says it's your wife's sister, that's all I know. I wonder if you could come over and identify the body."

I let the receiver fall from my hand, fall to the desk with a clatter and slide over the edge, where it dangled on its cord and knocked against the wood of the desk. I turned, and saw Stella behind me. She must have heard the telephone ring and had come down in her negligee. Her eyes looked big and frightened as they met mine, as if she had a premonition of what had happened.

"It's Mousie," I said. "She's dead, Stella. She drowned herself."

TO BE CONTINUED

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Mecca for Antique Hunters

(Continued from Page 29)

distrust," the British capital teems with antique shops. From the hushed West End stores to the gay, noisy Portobello flea market, as you go prowling for curiosities, you will keep bumping into fellow citizens engaged on the same errand.

For a good look behind the scenes of this peculiarly elusive business, let us stop in at Mr. Boswell's place and pass the time of day. It is a corner shop no larger than a good-sized living room, crowned by a little gallery in the back; a narrow flight of stairs leads down to a crammed basement, and to a sub-basement below that.

"There are two ways of running an antique shop," George Peter Boswell soberly explains. "You can sit like a spider in your web and be content with two, three customers a day. Or you work hard, take a small profit and move your goods."

A firm opponent of the spider school, Boswell counts on at least a customer an hour. He is a pipe-smoking, good-humored Londoner with just a touch of cockney and a face that barely misses being bulldog. Of stocky build, and always full of beans, he moves about with an alacrity that makes him seem a good deal younger than his sixty-two years. As the sole owner of Boswell & Ward—the "Ward" refers to a long-dead brother-in-law who was a junior partner at the start—he is a man of substance who wears well-tailored suits, drives a better-than-average car and prides himself on owing nobody a penny.

Dug in at the same site ever since, thirty-one years ago, he bought the lease—a previous antique shop on the premises had failed—he can't recall a time when he's been busier. When he is out buying, as is frequently the case, his wife, a witty, shrewd and knowledgeable little lady stylishly named Louise Theresa, holds down the fort. Peter, their son, now in his thirties and married, serves as chief clerk; and J. W. B. Farrow, jack-of-all-trades, together with pretty Miss Jill Dickin, who does the paperwork, complete the team. It's as compact an enterprise as you will find and, in this depersonalized world of ours, a period piece all by itself.

Still, it is a far cry, you can't help thinking, from Dickens' cozy picture of the Old Curiosity Shop—"suits of mail standing like ghosts in armor here and there, fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters, rusty weapons of various kinds, distorted figures in china and wood and iron and ivory; tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams." It's a far cry—and yet, a family relationship won't be denied. Though Boswell hasn't seen a decent suit of armor in years, his range of merchandise does take in the occasional "rusty weapon" and "fantastic carving," and those "distorted figures" and "strange furniture" happen to be his specialties.

Mysterious shapes and unfamiliar objects, along with many a familiar one, heave into sight as you pick your way, gingerly, among the 5000-odd objects that vie for your attention. Handling a wide variety of goods, Boswell leaves certain lines—such as glass, pewter, silver—to London's many specialists. Nor would he stock, rare instances excepted, Egyptian, Chinese or Italian curios. Most of the things you see were made in England, and almost all of them date from the now so fashionable eighteenth century.

Boswell himself used to bring home antiques when he was still a boy; he clearly loves the business he's in, and has no trouble extolling the beauty of his goods. And soon, as if under compulsion, you try to visualize them in some corner of your house. The mantelpiece, perhaps? On top of the chest in the entrance? Or the bedroom? There's nothing here, you soon enough find out, to be picked up for a few shillings, with the exception of some mother-of-pearl gaming chips at six shillings—eighty-four cents—the dozen. The rest runs into pounds, which we will translate into dollars, fighting off dizzy spells as we get up into four-figure price tags.

Boswell starts, harmlessly enough, with an assortment of old English tea caddies, at $22 and up, which may be used for cigarettes or candy, or transformed into flower boxes. Two handsome paperweights of brass, useful as door stoppers or book ends, are priced at $14 the pair; an ivory cribbage box, for playing cards, at $30; a pair of wooden spill vases, $25; a pair of hand-carved candlesticks of twisted wood, $25; a miniature chess set, $14. Small flowered vases, to be turned into bedside lamps, start at $16, and an impressive jug with Admiral Nelson's portrait will cost you $30.

A good antique dealer is willing to waste time—his own as well as yours—talking about his wares. He must be ready, at all times, to give a foreigner a rapid run-down on English history, complete with all the rulers and their dates; or listen, patiently, to people showing off their own deep knowledge of some specialty. "A lot of them come in here," he admits, "who know a great deal more than I."

The intricacies of the cow-shaped cream pitcher, in English earthenware, are a good case in point. It is amazing, to the layman, how many people are collecting them, with milkmaid or without, and who, before acquiring one, will solemnly examine the shape of the cow's eyes. Boswell has a whole herd of them, at $55 and up. Goats, being rarer, are worth more. And anything that looks remotely like a horse is selling at a premium. "Just sold a big brown Staffordshire horse for $150," you can hear him lament. "But where to find another?"

Stirrup cups in the shape of fox heads, or fish-head cups inscribed Angler's Delight, are snapped up by collectors at prices passing the $100 mark. Miniature chests of drawers, at $70 or so, are now in such demand that Boswell ships them, by the dozen, direct to dealers in the United States. He cannot understand why his big, ponderous "ambassador" ink stands—of silver-plated metal, as a rule—have jumped, within the last twelve months, from $100 to $200; American executives, presumably, use them as ego boosters on their desks. The same purpose is served, perhaps more elegantly, by a fine pair of flintlock dueling pistols, with the original mold for homemade bullets—$250 for the pair. An English bracket clock that busily chirps out the hours and a banjo-shaped barometer telling of sunny days ahead will put the finishing touches on anybody's front office.

Here we may briefly pause to ask some questions. For one thing, what is an antique? An art object, presumably, made a long time ago. But how long? Because American tariff regulations exempt from import duty objects made before 1830—roughly the date when hands gave way to the machine—most British dealers now obligingly apply the term "antique" to objects turned out prior to that date; used objects of a later period are merely "secondhand." Even the annual Antique Dealers' Fair, held here in London every June, follows that definition rather than that of Britain's own tariff, which terms "antique" an object older than 100 years. One enterprising London silver store, perhaps with this more fluid definition in mind, markets its brand-new goods as "antiques of the future."

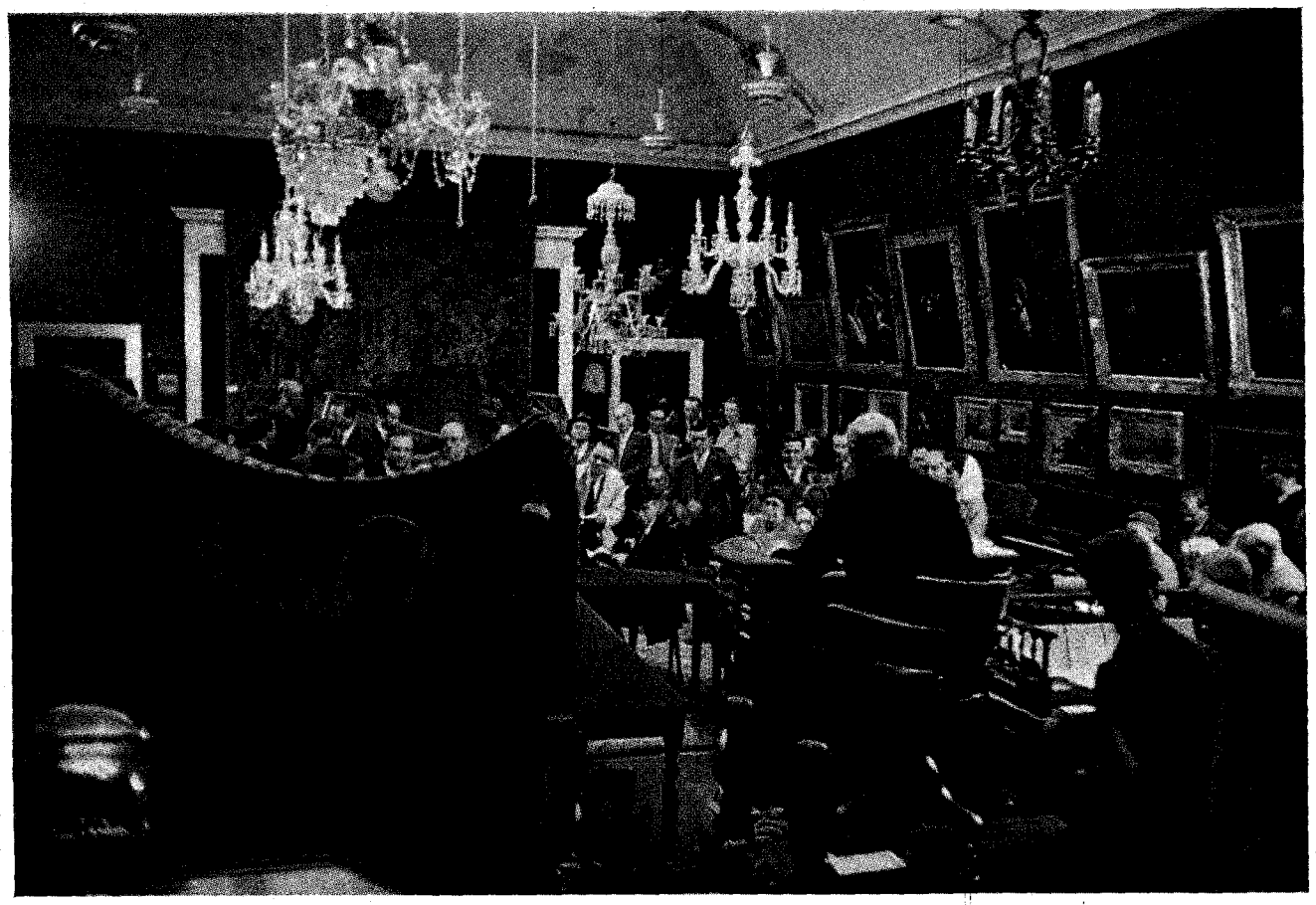
Why buy antiques? At this point, things become involved. The urge to own some ancient artifact is not a new one—the Romans, some 2000 years ago, collected Greek antiques, and civilized society has, through the ages, followed their example. The object's chief appeal, no doubt, is sentimental—the breath of generations is upon it, and, in a world which moves, at times, too fast for our liking, it forms a solid link with the receding past.

This longing to corral some concrete evidence of one's historic roots is apt to be particularly strong in a still-youthful people—and you can hardly blame the European trader for exploiting it when dealing with Americans. While relics of our own past as a nation will always have their special place in the American home, a portable bit of old England produces that sharp little tingle, that direct touch of the Old World, that Cicero got out of contemplating a Greek vase. Add to all this the value of the object as a conversation starter—just five more minutes and you'll be showing movies of your trip!—and you have pretty well accounted for the brisk demand for genuine antiques.

It is, perhaps, as clear an instance of conspicuous consumption as you can get. Like the expensive car or the rare pet, the thing itself confers prestige on its proud owner. There are communities in the United States, sad to report, that have been thrown into a social tizzy by the appearance of a single European trophy. Time and again, Boswell is asked, by earnest transatlantic shoppers, for a vase, chest or candlestick "just like" the one Mr. and Mrs. Sparks next door brought back last year. And there is disappointment all around when he explains, as tactfully as possible, that this particular item was not mass-produced.

When he has cornered some exceptionally rare and precious object, Boswell may get a cable off to Dallas, Texas—or to Chicago, or New York—and sell it, at his figure, sight unseen. A good deal of his business is done directly with well-known stores in the United States. This goes especially for antique furniture, which now accounts for nearly half of Boswell's annual turnover.

Fine English furniture is à la mode, and the demand for it seems bottomless. Though outclassed by the French examples, which inspired it, it is applauded universally for its clean line, its solid



The Boswells scour antique auctions, such as this one at Sotheby's in London, because "virgin goods" are becoming scarcer.

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workmanship, its chic. Americans, many of them struggling to break away from the raw chill of ultramodern furniture, are pushovers for the warm glow of a fine English dining table, a breakfront bookcase or a string of chairs. Prices for a good piece, you may have guessed, are up in outer space by now.

Nor is this simply one more case of age before beauty. Boswell, who has seen trends in furniture come and go like ladies' fashions, points out that those imposing oak and walnut monuments dating back to Queen Anne and earlier British reigns, which were so highly valued in the twenties, have long since been nudged out by younger stuff. What sells today is the gleaming mahoganies, the delicate satinwoods, characteristic of the second half of the eighteenth century. The drift fits in, he feels, with our whole design for living—the lighter touch seems to have been made to order for our smaller rooms, our well-lit, well-aired homes. It is the elegant, sophisticated England of George III—the England of the Boston Tea Party, to be precise—we all adore today.

As if to illustrate the fashion, Boswell's main window, at this writing, displays a $1300 Hepplewhite secretaire bookcase, flanked by a $1000 pair of Sheraton cabinets; and, just inside, you'll come upon ten artfully carved chairs which, to the tune of $3350, spell "Chippendale" to the initiated. Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Chippendale, of course, form the great trinity of English cabinetmakers and designers who set the pace in the "best period." True, few surviving pieces can be traced to Chippendale or Sheraton and none to Hepplewhite—your "genuine Chippendale desk" may not have come within a hundred miles of Thomas Chippendale's London workshop. But the illustrious names, by now, stand for distinctive styles rather than authorship, just as the label "Adam" rarely denotes authentic works of one of the famed Adam brothers, architects and interior decorators in the eighteenth century.

Now, the thing to look out for is the fake. The ugly saying that Americans will buy English antiques as fast as Englishmen can make them applies, perhaps, to furniture more than to any other line. A reputable dealer will, of course, hand you a written guarantee stating that what you're buying is authentic, of such and such a style and period. But, with good-looking counterfeits flooding the market, he may be taken in himself.

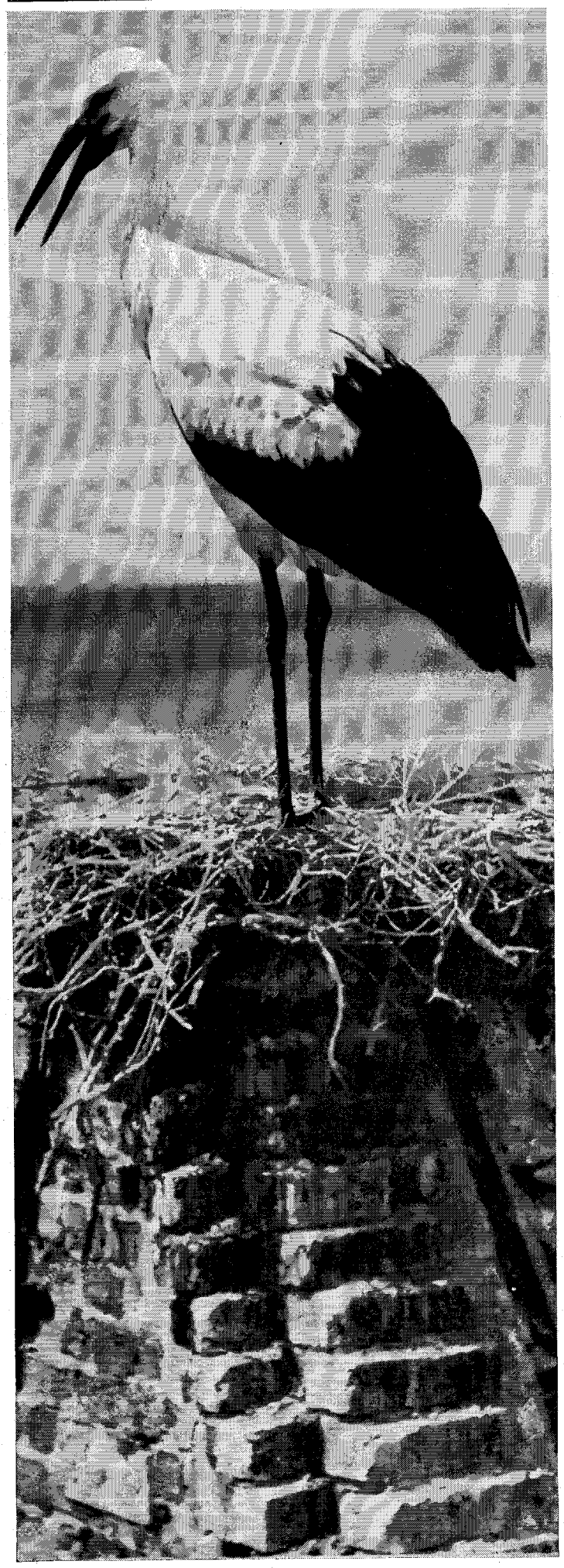
Boswell, who happens to come from a line of English coach builders and who was weaned on timber, so to speak, has his own little ways of finding out when buying antique furniture. He will know, by lifting a mahogany table top, whether it is the real thing, made of the heavy Cuban wood used in the eighteenth century, or a fake fabricated from the much less heavy, more readily obtainable, Honduras timber. By looking closely at the back of every drawer, Boswell can tell whether a chest he's interested in has been sliced off in back to give it a more pleasing look. And he'll make sure that armchairs are a little wider in the seat than straight chairs they purport to match; if they are not, their arms were put on yesterday.

"The point," he genially explains, "is that even the genuine antique is virtually worthless if it has been so much as tampered with. A fine old chair with a 1958 pair of arms is, to the connoisseur, just not worth sitting in. Even a 'married' piece—a bookcase, for example, consisting of the understructure of piece A joined to the uppers of piece B—is never 'genuine' even if A and B were both antique; it's liable to U.S. customs duty like any modern furniture." Nor is that all. Bad color on an otherwise nice piece will make poor Boswell wince. Some crude barbarian must have scraped the surface to rid it of old stains and marks, thus ruining the precious patina put there, in years of daily rubbings, by loving butlers' hands.

The same great age of elegance that brought forth Chippendales and Shera-tons produced the fragile English chinaware of which the world, and Boswell, can't ever get enough. Here, too, it's the American client who makes things click in Boswell's shop, and he is constantly surprised by the amount of knowledge his transatlantic clients have picked up.

Dangling one or two fine old dinner services as decoys in his windows, Boswell keeps his more valuable stuff inside. In a small showcase at the rear of his main floor, he has, in fact, prepared a feast for the prospective victim's eye—a choice selection of 200-year-old Lowestoft; and thereby hangs a story. This beautiful, translucent, highly valued porcelain—a single bowl adorned with fully rigged sailing ships in battle is priced at $560—was turned out by the kilns of China for the European market. A British expert, William Chaffers, erroneously attributed it to the small Suffolk factory of Lowestoft, and the false label stuck. It has, in our day, created new confusion as U.S. customs men, defending our borders against Chinese goods, are on the lookout for this fragile product of imperial China that cruises under a false pennant.

The ins and outs of porcelain, Boswell allows, are something to drive even experts crazy. Take Chelsea ware, and the mischievous little marks which may affect



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its value—Raised Anchor, Red Anchor, Gold Anchor, and so forth. In Worcester, it is Dr. Wall, Flight, Flight & Barr, Barr, Flight & Barr, and finally, Flight, Barr & Barr, depending on the people running the factory at different periods. The only thing these porcelains have in common is that there are no bargains to be had—the bull has been in the old china shop too long.

There is a Worcester dinner service adorned with birds and flowers, for example, that sells for $1800, while a canary-yellow coffee service in Crown Derby is yours for only $1150. Yellow is easier to sell than blue, in tableware; pink, a slow mover until recently, has picked up speed, Boswell believes, because of Mamie Eisenhower's fondness for that color.

Can the nonmillionaire still get a decent piece of antique table china? Yes, if he's interested in nonmatching plates, at $10 to $40, a $15 cup and saucer or a $6 finger bowl. But ask the price of porcelain figures—"figurines" to most Americans—and you will never know what hit you. The little lute players, clowns, monkeys, cockatoos, coachmen and peasant girls are an acquired taste, and it was the G.I. in postwar Germany who, swapping cigarettes for Meissen figures, developed that keen appetite which has since spread to millions of nonbelligerent Americans. Prices have jumped some 400 per cent in the last decade, and while the tourist looking for a bit of décor for his mantelpiece can still pick up a handsome little figure for $50 to $150, Boswell & Ward now harbors one small bird, in Red Anchor Chelsea, that wears an $1800 tag around its neck. And, as for china vegetables—a special fad, unleashed, it seems, by the Duchess of Windsor—a single cucumber or melon may fetch as much as $2000. "Where will it end—where will it end?" sighs Boswell.

Fashion, needless to say, can cut both ways. Fine tapestries, some of them with a recorded paper value of thousands of dollars, go begging in an age that lacks the necessary wall space. Bronze statuettes, so fashionable in our parents' time, now collect dust without much hope of stirring. Hinged dressing-table mirrors are absolutely out. But you never know. Pairs of terrestrial and celestial globes, which had not shown a sign of life for years, became extremely hot, all of a sudden, when Russia launched her Sputnik I, and are now selling at three times their 1957 values.

Boswell, whose biggest asset is his unerring sense of what to buy, rarely gets stuck with "sleepers." His stock in trade, worth some $200,000 at any given time, gathers no moss as it moves through his shop or the capacious storeroom he rents across the street. The problem is where to find merchandise. Although the transatlantic movement of antiques is not entirely one way—Americans wishing to sell good English pieces often put them back on the London market—demand is threatening to outrun the supply.

Finds have become extremely rare. The kind-looking old lady who drops around to sell a soup tureen that "has been in the family for generations" knows what she's got and will be canvassing a dozen shops before she can accept an offer. As for those inexhaustible reservoirs of fine antiques, the stately homes of England, many of them, alas, have been turned over to the nation, with the residing squire enjoined from selling off the furnishings. And large estates, disposed of on the owner's death to meet the tax bill, are sold at auction, nowadays, rather than through a private dealer. Sadly resigned to the mechanization of his trade, Boswell can be seen, once or twice a week, at one of the great West End auction houses, competing doggedly against a pack of rival dealers.

"It's virgin goods I want," he growls; "not something that the client may have seen at last week's auction!"

People who spend a lot of money, Boswell believes, will readily spend just a little more, and so he lets his more expensive pieces carry a larger profit than his cheaper goods. His mark-up averages out at about 30 per cent. As many people seem to buy antiques primarily for the fun of haggling, and as dealers and decorators are entitled to a discount, he may occasionally have to cut things rather fine. Still, what with a big profit here and a small profit there, the Boswell family is left, at year's end, with something in the neighborhood of $18,000, before taxes.

It guarantees a comfortable living. Over the years, Boswell has been his own best customer; the snug, two-story house in Clapham, near the edge of London, where he and Mrs. Boswell have lived for the last thirty years, is crammed with every manner of antique, including a collection of china tulips whose present value Boswell would not even guess at, and a substantial tray of gold he once bought from an earl who kept it in his kitchen. Surrounded by their Worcester and their Chippendales, the two spend their long evenings admiring, fondling, polishing their treasures, each of which holds a story and a memory.

What of the future? The values in this business are made not by the Boswells of this world, but by the Joneses keeping up with Joneses—there's a snob born, we all know, every minute. Undoubtedly, today's most fashionable curios—dating back, by and large, to eighteenth-century Europe—are sold at prices devoid of all reality. As long as we insist on buying what's in fashion, can we complain if our buy turns out to be a poor investment? No boom can last forever, and the laugh's on us.

However, taste is still a highly personal affair, and once we know that what we like is good enough for us, no matter how unfashionable, we are safe. Come in, head high, and look around. And if, after an hour's browsing, you haven't found your personal antique, George Peter Boswell will respect you for it.

For Pleasant Dreams

By Jane Merchant

Imagine now a deep green pool
Deep in a mountain wood
Where grass and leaves and moss maintain
Harmonious livelihood.

Shake gently out of your heart the stones
And drop them into the deep
Cool silence, slowly, one by one.
Lie light on green, and sleep.

You're on This List (Continued from Page 37)

know for the first time just what family names Americans bear. We know, finally, how many surnames are in use in this country. We have them in a list—it makes a book eighteen inches thick.

Up until now, we have known remarkably little, especially for a subject as personal as names. After all, we have none so poor and obscure that they don't have names, and none so rich that they can do without them. But we have had figures on only twenty-five names—the most common twenty-five, those held by hundreds of thousands. Social Security has from time to time gone through its files and run a count of names of that magnitude.

But nobody else has had that kind of information about his name. It has left 156,000,000 of us in the dark.

If you ask why—and please do, as it allows saying that Why itself is one of the family names now brought to light—it's because sorting and counting us by surnames has always looked too big and costly to attempt, if human beings had to do it. The reason we know now is that Social Security is in the process of going electronic in its record keeping, and a big electronic brain in Social Security's Baltimore office did the job. For the Brain it was a breeze.

Social Security doesn't have everyone in its fold, of course. There are some too young to work, others too rich. But the agency does cover just over 90 per cent of all paid jobs. So totals on any given name for the population as a whole, can be developed from its figures. If a name appears 10,000 times or more in Social Security accounts—the method isn't entirely valid for "smaller" names—the statisticians multiply the Social Security figure by 1.4 for the national total. For names appearing fewer than 10,000 times, the unvarnished Social Security figures are used.

Even before the Brain went to work on the problem, we knew how many Smiths there were, how many Johnsons, how many named Williams. But now we also know how many Allens, Youngs and Nelsons there are, how many people we have named Adams, Scott, Lee, Cooper, Kelly, King, Baker, Hill, Green, and so on. "And so on," in fact, for hundreds of thousands of our family names.

We've got the dope from A to Z. Are you an Allen? There are, at best estimate, 404,040 Americans by your name. Are you a Zook? Like thousands of others, you haven't known whether your name was relatively common or relatively rare. All you had to go on was observation, and that isn't very reliable, since a name may grow thickly in some localities and never appear in others. Now the Zooks have been counted. Social Security rolls include 2775 of them.

Our new Book of Numbers, counting us "by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names," as Moses took inventory of the children of Israel, is in six thick volumes.

Names in incredible variety, names you never encountered, names beyond imagining, swim into view the way stars fill the sky when a powerful telescope reveals what the naked eye has missed.

There are two big discoveries, and they are likely to change a lot of thinking and brighten many a life. First, we have vastly more family names than anyone in his right mind ever suspected. Second, the distribution is strictly cockeyed; "common" names are relatively uncommon, while we have "rare" names all over the place. Many of our citizens are going to feel a lot better about the names fate dealt them when they learn that those names are not odd or peculiar when seen in this new perspective, and certainly aren't freakish, though heaven knows we have plenty which are.

We were a cinch to have tremendous variety. Immigration brought us every common name from two dozen or more countries of Europe and some others from Asia. Often we made three or four versions out of one. Names got translated, shortened, Americanized, respelled phonetically, misspelled, misunderstood, and damaged by hard use. Sometimes they got weirdly transmuted. That could happen, for example, when an Italian name was written down by a town clerk of Irish extraction and a carefree disposition. Or when a Czech took up residence in a Swedish settlement and the Swedes respelled his name as it sounded to them.

In every day's paper you encounter names which betoken the miscellany—Major Thor Firing, of the Army; Edward A. Aff, Philadelphia banker, and Mary Louise Perfect, who was named Florida's outstanding teacher of 1958. Novelty numbers keep bobbing up, too, like exotic birds flying in from unknown territory.

Name fanciers such as Frank Sullivan, Dr. Louise Pound and the late Henry L. Mencken have spotted many of these—John ⅝ Smith and Chintz Royalty, Dagmar Sewer, Irma Halfway, John Billious, James A. Masculine, Julia Barefoot. Also the names Ice, Guitar, Sex, Midwinter, Sinner and Swill. Some of these are not so rare as supposed; Oscar R. Apathy turns out to wear a name shared by at least forty other Apathys.

Elsdon C. Smith, a Chicago attorney who is widely regarded as the leading American authority on names, once estimated that we might have as many as 350,000 different surnames. No other country ever had anything even approaching that many; England is thought to have about 40,000, Germany perhaps 50,000. But Smith, working with big-city telephone books, insisted that we had more—many more. The Chicago directory, thickest single book, has so many names that Illinois Bell Telephone never has counted them. All the company knows is that the book's 2149 pages contain 995,000 listings. The Manhattan directory has 1824 pages of listings; and what can be missing from a list that includes Vrbsky, Ounapuu and Ottensoser?

Nevertheless, Smith's seemingly outrageous estimate turns out to have fallen far short of the mark—750,000 short, in fact. We can now say with some assurance that Americans come in the astonishing total of 1,100,000 different surnames. The variety is such, indeed, that you could say, "We got more damn family names in this country than you can shake a stick at," without using a single word that does not also appear as someone's surname.

There are families named Damn, others named We and others named Got—there are twenty-three Social Security account holders by that name. Make it "Have," if that sounds better. Have we got, too, as a name. We have people whose name is the single letter A and nothing more. "At" is the rarest name in that group,

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but Ats there are, and also men and women named Names. Plus at least twenty-two named Family, and an echo-ridden time they must have, too, explaining that they are members of the Family family, that Family is the family name.

Right there, however, you spot one of the major boons this new inventory is likely to confer. It will be worth a lot of money in government and business, in planning filing and billing systems. A far greater benefit, however, may consist of cheering up anyone and everyone whose name has given trouble or embarrassment.

Thousands are in that boat. Some have names difficult to spell or pronounce. Other names seem graceless, lack dignity, get low-comedy pronunciations or invite humiliating nicknames. Those who suffer on any of these scores will find dozens of names on the new national roster which have the same faults, and dozens more in which those faults are magnified many times.

Anyone stuck with a name hard to spell or pronounce, for example, ought to feel better on seeing what can happen along that line—as with Zbyszaski, Zywcznski, Krmpotich, Kreczkowski, Krzykwa. Anyone stuck with a name which inspires heavy-handed kidding can be thankful he doesn't have to sign checks with such names on the new master list as Bandit, Murder, Money, Killer and Alias. Or Honest, which may be even worse to explain than Alias.

Yet things may be tougher still for the dozen or so (of each) named John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan and Henry Ford. And their vicissitudes may be minor compared with those suffered by the 330 citizens named Jesus and the fifteen named God.

Antic fate leaves fifty-eight with the name Antic, 121 named Cutie. And if those appellations give discomfort, the Antics and Cuties can reflect that at least they have it easier than the 227 whose name is literally Pain; and the Pains can reflect that they have it easier than the eleven named Agony. Don't waste energy doubting any of these. Doubt itself is one of our cognomens, shared by 104 people.

To drop pebbles into this ocean of names and test its depth, you can try to invent names so implausible they can't exist. McZeal? We have 117 McZeals. Quy? We have at least thirty-one. Some familiar name, but spelled backward—say, Drof, the reverse of Ford? We have Drof and Snave as well; also Revilo, Retsel and Sivad.

Until you see this compilation, you can't believe what spurs names can wear. Why the names aren't abandoned is hard to understand, but we actually have people burdened with such names as Oaf, Cheap, Joker, Moron, Ape, Skunk, Ghoul, Frump, Ghost, Boob and Slob. Not just a luckless one or two either. We have at least 171 named Lout; that many have Social Security accounts. And there are 593 named Goon.

Those dealt an offbeat name sometimes manage to capitalize on it. One of the Dams used to run a restaurant in Baltimore: the Dam Quick Lunch. Many other possibilities show up on the wondrous new list. For a firm dealing in fire insurance, how about Alas (28 of those) & Alack (there are 27)? For a team of income-tax experts, how about Double (1161) and Trouble (244)? Back is not uncommon, and there are 202 Americans any of whom could team up with one of the Backs in a venture with an arresting name: the Hell & Back Travel Agency. For a clinic, how about Head & Tail?

That electronic brain printed out many surprises. If there are not far more people with your name than you supposed, there are far fewer. Names which seem familiar turn out to be less widely in use than others which, in your experience, are unusual.

Which of these names—Ames, Ott, Law—would you suppose to be most common? Ames? People named Ott and Law both outnumber those named Ames. The figures are 16,233 for Ames, 18,925 for Ott, 18,271 for Law. Would you guess O'Rourke to be one of the big ones? There are 14,320 O'Rourkes, but they are outnumbered by 1000 or so by people named Nancy, Link and Toth, and by 2000 or so by people named Guy, Neff and Couch. There are five times as many people named Garcia as named Dunlap or Kaplan, and twice as many people named Buck as named Miner.

The President's chauffeur, Secret Service agent Deeter Flohr, is one of 990 Flohrs found in this inventory. Warren Spahn's last name turns out to be about as rare as Alfred Lunt's—around 1290 of each. There are many more Fontannes—6720. Ice and Cheese are not so rare as Spahn and Lunt.

Here are some other totals, never before available, which you or friends may find interesting and surprising: Adams, 283,229; Baker, 291,135; Bell, 185,946; Cox, 177,455; Evans, 237,213; Fisher, 156,142; Gray, 137,326; Green, 283,843; Hill, 289,693; Hughes, 144,473; King, 301,819; Larkin, 22,417; Lee, 266,051; Lucas, 67,130; Malone, 72,813; Mason, 11,561; May, 70,921; Murphy, 228,119; Myers, 162,741; Nelson, 304,468; Poe, 15,324; Reed, 186,957; Rogers, 207,898; Ross, 162,797; Ryan, 11,027; Scott, 284,-865; Snyder, 125,342; Wolf, 53,468; Wright, 320,080; Young, 404,070.

The big inventory nails a lot of things down, but it also presents some pretty puzzles. We know where most of our names come from. Eisenhower is a name of occupation—a splitter of sword blades. Dulles is a name of location—one who lives by the River Dulas, in England. Nixon is a name of descent—Nick's son. Though Mickey Mantle plays baseball, the name means "one who makes and sells cloaks"; and though Clark Gable acts in the movies, his name means "one who sells farm tools." Such names as White, Black and Brown, which we have in all languages, are names of description.

But the new roster shows name after name which is strictly inexplicable. What derivation accounts for such surnames as Quest, Qualm, Quart, Tattoo, Annex, Argue, Alone, Aloof, Rifle, Tincup, Ibex and Tonic? How do people come to be named for numbers—One, Two, Three, Thirty? Ny, Pi and Mo pretty clearly are all that's left of longer names. But what about Noodle, Charm, Smile or Liver? You can conclude only that anything can turn up as a surname. As a matter of fact, we don't seem to have Anything, though we have at least ninety-six people named Thing. And still others named Other, along with Once, Only, Odear, Oboy and Ostop. Also Ohno.

If it is late to be learning about our names, there's this about it—it would have been costly in the old nonelectronic days, whereas now there is profit in it, or at any rate, big savings. That's because a Social Security management analyst, James V. Haggerty, had a million-dollar idea. An idea, in fact, worth a million a year in savings.

Thirteen million times a year a report on somebody's earnings comes in with the name right and the number wrong. No machine could track down the right numbers. It had to be done by clerks. To make it doubly exasperating, these usually were picayune errors—one number wrong or two digits transposed—each a slip that it took a tenth of a second to make, maybe. But to straighten it out could require months, especially if a lot of letter writing had to be done.

You used to be a punch card in Social Security's records—a card three inches by seven, on which a filigree of holes told your story. That was compact, but now you are far more compact. You are a set of invisible and disembodied electrical charges on a bit of magnetic tape about the size of a standard—noncommemorative—postage stamp.

One 12½-inch roll will hold the work histories of 60,000 toilers. With records in that form, big clerical jobs can be turned over to electronic devices thinking with the speed of light. Haggerty figured out how to train the Brain to take over the big searching job. It doesn't need weeks, or even days. It finds right numbers at a rate of twenty-five per second, saving a million dollars a year.

Social Security decided to regard a name as common if it is shared by 14,000 of us. We have 1514 names like that. But we have a great many more rare names, some so rare that their very existence is only an educated guess. Actually, Social Security's big plug-in intellect didn't find all the 1,100,000 surnames we're told we have. It found only 1,023,000. But to the statisticians, that indicates the existence of 77,000 more, outside Social Security's purview—77,000 still unknown. Must they be exotic? Apparently not; we have rare names of all kinds.

The name Bad is truly rare; only four were found in Social Security's files. Tempus, Thank, Qui and Quit are rare; about a dozen of each. Philly, Dont, Wont, Ido, Gies and None are rare; Gies is the most common of these, with nineteen. But Crenson, conventional as it sounds, is rarer; only eight Crensons appear in Social Security's files.

There are, in fact, 685,532 names which, so far as Social Security records show, are shared by only nine people or less in the entire country. This is 452 times as many names as those called common, but things get rarer still. We have 250,000 names so special that each appears once and only once in Social Security's files. Of course, it's possible that John S. (for Solitary) Onlyone is unique only in being the sole person by his name in a job covered by Social Security. He may have six young children, five brothers whose work is outside Social Security, and eight uncles either too rich or too lazy to work. But the statisticians believe that there are among us many men and women who do possess a surname all to themselves.

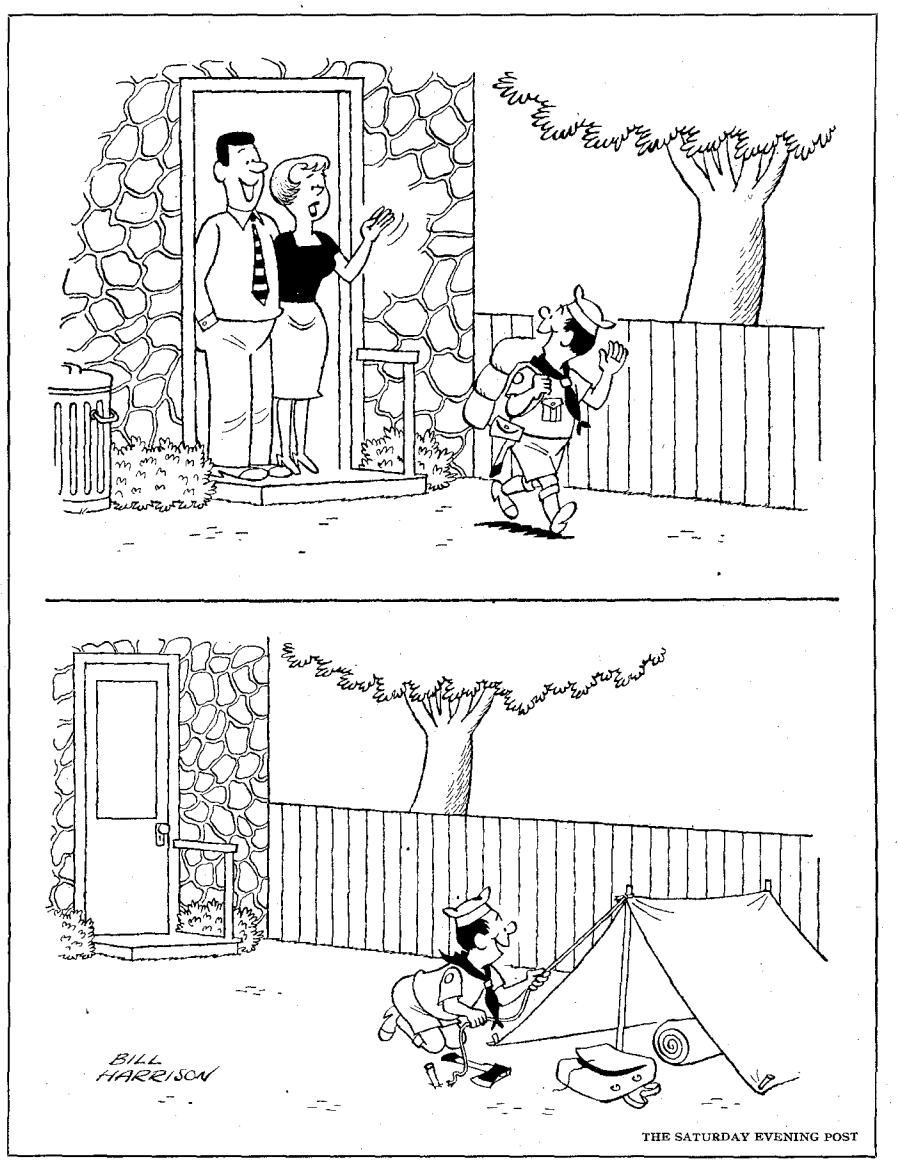
Thomas Dayburn, age sixty-eight, of Northville, Michigan, thinks he is one of these solitaries—or was. Dayburn came here from England. He has no brothers or sisters, and no children. He never met another Dayburn until 1941, and did so then only because he conferred the name on another; Tom got married. His case goes to show that a unique name need not be exotic, though some are. Witness Demetra Xixi, who lives in Astoria, Long Island.

Estimates were bound to miss because there was nothing to tell the experts about this strange prevalence of rare names. The late Fred Allen might have warned them. He didn't have any figures, but he had experience. For his radio shows, Allen coined many fine fanciful names, and his powers of invention were much admired. One day in Maine, however, he learned how tough it is to outwrite reality. An old man came up and said, "I heard my name on your show last winter. Who sent it to you?"

"What is your name?" Allen asked.

The old man responded with one of Allen's very best. "Sinbad Brittle," he said.

THE END



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Port for Fresh-Water Sailors

(Continued from Page 25)

husband in a fast outboard, now averages only a couple of short spins a year. The services of a marina normally occur on land or at a dock. The sales of a marina are usually consummated in an office, and this is a vital part of modern marina business. A marina grows by the number of boats it sells in a season, for most sales create new tenants, and berths must be ready for them. Newcomers and transients are welcome at the gas dock, the restaurant and the marine-supply store, but big marina operators seldom build docks merely to catch as a tenant the homeless boat that was bought elsewhere.

Hudson-Marine is worth more than a half million dollars, about a third more than Harrison paid for it three years ago. Theoretically he would like, and hopes, to clear about seven per cent on his investment, but each year there is more expansion to pay for and no end is yet in sight. The marina now circles the crescent shore of a quarter-mile bay. Dredging has been completed to take it around the southern point of this bay and into another bay of the same size. How long this will take depends on sales. At a rate of fifty sales a season, divided equally between small boats and cruisers, Hudson will have more than 500 berths by 1963. Present rental charges range from around seven dollars a month for a small boat tie-up to more than thirty dollars for a covered dock that will take a forty-foot cruiser.

The Hudson marina, like a great many others, is a maze of plank walkways floating on fifty-gallon steel drums. Maintenance is largely the replacement of drums which have rusted through and filled with water, and for this chore the marina keeps an inventory of one hundred drums at all times.

Dock maintenance is a straightforward matter of housekeeping and cleanliness. Housekeeping services for the boats are much more varied. The marina staff is ready to do almost anything for the boat owner. They will dust out cabins, deal with broken glass, wash dishes, windows or entire boats, and do everything that the boat owner would rather not do himself. Major work involves motors and engines. Harrison maintains an outboard specialist with his own shop. There is also a general repair and overhaul shop capable of jobs as big as building new boats, if necessary, and a large new machine shop.

Hudson counts its boating season as six months, from mid-May to mid-November. At season's end all boats are hauled out of the water and racked in cradles on land. Their bottoms are painted as a routine matter during winter storage. The hauling-out job requires ten days, and putting the boats back in the water in the spring requires another ten days. For the larger jobs the marina has a traveling sling lift and well. Boats are towed to the lift, which picks them up in two heavy slings. The lift then travels out over the well, or slip, and lowers the burden into the water.

Clayton doesn't agree that upper Wisconsin has a short season. "But even if it were true," he says, "at least our waterway is long. Seventy miles upstream for the outboards and 1400 miles down the St. Croix and Mississippi to the Gulf and after that the whole two-thirds of the world covered with oceans. That's water!" The St. Croix's junction with the Mississippi is only sixteen miles downstream, which also opens up medium-cruise possibilities down the St. Croix and up the Mississippi through St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The man currently behind this boat nest (a predecessor built it to two thirds its present size before selling to Harrison) is a combination of machinist-engineer and boat nut. His father was senior engineer of the Soo Line, and was called upon in his later years to pilot special trains carrying dignitaries like President Coolidge and the King of Siam. Young Clayton held his father in some awe for his highballing fame (and for the cab rides he got), but at the age of fourteen he concluded, nevertheless, that the old man was wrong about a number of things. He left home and shipped on a lake ore carrier, winding up in Sault Ste. Marie. After some months there he was astonished to find, like Mark Twain, how much smarter his father had become in so short a time. So he went home, but not before he had turned his first nautical deal, the purchase of a secondhand canoe. Subsequently, he settled down for two years, and at the more mature age of sixteen invested his life savings, fourteen dollars, in a wooden wreck which he promptly overhauled and fitted out as a seaworthy and respectable craft. For the rest of his ensuing days Harrison has been torn between boats and the manufacture of precision machine parts. Today, at the age of fifty-eight, he is firmly in the hands of boats.

A measure of the size of Hudson-Marine is the fact that it owns its own pile-driving barge, which doubles as a floating crane, and a mobile lift capable of toting fifty-footers. The amplitude of all this equipment helps the marina keep its service running efficiently and contributes toward the success of the business. But once it operates adequately, a marina is less a business than a community in which the customers determine the community's character. Hudson has enough customers to give it a broad and varied character. There are twelve doctors among the tenants. There are real-estate dealers, flour millers, car dealers, and people who make adhesive tape.

There is an oldest inhabitant too. He is George Behm, an amiable fisherman who has a secret knowledge of the holes and reefs in the bottom of the St. Croix. The secret is that he walked all over the dry bottom in the drought years of the middle thirties. George sometimes serves as guide or fishing instructor and at all other times fishes for his own pleasure. He is under no delusions about his fishing abilities. He is the best and he will freely admit it. "You name the day, and I'll catch all the fish you can eat and you can bring your friends, too, if there aren't more than two hundred of them."

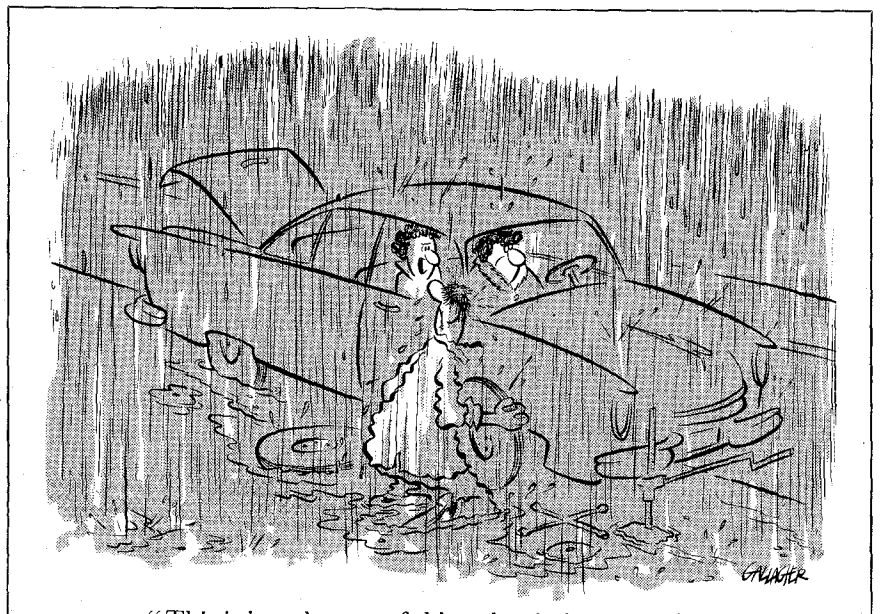
Behm is fully capable of playing a five-foot muskellunge for two or three hours while handling his fourteen-foot boat at the same time, but this happens only occasionally. Smaller varieties are his normal catch, in quantities so large that he doesn't have to lie about them, although he likes to keep in fibbing practice. He gives away more than he keeps. "There's two or three widows live near me. They like a bit of fish once in a while. And there's a couple of preachers I carry to. Preachers always need food."

George smokes his excess catches. His volume fish is silver bass, which he splits and hangs in a Rube Goldberg smokehouse made from the shell of an old electric refrigerator. His choice of wood for this smoking is the nearest available wood plus a handful of rotting oak or a shovelful of sawdust. And it works.

The St. Croix is heavily motorized, in contrast with nearby White Bear Lake, for example, which is almost exclusively a sailboat water. Nevertheless there is one sailboat berthed at Hudson. It enjoys a curious slip arrangement. Only the back half of it will get under the rounded canvas roof, so that its prow perpetually sticks out and its mast rises well above the slip covering. The owners, the Holt family from Minneapolis, don't mind this at all because their cockpit and cabin entrance are under roof and that permits them to loaf aboard even on those days when weather keeps them off the river. Ralph Holt, a youngster just old enough to drop a fishline from the dock, can do so even when it is pouring rain, although this is second choice to swimming at one of three sandbars which he has carefully marked on the river charts.

Bad weather does not interfere with, but merely changes, the activities of those who park under cover. They cheerfully accept the inevitable and turn to polishing brightwork, washing and cleaning, tinkering, gossiping or just lolling around on deck or in cabin. They cook meals and sleep aboard right at the dock. Electricity is available all along the dock lines, and even the Holts' sailboat has an electric cooker and lights. Washroom and showers are available in the nearest marina building. Those who might hoist a highball in the isolation of mid-river may do the same thing at the dock, subject to the restraint of neighbors four feet away on either side.

Clayton Harrison, who leans a little toward teetotalism in general, is absolutely teetotal for himself and the entire payroll on the marina premises. A flotilla of boats, nearly all of which carry gasoline,



"This is just the sort of thing that irritates mother."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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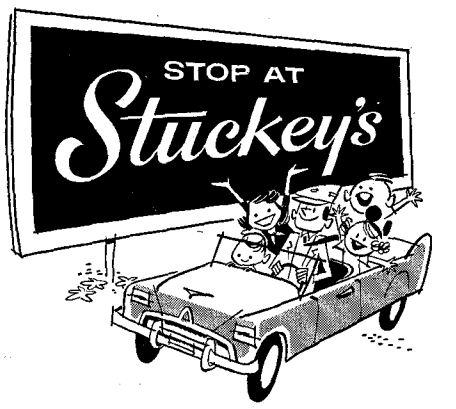

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tied to more than a mile of wooden planking, is a fire risk that can't be held lightly. Harrison has no intention of lengthening that risk, hence his strict alcohol taboo among employees. This is also one of the reasons why the fuel dock sticks out away from the berthing slips and is a no-smoking area. Hudson-Marine has a single gas pump, fed through pipes from shore tanks, which at rush times is inadequate. On big days the pump is called on for 1500 to 2000 gallons, dispensed in small lots and with the added time consumption of oil-mixing for the outboards. Harrison is now arranging for a new system in which the outboard-motor oil and the gasoline are mixed by the oil company and delivered as a single liquid, a system likely to spread to all large marinas.

Hudson sailors are no exception to the universal attitude of strong affection between an owner and his boat. There are the Dahlbys, for example, who own one of the dozen houseboats berthed at the marina. The Dahlbys, a retired couple, are so fond of their boat they have been known to board it while it stands in its winter cradle just for the satisfaction of being aboard. Mrs. Dahlby once anticipated spring launching by boarding the craft on its way to the lift. And as the boat was slowly lowered to the water she sat happily on deck with a lap full of yarn and knitting needles clicking.

Even in a marina there are exceptions to rules. Hudson-Marine lies alongside and somewhat below a water-front park which is part of the city of Hudson. At the dock which parallels this edge of the park is the sizable cruiser of one branch of the Erickson family, operators of supermarkets and an oil refinery. Two small Erickson sons are frequently aboard the cruiser. The boys accept the family boat as a fact of life, but not much more. Sooner or later they feel themselves underprivileged in the matter of public parks. They badger their mother for permission to debark and go play in the park. If they can't wring permission via tears and pleading they will stand looking up at boys in the park who are standing at the edge of the bank looking down on them. The sense of underprivilege is thick enough to cut. Above are small boys with hearts bursting, ready to shell out their best pocketknives for a chance to get aboard the beautiful boat. And below are the captive and treasonable sailor boys, yearning to leave the beautiful boat and get up there and play with those free souls. Frustration is where you find it.

Along the green banks of the St. Croix are permanent homes, summer homes and many private docks and boats. Many of these craft come so often to the marina they are almost a part of the family. They stop by for gas or occasional motor work. Two young men from among these residents are currently threatening to circumnavigate South America in a thirty-four-foot sea skiff. When last sighted they were preparing for this adventure by helping a neighbor raise his sunken houseboat. The marina is also on call for chores like this and in fact it was Cy Knox who finally got the boat afloat and brought the motor back to the marina for dehydration.

Cy takes the work boat—a squarish, tuglike craft—for ordinary troubles like stalled motors or small-boat founderings. But the pile-driver barge goes out to the major jobs. Cy once raised a forty-foot cruiser that had been hooked by a hidden stump. And on a grimmer occasion the barge plucked from the river floor a light airplane and its two passengers three days after the ship had plunged in. On the lighter side was the time that a St. Paul manufacturer tested some wartime fluorescent rescue suits. For several nights the river off the marina looked like a dance hall with neon customers as the vividly suited test swimmers splashed off and climbed on the work barge.

Once in a while the shore facilities also acquire an odd job. A local radio commentator recently won a fishing contest and was faced with the problem of handling the prize—an unassembled pontoon-supported houseboat. Hudson-Marine assembled and launched it for him.

Marinas, as business institutions, probably average less on-the-spot competition than most forms of commerce. Waterways that are thinly equipped with dock and fueling stops make some marinas absolute monopolies. This is not at all the case with Hudson-Marine and the Twin Cities area. St. Paul has three Mississippi River marinas, one of which is right downtown. The St. Croix has several which are pretty handy to St. Paul and not too far from Minneapolis. Harrison was so eager to buy Hudson-Marine that he failed to insist on a clause preventing the former owner from opening a new shop within competitive range. Consequently, the former owner now has a new marina a few miles downstream.

"It's all right," Clayton says. "The river needs the dock space."

It does, indeed. The St. Croix carries every kind of traffic. Hudson is on the weekend-cruise route from the Twin Cities down the Mississippi and up the St. Croix to above Stillwater. Convoys and single craft from above Hudson make for Lake Pepin, a wide stretch of the Mississippi a short day's run to the south. On a pleasant day as many as twenty boats at a time crowd the river in front of the marina, while upstream in a narrow stretch there are so many fishermen that cruisers must crawl through for fear of upsetting the small craft.

Harrison would just as soon see the traffic even thicker. He hopes that Hudson-Marine will find new customers from offshore as well as onshore. The marina has the equipment, the services and the means to add more dock space. There is one other way to attract tenants—appearance. A sailor likes a pretty home port.

Hudson-Marine, although not perfect, is above average in appearance. It has one strong potential—all the buildings, the heavy work boat and all the lift equipment are painted a warm Cape Cod red. Eventually all the covered docks may have metal roofs, and Clayton is toying with the idea of painting them the same attractive color. If he does, the effect will be striking. At present some berths are canvas-roofed and some are roofed by quonset-shaped galvanized metal with ornamental supports. For a bit of evidence that the boating market is buoyant, the metal roofs are manufactured by a Minnesota company specializing in marina equipment.

"DINNER!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The three buildings which best display the marina's distinctive red are the store, the restaurant and Cy Knox's house just outside the marina entrance. The restaurant is operated by a concessionaire under the name "The Captain's Table." It is attractive, serves quite good food at moderately high prices and no liquor. Slightly removed from the main dining room is a quick-lunch counter which also handles ice for the marina boats and transients. All restaurant services are available to tenants of the marina and outsiders as well.

The store is a fully stocked marine-supply store, so fully stocked that Harrison will never get rid of some parts of the inventory. At a time in history when the oar-propelled rowboat is declining notably, the marina owns large cases of oarlocks. The store offers such staples as rope, buffers, shear pins, propane stoves, plus fancy items in glasses, ash trays, and decorations and expensive accessories like continuously recording depth finders. There are standard flags available (witch on broom means mother-in-law aboard), binoculars, compasses, mops and buckets. Groceries remain the province of the supermarket, about a block away.

The store is vital, both for supplying the boats and as a meeting place for owners, but it is hardly in the same dollar class as the adjoining building, where boats and motors are displayed. This is one of the several marina areas where the great game of upgrading is played. Harrison and his staff are not at all pushy or high-pressure, but in any marina this size no boat owner can show admiration for a boat or motor larger or newer than his own without tripping an almost telepathic marina-wide alert. The assumption of everyone connected with a marina is that every boat owner will sooner or later want more power or a better boat or both. A properly run marina is one where signs of such desire are instantly recognized and promptly channeled into the trading stage. There are even some happy occasions where a customer makes a move to upgrade himself and before the wind dies down a half dozen boats will change hands in a chain reaction.

Boats are so much more easily sold than is most merchandise these days that trade-ins are no problem at all. Nevertheless, it was something of a shock to the marina staff to see what a salesman had accepted as one trade-in last spring. When the object was hauled in from its former berth at Lake Minnetonka, it turned out to be a sort of cracker-box mounted on two iron pontoons. It was something like half a houseboat, except that it had no windows, only part of a roof, and resembled a floating hot-dog stand. Harrison is a placid man and this proved his placidity. He laughed. He said, "I'll take it home to the boys. It will make them a nice schoolhouse for learning to boat." The boys referred to were young Mike and Eddie Harrison, both under eleven. Their father is preparing them for the realities of life on the home farm twenty miles up the St. Croix. Among Clayton's top realities are mechanics, boating and how to handle guns. The boys have already learned how to operate and repair their own lawn mower, they know a good deal about guns, and it is time they learned about water. They are lucky. It isn't every pair of boys that have a schoolhouse of their own propelled by a fifteen-horsepower motor.

When and if the two young Harrisons one day become masters of Hudson-Marine, it is quite possible that it will be a real showcase of inland marinas. If everything works out right, Harrison and a group of associates will extend the marina around the point and around the curve of the next bay. On the neck between the two small bays a smart dinner club will be built, provision will be made for a private yacht club and a good-grade motel will be strung in back of the extended marina. At this point the entire assemblage will be well beyond a million-dollar property.

It may also be that by the time the young Harrisons grow up, the marina will house something spectacular in houseboats. Bob Teisberg, who owns a fast runabout which he never has time to use, is planning to build his own houseboat. It will contain a complete photographic darkroom, a grand piano, an open fireplace, a picture window and a fishing well under a trapdoor. "What I have in mind," he says, "is playing the piano while looking out at the sunset or into an open fire, but ready to tend my fishline if something takes my hook. Then I can step over to the well, pull up my catch and if it is impressive enough I can take a self-portrait holding the fish, step into the darkroom and immediately process a finished print."

A thing like this could make the country's marinas grow even faster.

THE END

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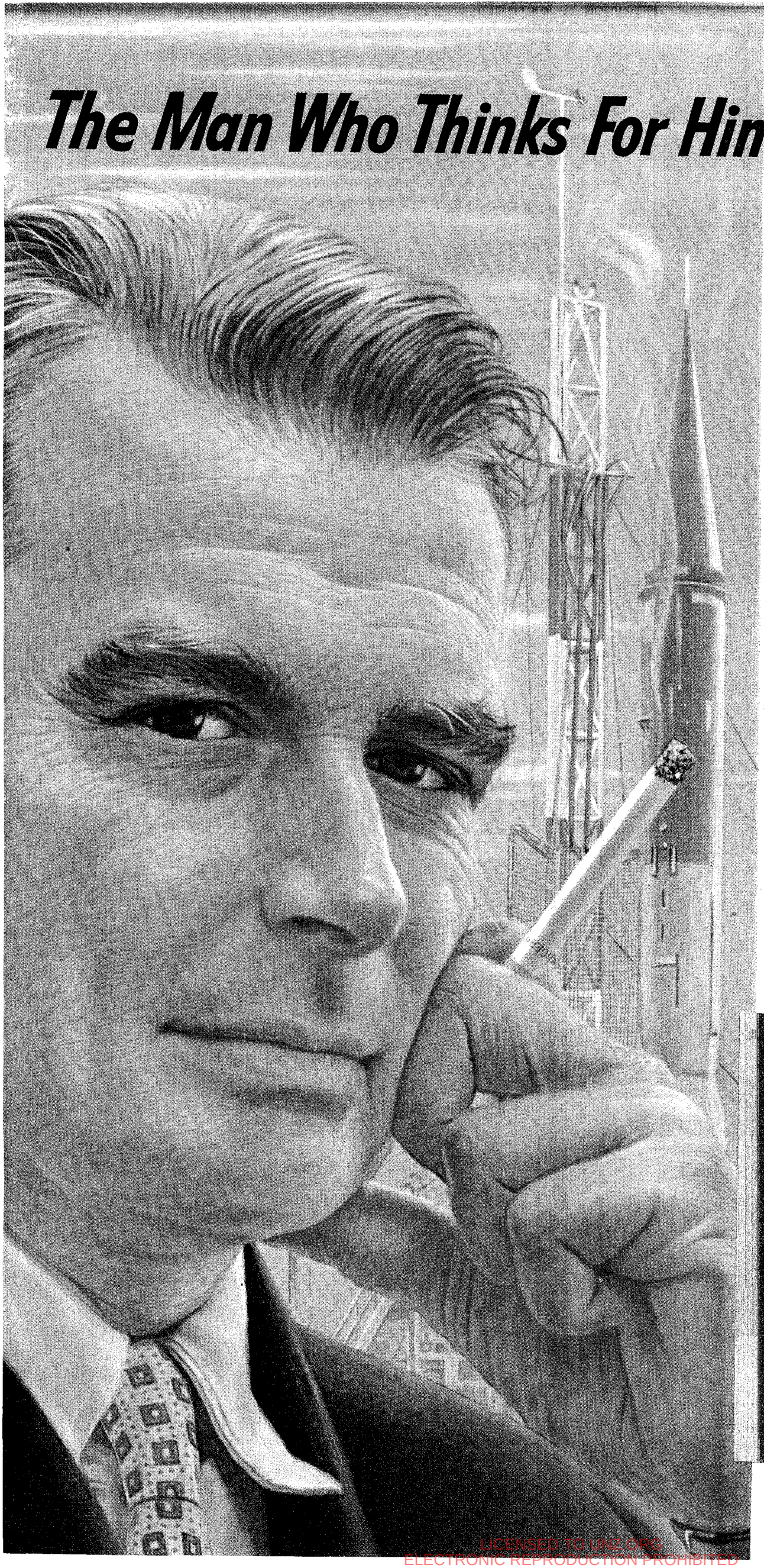
The Man Who Thinks For Himself Knows...



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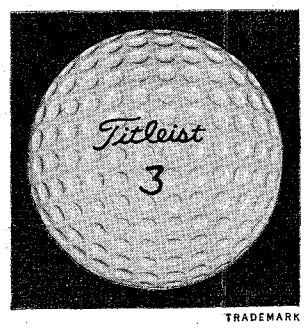


TRADEMARK

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Keeping Posted

A Post cover for the WAVES: seated, Phg. 3c Sheila Reed, Capt. Winifred Quick, artist Alajálov; standing far right, Ens. Patricia Clark.

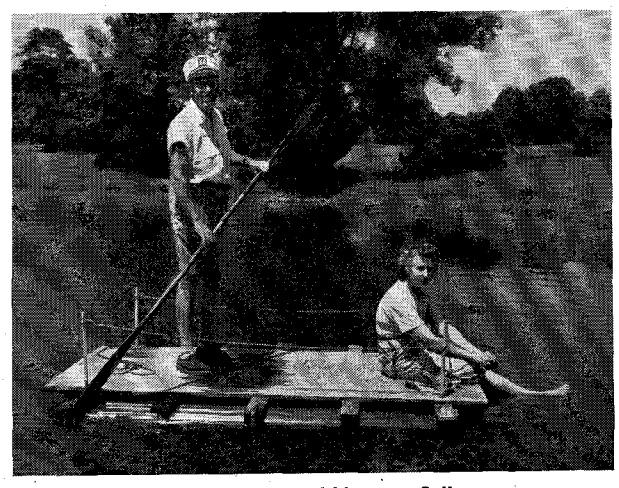
Tales of the Cover Artists

Remember artist **Alajálov's** Post cover for May 31, depicting a young matron trying to squeeze into her old World War II WAVE uniform for a Memorial Day parade? The current crop of WAVES loved it. Capt. Winifred Quick, present WAVES director, asked for the painting, to be hung permanently in Washington, and Ens. Patricia Clark, of the Anacostia Naval Air Station, asked for 50 autographed reprints "for our crew of sentimental sailors to keep in their cruise books." Requests granted. And in the photo you see Alajálov making the presentation.

Last month the Rotary Club of Falls City, Neb., gave its annual Distinguished Persons Award to artist **John Falter,** who grew up in that community. The banquet hall was adorned with nearly one hundred magazine covers by Falter, mostly Posts. While renewing old friendships, Falter, a clarinet player, had a jam session with ex-members of his high-school band, including County Judge Albert Maust, saxophonist. The artist had one touchy moment, when he failed to recognize a lady who had sat beside him in school for three years.

The city of Ellensburg, Washington, now has two mayors, its duly elected Mayor Virgil West and, by a recent city-council resolution, Honorary Mayor **John Clymer,** Post cover artist and Ellensburg native son. The resolution, expressing the city's pride in Clymer's success as a painter, assures him of "all the privileges that may hereafter be extended to said position." Clymer, now touring Canada, can't be reached to inquire what privileges he may ask for, but no doubt, if he puts his creative mind to it, he will be able to think up a few good ones.

A Marina of His Own



Skipper Baum and his crew, Sally.

Contributing editor **Art Baum** says on page 24 that America's rivers and lakes are enjoying a boom in marinas (small-boat harbors), but at his own marina, the lake on his Bucks County, Pa., farm, things seem to be progressing backward. At Baum's harbor there used to be a fast rowboat, powered by a double canoe paddle, but he gave it away to a young chap who had access to a river, and now his navy is a 4-by-8-foot raft, powered by the same paddle. "This craft is slow, and my wife Sally and I use it mostly for a dock. But since we have no boat, there is no sense in a dock, so I don't really know what the raft is for." As for fishing, each day Baum feeds his bass, bluegills and catfish a can of dogfood, rich in vitamins. Neighbors stock the lake, then catch the fish which Baum, who is not a fisherman, has fattened. The lake owner loves frogs' legs; however, he has a friend, a green heron, which he wishes would eat his water snakes, but instead it eats his frogs.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"TV's Midnight Madness"

Ghouls, monsters and other horrible creatures are multiplying on television. Meet some of these fearful folk face to face (in print).

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